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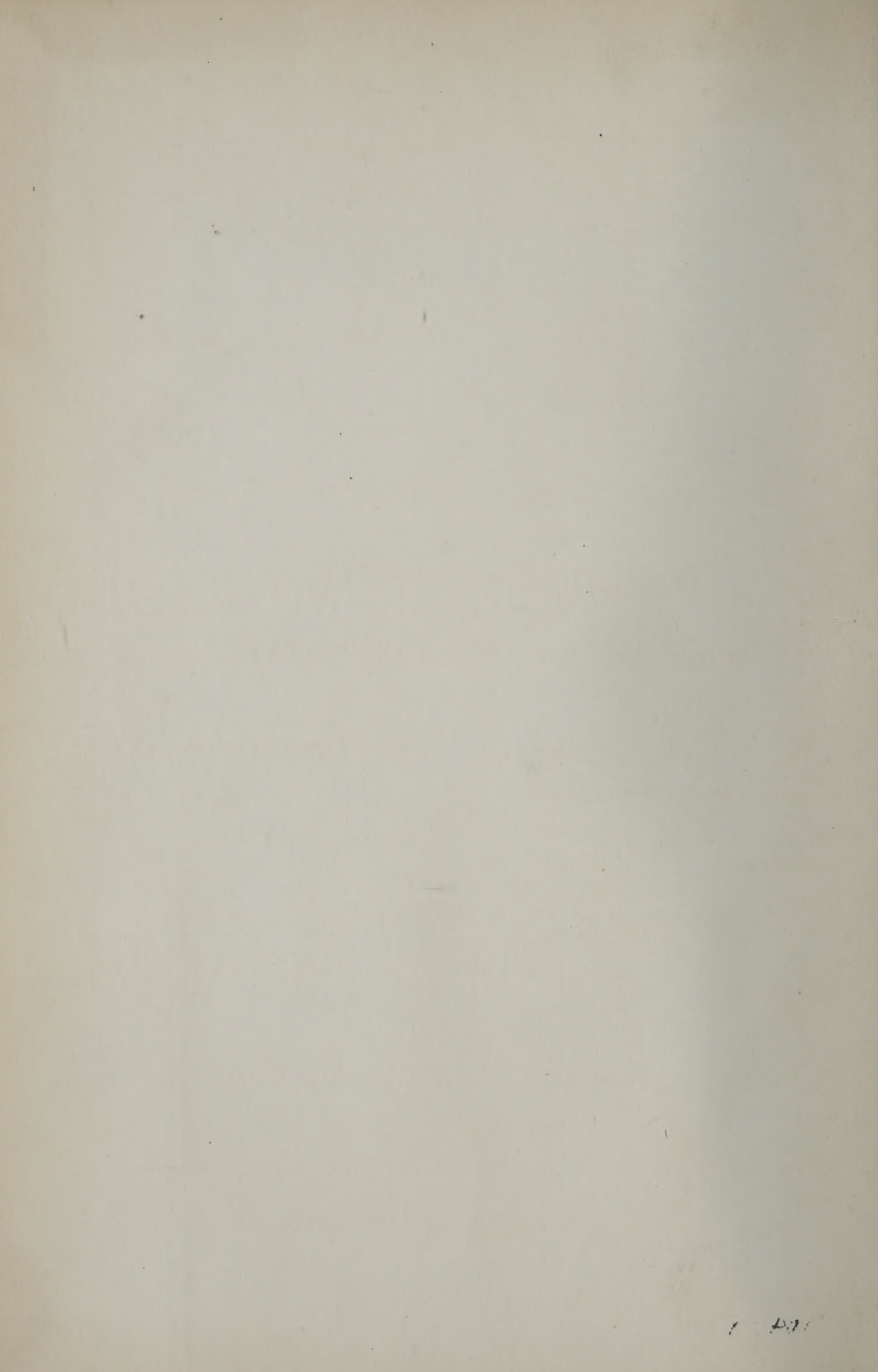
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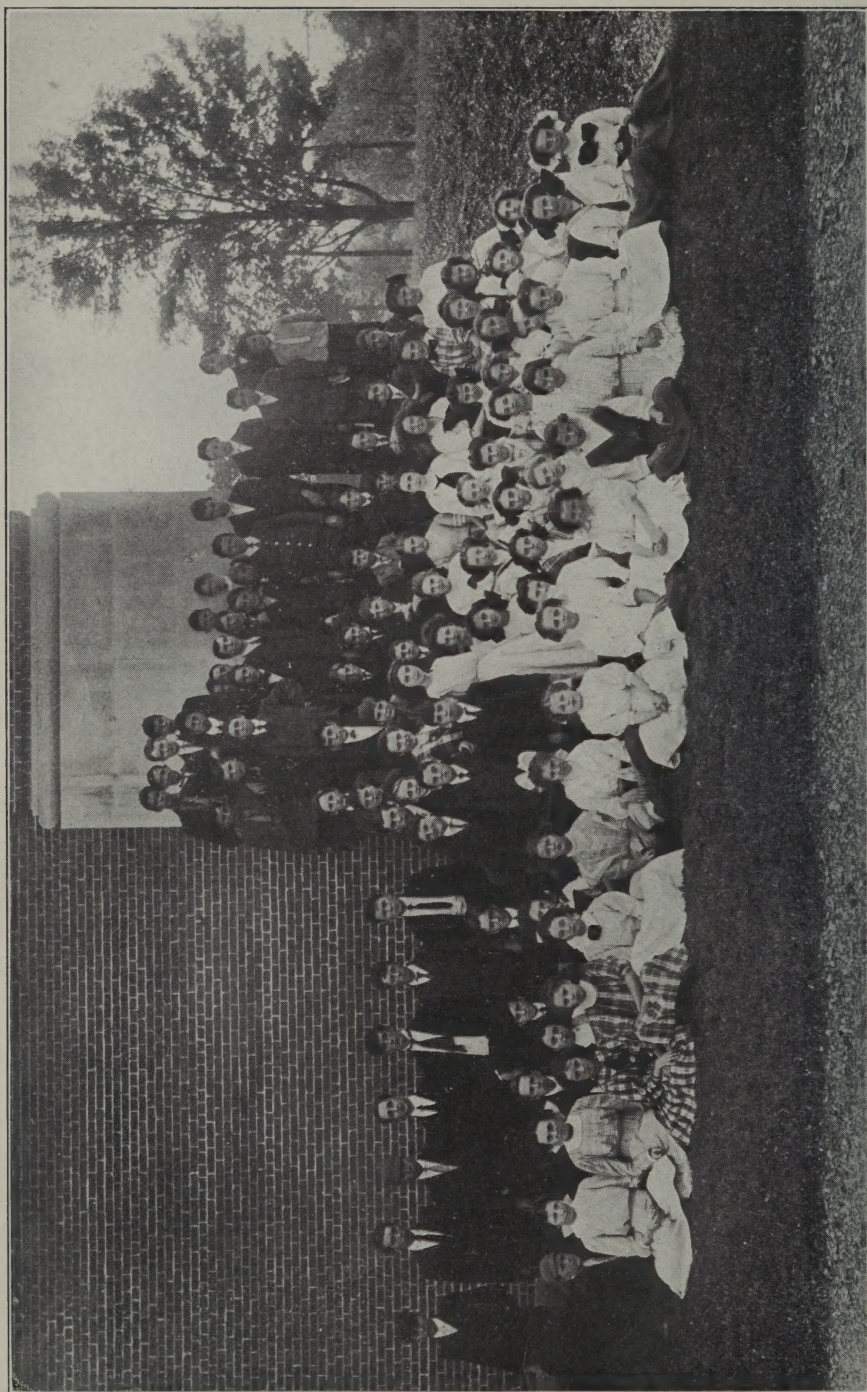
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OUR FRESHMAN CLASS

THE MAGNET

Vol. III. LEOMINSTER, MASS., OCTOBER, 1909. No. 1

Entered as second class matter at Post Office at Leominster, Mass.

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PATRONS, teachers, and schoolmates, the MAGNET asks you to excuse some of the imperfections and faults that will appear in this volume. It realizes that there will be a great chance for improvement, especially in the first numbers; but it hopes that by the end of this school year the opportunities for your just criticisms will be considerably lessened. Its aim is to be a representative of the work of the different pupils and at the same time to be of general interest, and this year it will strive its hardest to please one and all of its sympathizers.

As this is the beginning of a new school year, we wish to welcome the large entering class. We sincerely hope that it will make evident its quality as well as its quantity. We need its earnest support in athletics, in the MAGNET, and in the other branches of our school life. May the pupils now realize their duties as members of our High School and work hard for the honor of the blue and white, in spite of the difficulties and temptations with which their path will be strewn. With *you*, "Class of 1913," rests the responsibility of proving that thirteen, although by many people considered unlucky, is a prosperous, successful number, at least as far as L. H. S. is concerned.

The following is a letter from one of our citizens who is interested in the welfare of our school:

LEOMINSTER, MASS., *September 29, 1909.*

To the Editor of THE MAGNET:

The enclosed editorial from the *Boston Daily Advertiser* of September 29, 1909, affords food for thought for prospective graduates of our High School. I hope the time is not far distant when a determined effort will be made by the scholars themselves to reduce the expenses of graduation, so no parents will feel it a heavy burden to allow their children the pleasure and advantage of a full course in the Leominster High School.

The attempt in Somerville to effect a simplification of public school graduation exercises is a move in the right direction and will meet with approval in the minds of those who have thought seriously of the matter. Public school graduations should remain serious ceremonies, and should have as much dignity about them as is to be obtained, but superfluous "flummery" and dress at considerable cost to the parents of the graduating pupils might wisely be eliminated. Dignity and seriousness are not enhanced by preparations which cost on an average of \$50 each to the pupils' family; rather do these unnecessary and burdensome expenses detract from the real significance of the occasion. Let public school graduations be marked by fitting solemnity and seriousness, filled with dignity that will be remembered by those taking part, but let them be free from an expense that is often an intolerable burden. Let them be democratic.

Very truly,

F. J. LOTHROP.

Certainly it seems that the time is fast approaching when the expenses of High School graduations will be lessened. The pupils themselves can do a great deal toward lowering the cost at such times, if they will only do away with the "little" personal pleasures which count up so fast in the expenses. Why spend eight or ten dollars on photographs to exchange with classmates, when a good

group picture will answer the purpose as well and not cost one-half as much? The cost of the graduation invitations seems absurd to some. Much might be saved if the pupils would consent to economize and have small announcement cards. In connection with the reception the great bunches of flowers, which often cause many sacrifices, might be dispensed with entirely, for of what especial value or significance are they! And so on, in many instances, by the giving up of a few unnecessary customs, the cost at graduations can be considerably decreased.

As to the dress on such occasions, not much need be said. Simplicity for both girls and boys should be the leading characteristic.

Now, Class of 1910, as this is your last year in our High School, think seriously of this matter of reducing graduation expenses, and endeavor to make a start in the right direction.

Last year the debating club among the boys of the school could not be called a great success, for there were not enough boys interested in it to keep it up to a high standard.

Now is the time to start it up again, and it is the duty of some boy in the higher classes to call a meeting and get the officers elected for the coming season. Then pick out some good subjects for strong debating, some that have not been pumped to death, something new, something exciting and interesting. Announce your debates and get a crowd out. Hold your meetings in the Assembly Hall and put some life into them. Get the girls interested. If they cannot debate, make them patronize *your* debates by showing them what fine work you can do in the art of arguing.

This course in debating is very valuable to the boys, and strenuous effort should be made to keep up these meetings. Every boy and girl should feel it his or her duty to promote interest and enthusiasm in this branch of school life. Go to work in the right spirit and you can make this season a memorable one for the "Paton Debating Club."

DOROTHY WHITTIER, '10.

THE exhibition of rowdyism following the football game at Fitchburg on October 2, should impress upon every member of our school the disgrace into which a school, as a whole, falls when any of its members indulge in such exhibitions.

To be sure, all the blame does not fall upon our school. But the willingness of many to join in the flag-snatching and the disturbance that followed shows that Leominster is falling into the class of schools that we look down upon for that very reason. There are a few towns which our team plays each year, from which we always expect such treatment. But certainly Leominster does not want to lose her reputation and become one of that class.

The members of the upper classes of our school should take it upon themselves to restrain the underclassmen. Those from the lower classes follow the example of those before them. If they saw that their actions were not approved by the rest of the school, they would very soon make an end of them.

We hope that in the future in the games with the teams playing at Leominster we will show more courtesy to the players and followers of the team than has been before shown either to us or by us in the past.

RAYMOND B. LADOO, '10.

The Storm

All day long the angry waters tossed and
raged,
As in mortal combat the furies were
engaged.

Down in torrents poured the beating rain,
Swelling the already overflowing bosom of
the main.

Prey of mountainous waves, the boat rolled
from side to side,
As if in fear of being swallowed by the
hungry tide.

And when over the earth the dark night
descended,
The storm roared on, with the black dark-
ness blended.

But hush! As from the crow's-nest the bell
chimes,
Suddenly the rain ceases and, through
clouds, the moon shines.

Thus in the storms of life, if we are patient
on the darkest night,
The moon will break forth, flooding the inky
waters with its silvery light.

PAULINE P. PATON, '10.

In the Mud-Rush

IT came at last, pouring down the shaft; the mud rushed along with a low, gurgling sound. For five months Murilla had worked in a long tunnel through the diamond-bearing blue clay. He tore the firm, grayish earth from the sides of the tunnel with a small pick and threw it into a small cart, which was taken to one of the shafts. There, upon a large elevating-car, it was rapidly lifted to the surface and taken to the great works of the De Beeres Mines, the greatest diamond mines in the world. After the clay had been softened by several processes, it was carefully picked over by machinery, and when it finally came from the great factory not a single tiny diamond was hidden in it. The clay was now so mixed with water that it flowed easily away from the huge buildings and settled near the mines.

Some disturbance—a blast, perhaps—had loosened the whole mass, and now it had rushed into the main shaft, pouring down and imprisoning all who could not gain access to the auxiliary shaft. Such rushes were not—and, indeed, are not at present—infrequent in these places, where the life of the South African is held almost worthless.

The mud advanced in the horizontal tunnels, called stopes, like a wall, inclining gently back. Murilla, a native, fled along the stope in which he was working. Soon he came to the auxiliary shaft, but the crowd of frightened miners was so great that the small elevator seemed scarcely to be carrying any to safety upon the surface far above. Looking down, he could see one, two, yes, three openings below in the shaft, and there were crowds of gesticulating and crying natives waiting to be carried up on the small elevator. Far above was the opening, where showed a patch of blue sky, the last sight of the world that many were to have. For the mud, though it traveled slowly, advanced surely through the stopes, and before long emerged from the lowest opening, soon grasping the natives in its terrible grip. Then it slowly rose to the second opening.

The elevator hastened up and down the long shaft, bearing men to safety, until only Murilla and three other men were left. The mud was now even with the opening of the stope in which they were standing.

What is that noise? They strain their eyes, looking back into the tunnel behind them, and see there the terrible mud advancing slowly. They look anxiously up at the descending elevator. At last it is almost down to where they are; but now a new danger threatens. The rising mud keeps the car from descending to the level of the stope, and so the men can barely touch the edge of the door sill. What is to be done?

Murilla has made a decision. He will sacrifice himself for his friends! Without a word, he lifts one of his companions until he can pull himself to the car, then another, and then the last. Then they try to pull him up on to the car, but the mud has risen now to his waist, and they are unable to lift him one inch. Sorrowfully they leave him, giving the signal for the

car to be pulled up. They rise out of sight, and now the rising mud covers the self-sacrificing victim!

Up above, as soon as the noise of the falling mud was heard, men rushed to the shaft head, and immediately the elevator was put in operation. Crowds of women and children stood along the huge engines and pumps, wailing for their loved ones suffocating far below. As load after load of natives were hoisted, many of the people regained their self-control, and some even went away rejoicing, with a brother or husband safely brought to the surface. However, upon calling the roll, it was found that about forty had suffocated below in the thick mud. Murilla's friends told the sad story of his self-sacrifice, and every one was so touched by the tale that a collection was taken for the benefit of his wife and children. Even the hardened old engineer "chipped in". Silently, sadly, and slowly sank the huge red sun and the crowd dispersed to their lodgings.

Three days passed. One morning a native with a bruised, scratched face entered the pound or inclosure where natives were searched for hidden diamonds, before leaving the mines, and asked for sick-leave.

"Name, please?" asked the guard, in the guttural native tongue.

"Murilla."

"Murilla!" was the astonished reply. Natives crowded around. The news soon spread over the whole district. Murilla was safe! Then came the story of Murilla's escape from his terrible prison.

He had retreated into the stope before the final rise of the mud, and had, in a wild frenzy, struck the wall of the tunnel a huge blow with his fist. *Mirabile visu!* his hand went right through the clay! Hastily he broke a hole large enough for his body to pass through, and found himself in a long tunnel. Inky darkness was all around. Hurriedly he turned to go upward, but soon a great fallen rock checked his progress. Evidently the tunnel had never been discovered since the opening of the mine. Turning, Murilla hastened down the tunnel again, and discovered, to his dismay, that the mud had oozed through the hole so much that he could hardly pass. In climbing by, he fell and severely bruised his face. However, he did not dare to stop, but hastened on and soon saw ahead a dim light. At last he reached an open space where the tunnel ended. Far above was an opening where the blue sky could be seen. How was he to climb up? Here, on the side, were rude notches or steps on which he was able to slowly climb up.

Night came, but still he worked on. At daybreak he was very weak, and hardly able to keep from falling. But to fall meant certain death, and he *would* not give up now. So climb, climb, step after step, up he slowly went, until at last, almost dead with hunger and fatigue, he emerged from his prison. He was scratched in a large clump of bushes behind the great sorting house.

To this day no one knows what the unknown tunnel was used for;—was it, perhaps, a secret passage of a king ruling in long-past ages, or a mine of some thrifty people, in the rich diamond-bearing clay? Whatever it had been, at last it had served its purpose,—the saving of a human life.

ARTHUR B. HUSSEY, '10.

The Beginning and the End

BERT picked up his cards and glanced feverishly at them. "By George," he murmured under his breath. Then he sank back dazed, while his drawn, white face grew still whiter.

His companion looked at him quizzically, then threw back his head and laughed. "A bit nervous, eh? Well, well, brace up, old man," he said, as he picked up his cards with a cool, steady hand. And as Bert looked into the black, glittering eyes before him, and the slightly curled lip, a deep, quick flush passed over his face and he pulled himself together.

"On, on, on," the little clock on the shelf ticked its song out noisily, seeming to be glad to hear its own voice for once; and the candle burning in the corner, sent out a dismal, flickering light over the college banners.

At last Bert rose. "I guess that will be all tonight, Bill," he said, huskily, "I—I have a headache," he ended, rather lamely. But his companion coolly began stacking the cards again.

"Guess this is your first time at it, isn't it?"

Bert nodded.

"Oh, well then, you mustn't be discouraged so soon. Just stick to it and luck will come your way. Now look here, sonny, you owe me ten dollars, don't you?"

Again Bert nodded.

Well, as long as it's you, I'll double it and make the next bid twenty dollars. Now you sit down and have another game.

For an instant Bert stood motionless. He had a vague feeling that sometime he would awake and find it all a dream. He hated this fellow before him, who had led him on, at first unsuspectingly, and as the truth flashed before him, by tantalizing reproaches and bribes. But now he had a chance to square himself with his opponent. And so he sank back into his chair again.

The game was on, and it seemed as if Bert's heart stopped beating as he picked up his cards. Then the ghost of a smile flickered about his strained white lips.

Five minutes,—and it was over. Bert's cold, numbed fingers closed over the bill and he was half-way out the door when Bill called, "Hey, old man, aren't you going to play again?"

"Never," Bert called back as he ran down the stairs, three at a time, and at last out on the moon-lit campus.

All was quiet here, save for the desolate moan of the night wind as it swept through the bare branches of the trees. And the moon, rising higher and higher in its starry realm, cast its mellow light upon their swaying tops.

Bert shuddered as he walked briskly to his own dormitory, and he was glad to find himself at last alone and in his own room. How many hours he sat smoothing the creases out of that bill he never knew. But before he

went to bed that night he made a resolution to give Bill's money back the very first thing in the morning.

But the next day he could not find Bill. And soon a rumor spread over the college, which later became a pronounced fact, that Bill Laton had been expelled. What was the cause? Only a few of the fellows knew.

And so the days dragged by until the very sight of a bill made Bert shiver. Sometimes he wandered around the campus, searching for something he could neither name nor find. At other times he sat staring gloomily out of the window. He could neither study nor enjoy himself, but that detestable bill came before his eyes. If he hid it in his room, he was always sure some one was peeping through the key-hole. If he carried it in his pocket, he had horrible visions of fingers pointing at him, and it seemed as if his companions looked at him queerly and talked about him the minute his back was turned.

Oh, the horror of those dreadful nights, when hand-cuffs, cold, dismal cells, and long newspaper items made his dreams hideous!

And so two weeks passed. Spring lay glistening, quivering, trembling on every leaf and twig. The tall, gaunt branches of the trees were beginning to thrust tiny shoots of green and the dewy fragrance of freshly mowed lawns was wafted in the April breeze.

Never was there such a blue, blue sky nor such a dazzling radiance of sunshine. Robins chirped, school-boys whistled merrily; every one seemed to have caught the spirit of spring but Bert Redding. All things are dark to sorrow; and the light and loveliness and fragrant air had no effect on Bert.

Sometimes, as he walked slowly down the shady street, he fingered nervously a ten dollar bill; at other times, he seemed plunged in deep thought.

Turning into the feverish hum of the city, he was attracted by a little girl wearing a big Salvation Army bonnet. In one hand was a card reading, "Please Help The Poor;" in the other was a tiny box. For an instant Bert's face brightened. He hesitated, then, turning, he slipped the hated ten-dollar bill into the box before the astonished little girl could gasp out her thanks.

"How beautiful the world is, after all," thought Bert as he walked briskly back to his room. It seemed as if he had just emerged from a thick, black cloud. He dared now to look people in the face. He drew long, deep breaths of the fragrant air and once caught himself whistling. When he reached his room he sat down and wrote a long letter to his father, the last of which was:

"Now, dad, I've told you everything, from beginning to end. I know I don't deserve to have an honest business man for a father, nor to be the eldest brother to four other lads. And I am willing to bear any punishment you think best. But there's one thing I beg of you: Please don't tell mother.

"Your loving son,

"BERT."

HELEN WOODBURY, '11.

That Egg

A True Story

THIS story happened in the year 1844, at the time when the Second Adventists were preparing for the end of the world.

At that time William Hedges, a lad of nine years, was living with his grandparents, who made their home along the Connecticut River. Billy, as he was called, had heard the villagers talk about how the world was coming to an end and of their preparations. Now he thought it would be great sport to go to church, dressed in a white robe; but his grandmother and grandfather thought this belief was ridiculous, so there seemed no chance for Billy to join.

One night Billy lay in bed, trying to think of a scheme to make his grandparents join the Adventists. After thinking as hard as possible, an idea popped into his mind. He then said, "I have it." With these words on his lips he fell asleep.

Billy was an exceedingly early riser, but the next morning he awoke an hour before his usual time. He slipped on his clothes and crept softly down the back stairs, so that he would not awaken the other members of the family. He then went to the hen-house and secured three of the best eggs he could find and brought them into the kitchen, where he melted a candle and poured the hot tallow in letters over the egg. When the tallow had hardened, he placed the egg in a bowl of vinegar. On removing the egg, he found it had changed color, so when the tallow was taken off it left an embossed effect on the egg. Having finished his experiment, he held the egg up and read what he had written. It did not suit him, so he tried it again. This time he wrote it in pencil first, then put the hot tallow over the pencil lines. Now, when he held it up, he read in clear letters, "End of the world, October, 1844."

Billy took the egg and placed it under old Speckle, the hen, and hastened back to the house. On entering the kitchen he heard some one coming, so he put the two eggs, one of which he had experimented with, in the top drawer of an old chest. Just as he shut the drawer his grandmother came in. She had decided to have eggs for breakfast, so the first thing to do was to go out and get them. When she returned she showed Billy a most peculiar looking egg with the words, "End of the world, October, 1844," written on it. "What does this mean? Has the Lord sent it?" she asked.

That morning at breakfast she showed it to her husband, who was surprised and thought it must be from the Lord.

After breakfast they thought it over, and finally came to the conclusion that the Adventists were right, after all. Billy's grandmother started to make their robes, as the date which was set came in two days.

At the appointed hour, all the Adventists gathered in the church. They waited and waited, until it was morning; then they decided to go home and

get something to eat. When Billy and his grandmother and grandfather reached home, they began to think that the world was not coming to an end, and how foolish they had been. But they could not understand how the egg got there.

One day Billy's grandmother went to the old chest for something, and the first thing she saw was the two eggs lying in the corner. She called Billy to see if he knew anything about the eggs. Poor Billy had to say, "Yes." He was asked to tell the whole story about the eggs, which he did, after a moment's hesitation. "You just wait until your grandfather comes in," said William's grandmother. And poor Billy waited.

CLARA L. PATON, '12.

My Experience Hunting Hedgehogs

MY last summer's vacation was spent with my friend Lena, on my uncle's farm in New Hampshire. From the green fields, the shady woods and the large orchards, I brought home many pleasant remembrances. Of these, I shall forget many as the time goes by; but the one that I am going to tell you will probably never pass out of my mind.

It was a cool August morning when Uncle sent Cousin Paul into the shed to get some wood. He went, but soon we heard him cry, "Papa, come here, quick! quick!!" Lena and I went out with Uncle and there we saw poor Paul, trembling all over, pointing to the shed. We looked in and there we beheld a black animal about thirty inches long. Uncle seemed to know what it was, for he took a heavy stick and went for it. He aimed for its head and soon the creature was dead. Stepping nearer, we saw that the hedgehog—for that is what it was—had quills about three inches long. Cousin Paul, and also his smaller brother, Raymond, had forgotten their fear and cried, "We must have the funeral now!" So Uncle agreed to conduct the funeral, and Lena and I promised to sing. A string was now tied to poor Mr. Hedgehog's foot, and the boys dragged him along to his burial place. This was the first time I had ever seen a hedgehog.

On the evening of the same day, after the boys had been put to bed, Uncle asked us girls to go out for a walk. Lena was very much interested in a book and did not wish to go, so I went alone with him. It was a beautiful night; the moon was shining, and it was very light out. Enjoying the cool, clear night air, we followed the path that leads to the orchard. Suddenly, Uncle stopped and said, "Listen." I did so, and I heard a strange noise that seemed to come from the direction of the sweet apple tree. We stepped as quietly as we could up to the tree, and there Uncle pointed to a branch, where I could dimly distinguish something black. Then he whispered, "That's a hedgehog. He's eating our apples. I am sorry I haven't a gun in the house; but you go and get me a club like the one I used this

morning, while I stay and watch the fellow." I did as I was told, and got two clubs, one for him, and one for myself. Then Uncle climbed up the tree, gave the hedgehog a whack on his nose, and he came down right near where I was standing. I was not slow in using my stick, and so the thief had to suffer death.

After we had killed this fellow, we began to examine the other sweet apple trees near by, and in the branches of one I noticed a black spot, similar to the one I had seen before. I called Uncle's attention to it, and it looked to him, also, like another hedgehog. This one was sitting so near the end of a limb that Uncle could not have reached him, if he had climbed the tree. This tree was standing near a stonewall, so I climbed up on the wall, caught hold of the limb and bent it down. It came so far down that Uncle could almost reach the hedgehog with his stick. He asked me to bend it a little farther; but in doing so I got quite frightened, for the limb broke and down it went, with the hedgehog on it. By the time I got down from the wall, Uncle had done his part, and we were rid of another apple thief.

It is queer how still these hedgehogs keep. They do not make the least attempt to run away or bite, their only defence being the awful quills which have tiny hooks on the ends. With these they try to repel the attacks of dogs and other animals.

When we returned to the house, we found Lena asleep in her chair, for it was past midnight. We told her about our great adventure and she was sorry she had not gone with us.

The next morning Paul and Raymond had a great time preparing for the double funeral. However, this was not the last one they had, for Uncle and I killed about five more before I left the Hilltop Farm.

MARIE DRAHEIM.

Advice to Freshmen

IF you see a big, dignified-looking student coming down the center of the hall, and you are in his way, jump to one side immediately, for this student is a Senior, or possibly a Junior—for they sometimes act as Seniors—and you will be run over unless you move lively.

When you are passing through the halls and hear some upper classmen talking loudly, do not think that you may talk above a whisper, for children are to be seen and not heard, except at football games; then make all the noise you can.

When you meet a teacher in the hall, do not look frightened and pass at as great a distance as possible. These teachers are not very terrible; they will not bite, and it is often best to cultivate their acquaintance in a respectful way.

If you are lost in these never-ending corridors, do not stop and look wistfully at some upper classman. He will only laugh at you. Keep going until you find a teacher; then do not hesitate to ask him the way, for he will gladly tell you.

If you value your life, keep off the grass when there is any one near you. If you don't, you may be taken for a long blade and stepped on or pulled.

As we look upon your class, we shudder and wonder if any entering class was ever so fresh and green. It is even whispered that some of the art decorations of the school-rooms will have to be changed to harmonize with the deep, penetrating green of the Freshman Class. Perhaps it will be necessary for your benefit to use salt water for the showers in the gym.; but we hope neither of these will be required.

Follow this advice to the best of your ability, for we were Freshmen once, and we know that in this way alone is it possible to become proper Seniors.

VERNON WOODBURY, '10.

AUTUMN

The flowers are slowly fading,
And the days are shorter grown,
The leaves are getting their beauty,
And soon from the trees will have flown.

When the cool fresh air of the morning
To our lungs has found its way,
It wakens our soul's strongest ardor,
For the work of the coming day.

After the day full of sunshine,
Comes night, when dew's gently fall,
And the harvest moon comes o'er the hills,
And calmly looks down on all.

We greet thee each year with gladness,
When nature adorns you with gold;
And hope the years of life's autumn,
Will us with such beauty enfold.

MILDRED WHEATON, '10.

A WHITE ROSE

I saw it blooming in the garden,
As I stood by the old house door,
Before, unseen, untouched, unnoticed,
A white rose, nothing more.

I picked it and placed it before me,
And, knowing that it was there,

It seemed that my troubles were lightened
And the day free from pain and care.

Time has passed, as I look at it once again,
Pressed in the book which I close,
Though it's faded and crushed, it will be
Ever the same white rose.

LILLIAN M. POLLOCK, '10

A Voyage in Search of the North Pole

I HAD been reading the story of the discovery of the North Pole by Cook and Peary. Then, laying the paper aside, I thought of our two recent defeats in football and wondered how we would come out Thanksgiving Day. I fell into a deep reverie and was startled by the entrance of Dr. Cook and Commodore Peary.

"I did find it first," Cook was saying.

"Pooh! pooh! the idea!" exclaimed Peary.

Cook turned to me and said, "You will find my records at the Pole."

Peary turned his nose in the air, "Better look for *my* records," he advised.

As I heard the words of these great explorers, a bright idea was forming itself in my active brain. As you may know, all my ideas are brilliant, but this one shone with a lustre that has never yet been equaled and probably never will be. Dr. Cook said it made him think of the most brilliant Northern Lights. The Great Idea was that I, myself, should go to the North Pole and find out who had really discovered it. With the aid of a few rich men, I soon had a vessel fitted out for my great undertaking. Everything necessary was on board ship while some supplies were to be taken on a little farther north. With a cheer from the assembled people, the vessel weighed anchor and I was off to fulfill my self-appointed office of judge.

After several days we left firm land behind us and faced the cold gray water with its monstrous icebergs. After sailing for an indefinite length of time, I left the vessel in the charge of the captain and set off with my dogs and sleds. I quite agreed with Cook and Peary as to the cold weather and thought fondly of a more southern clime. Fields upon fields of ice were crossed in rapid succession, until my eyes ached with the glaring whiteness. After enduring many hardships, I awoke one morning to find a break in the endless fields of ice. Not very far from me rose an enormous pole of shining ice. Another piece of ice in the shape of a board was frozen cross-wise to the first and bore the following words, NORTH POLE.

"Thunderation!" I exclaimed, in a tone full of sorrow, "it isn't a single bit different from a sign board at the corner of a street at home."

Although so keenly disappointed, I searched around the Pole for the records supposed to be there. Walking around to the other side of the Pole, and the other side of the world, I saw a horrible sight. A prostrate figure, clothed in red and gray and wearing the letters F. H. S. on his sweater, lay on the ground. With one foot on the fallen figure, and standing in an attitude of victory, stood another person dressed in blue and white. Such a look of exultation as this face wore, I never saw equaled in my life. Every line seemed to express the words, "AT LAST!" I looked up at the Pole and instead of the U. S. flag I saw a blue and white pennant floating proudly there, bearing this word, LEOMINSTER.

"Heavens," I exclaimed. "It must be after Thanksgiving Day and Leominster has won at last." I looked at the victorious figure and it slowly turned its face towards me, and, lo! it was the countenance of Captain Little. Although this greatly interested me, I remembered my quest, and, looking at the ground, saw four enormous footprints. Two were Cook's and two were Peary's. "They both got here," I said to myself, "but which came first?" This question I could not decide, and calling to Captain Little that he had better hurry or he would freeze to death, I started on my homeward journey. Just as I neared the ship I heard a great explosion, and, with a start, awoke in my own home.

OLGA K. LAWRENCE, '13.

MORAL STUDY

I didn't study my French last night,
I'll have to get through it today,
Perhaps she will not call on me,
If not, I'll be safe anyway.

O joy! She begins on the further side,
And calls up and down the aisle.
She won't have time to get over here,
Is it any wonder I smile?

What's that! She skipped one of the aisles,
That makes my safety doubtful.

Perhaps I'd better read ahead,
So the risk won't be so frightful.

I think I'll do my French to-night,
She's calling on this aisle.
I wonder what excuse I'll make,
I guess I'll think awhile.

But alas! My turn has come at last,
I don't know what I'll tell.
Never mind, I hear a blessed sound,
'Tis the sound of the second bell.

LILLIAN M. POLLOCK, '10.

THE STORM CLOUDS

The storm-clouds rise up from the west
In a solid phalanx, all abreast,
And steadily advance to meet the sun,
Whose daily course is almost run.
And silent conflicts now ensue,
Though still by no means lost to view,
For Apollo sends his fiery dart
Straight through the stormchief's hollow
heart.

Leaderless, the damp, bedraggled clouds
scud past,
And thus the conflict ends at last,
For pushing on in hasty flight
They leave a field of glory for the conquer-
ing sun and night.

RACHEL W. MORSE, '10.



ATHLETICS

THIS year we welcome a new coach and physical director, Mr. Harry T. Watson, of Williams College. On the first afternoon of the school year, he called out the football candidates. Sixteen fellows reported for practise. Among these sixteen there were only three members of last year's team. The first afternoon was spent in instructing the candidates in the rudiments of the game, such as kicking, falling on the ball, and so forth. After a general appeal to the boys of the school, a few more came out for practise until, lately, there has been a squad of between twenty and thirty fellows working every afternoon. Among this last bunch there was another of last year's players, Mr. Roukes, who should be of great strength to the team.



The first game of the season took place at Ayer, September 25, and resulted in victory for our team. The score was 11 to 0. Leominster played an open game, working the forward pass and onside kick very successfully, and would have scored two or three more touchdowns had not the ball been fumbled at critical stages in the game. The team showed good team work and followed the ball well. On the whole they made a creditable showing, inasmuch as this was the first real scrimmage of this year. Ayer, too, played a very good game, considering the fact that they have been without the services of a coach.



By the way things have started out, it seems as if this was going to be a banner year for Leominster High school in football. Although, perhaps, the team is not as strong as in former years, there is fine material and we have a fine coach to instruct the candidates. Also, the teachers seem to have taken an added interest in the team, for they have attended the practise and they plan to be present at the games.

Now it is up to the student body to keep up the good work. The players can do their part by getting their lessons and getting them on time. Do not lag behind and be obliged to spend some fine afternoon in the school-room, and thereby hinder the progress of the team. Above all, do not be taken from the team at some critical moment on account of your deportment. Be punctual when you come to practise, and do not shirk from the duties that are imposed upon you.

Three days before the Fitchburg game there was a mass meeting in the Assembly Hall and the students showed that they have some enthusiasm, if there is some one to push them on. Schoolmates, let us resolve that we will do our part in promoting the welfare of athletics! Let each one take it upon himself to attend all the games and also, when possible, the afternoon practise. Let us take defeat as good-naturedly as we do victory! Surely, if everybody does their part, the season of 1909 will be most wonderful.

On October 2, the Leominster High school football team journeyed to Fitchburg, feeling confident that they would give Fitchburg High a good run for its money. The score 5 to 0 indicates a hard fought game.

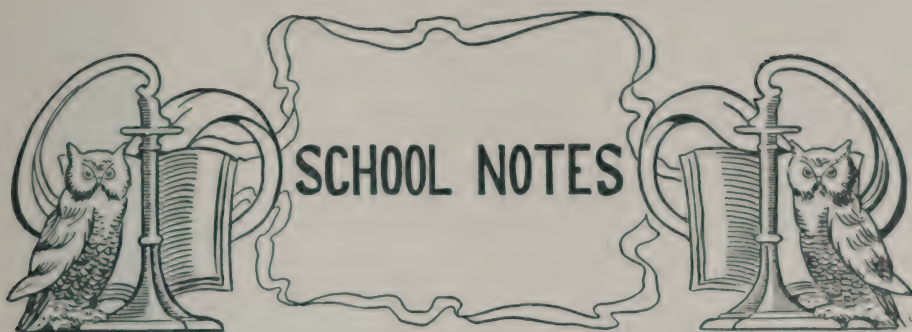
A large number of the students went to Fitchburg in a special electric car, while the faculty of the school occupied a four-horse brake. Many townspeople, also, attended the game. All of the Leominster supporters were on one side of the field, while the Fitchburg rooters occupied a position opposite. During the entire game the people kept up the cheering and shouting.

Captain Little started the game by booting the pigskin to Fitchburg. In a few minutes, by means of a fumble on the part of some Fitchburg player, Leominster secured the ball not far from their opponent's goal. At this time, Leominster began a forward march that gave their supporters great encouragement. When within four yards of the goal, Fitchburg took a decided brace and our boys were obliged to surrender the ball and thereby lost the best opportunity they had to score during the game. After this, a punting duel took place. Finally, one of Rouke's punts was blocked on Leominster's fifteen yard line, and on the next play Fitchburg used a trick play that worked to perfection, and Darcey went across the line for the only score of the game.

The remainder of the game was hard-fought. Fitchburg resorted to a punting game and kept the ball in Leominster's territory most of the time. The city fellows appeared to be well under way for another touchdown when the whistle blew for the close.

Roukes, Little, Anglin, and Smith played the best game for Leominster, while Darcey and Kirby were the shining stars of Fitchburg. In the first half of the game, Corkum was slightly injured and had to be taken from the game.

A meeting of the Athletic Association was held in the Assembly Hall, Sept. 10, for the purpose of electing officers for the ensuing year. These selections were made: Roy Charron, president; Louis Little, vice-president; Mr. Wriston, secretary-treasurer. At a later date Mr. Little resigned, and Harold Crane was chosen to fill the office. At a meeting of the Executive Committee the usual method of supporting the team was decided upon—a voluntary subscription to be taken up and season tickets to be issued. To this appeal both pupils and teachers responded generously.



The Senior Class held its first meeting in Room 16, when the following officers were elected: President, Ernest Lothrop; vice-president, Naomi Abbott; secretary, Rachel Morse; treasurer, Bernice Wilbur. The class colors are red and black.

Junior Class — President, Albert Tenney; vice-president, Helen Woodbury; secretary, Margaret Munsie; treasurer, Nellie Pierson; class marshal, Robert Griffin. Class colors, green and white.

Sophomore Class—President, Herman Safford; vice-president, Ruth Tisdale; secretary, Esther Mayo; treasurer, Mildred Safford. Class colors, orange and black.

Freshman Class—President, Percy Jennison; vice-president, Mina Stout; secretary, Shirley Whitney; treasurer, Erlon Lancey; class marshal, Harry Vaughn. The Freshmen have not yet chosen their class colors.

During the three opening weeks of school the gymnasium has been equipped with a fine new hardwood floor, which will be a great benefit in physical culture and indoor athletics.

The High School is very fortunate in having for new teachers this year:

Mr. George W. Wriston, science teacher, who is a Wesleyan graduate; Mr. Deane S. Thomas, who is teaching sophomore and freshman subjects; Mr. Harry F. Watson, teacher of boys' physical culture and athletic coach, who is a graduate of Williams; Miss Alice M. Garland, a recent graduate of Simmons; and Miss F. E. Hutchinson, a Vassar graduate, who is teaching history.

The following officers have been chosen for military drill: Company A, Captain, Karl Lee; 1st Lieutenant, Bernard Garland; 2d Lieutenant, Raymond Ladoo. Company B, Captain, Ernest Lothrop; 1st Lieutenant, Arthur Hussey; 2d Lieutenant, Roy Charron.

NEW ADS FOR THE MAGNET

Quaker Oats—Miss Darby.

"The smile that won't come off."

Toasted Corn Flakes—Mr. Hull.

"None genuine without this signature."

Postum Coffee—Mr. Dexter.

"There's a reason."

Prudential Life Insurance

—Mr. Watson.

"He has the strength of Gibraltar."

Miss Morrill, our French teacher spent the summer vacation in Paris, where she combined study with pleasure.

Miss Woodbury, '11, finds geometry a very "interesting" subject.

One of the English teachers recently informed a class that Benjamin Franklin, on entering the city of Philadelphia, had a few clothes stuffed in his pockets, three large rolls under his arms, and that the only money which he had in his possession was a Dutch collar.

Two ninth grade teams are practicing football under the excellent supervision of Mr. Lee, '10, who is showing himself to be an able and efficient coach.

HEARD IN THE GEOMETRY CLASS

Teacher: What is the base of a triangle?

Griffin, '11: The base of a triangle is the side on which it rests.

Teacher: Well, a triangle doesn't always rest. All triangles aren't just like you, Robert.

Miss Lockey passed her vacation abroad, spending most of her time in Italy, France, Switzerland, Gibraltar, and Belgium.

The former science teacher, Mr. Richardson, is now teaching at Haverhill, Mass.

Some of the boys have met with hard luck in football practice this season. William McCann has a

broken arm and Roy Charron, on his first afternoon, tore the ligaments of his thumb.

We dedicate these proverbs to the following:

Freshman Class—

"Let every one look to himself and no one will be lost."

Hussey, '10—

"Logic forever!
That beats my grandmother, and she was clever."

L. Jobes, '11—

"Let me play the fool."

Football Team—

"United we stand, divided we fall."

Miss Brooks—

"A loan, though old, is no gift."

Geometry Class—

"He that proves too much, proves nothing."

McCann, '10—

"The *absent* are always at fault."

Charron, '10—

"Jack would be a gentleman, if he could but speak French."

Roukes, '10—

"Every Jack must have his Jill."

Nellie Pierson, '11—

"Do all you can to be good, and you'll be so."

Mildred Merrill, '10—

"Who more busy than they that have the least to do?"

Editorial Staff—

"Be good in your offices, you'll keep the longer on."

Teacher: What is a monarchy?

Freshman: A people governed by a king.

Teacher: Who would reign if the king should die?

Freshman: The queen.

Teacher: And if the queen died?

Freshman: The Jack.



"Oh, dear!" sighed her husband's wife. "I can't find a pin anywhere. I wonder where all the pins go to, anyway."

"That's a difficult question to answer," replied his wife's husband, "because they are always pointed in one direction and headed another."
—*Selected.*

He had never been to sea before. "Can you keep anything on your stomach?" asked the ship doctor.

"No, sir," he returned, feebly. "Nothing but my hand."—*Success.*

Teacher: How many kinds of poetry are there?

Pupil: Three.

Teacher: What are they?

Pupil: Lyric, dramatic, and epidemic.—*Selected.*

Many a girl thinks she has broken her heart when she has only sprained her imagination.—*Life*

An English daily has the following advertisement: "Wanted—a gentleman to undertake the sale of a patent medicine. The advertiser guarantees it will be profitable to the undertaker."

Addressing a political meeting the other day, a speaker gave his hearers a touch of the pathetic. "I miss," he said, brushing away a not unwomanly tear, "I miss many of the old faces I used to shake hands with."
—*Selected.*

He said her hair was dyed, and when she indignantly exclaimed, "'Tis false!" he said he presumed so.—*Selected.*

A young Englishman who was unacquainted with the Italian language was traveling in Italy. As he was about to make a tour of the city of Rome, he copied a sign on a building near by, so that he might return to the same place. When he boarded an electric car to return late in the afternoon, he showed the conductor the copied sign. To his surprise, the man seemed quite unfamiliar with the place. He then showed it to several passengers, who, in turn, looked puzzled and shook their heads. Soon a man who could speak English translated the words—"Post no bills here."

Professor: After today, gentlemen, I will not call the roll, but will expect those absent to speak to me about it at the end of the hour.—*Ex.*

Alumni Notes

THERE were forty young men and young women who graduated from this school last June. Of these, fifteen are at home or at work, and twenty-five are continuing their studies. Those who are doing graduate work are Leone Smith and Harold Whittier. Following is the list of pupils who have entered some school or college this year.

Francis Gallagher, Holy Cross College; Martha Lundagen, Smith College; John Miller, Williams College; Philena Armstrong, Mildred Dutton, Grace Jewett, Vera Willard, Fitchburg Normal School; Ruth Page, Boston Normal Art School; Louis Peltier, Clark College; Cephas Derby, Francis MacSheffray, Cleon Phelps, Worcester Polytechnic Institute; Marjorie Pierce, Vassar College; Ralph Joslin, Charles Wass, Poughkeepsie Business College; Laura Smith, Boston University; Victorine Prince, study abroad; Harold Rice, Worcester Academy; Williamina Sangster, Joseph Foss, Business College in town; Ruth Putnam, The Castle School, Tarrytown; Mildred Shaw, Laselle Seminary; Kathryn Wells, Simmons College.

Miss Margaret Lane of the class of 1908, has entered the Hemenway school, Framingham. William Lane is attending Amherst College and Everett Lothrop has entered Oberlin College, Ohio.

Grace Lawrence and Nellie Dexter, of the class of '08, have entered Boston University.

Arthur Kloss, '08, is playing end on the Worcester Tech. team.

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NINTH GRADE PUPILS

THE MAGNET

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ALTHOUGH we have a large board of editors this year, we certainly need a great deal of assistance from the rest of the pupils. Our paper requires considerable material, and it is not just to leave the work for a dozen or so pupils.

It is the duty of each editor to contribute one story to each issue of the paper. Now that may sound like an easy task. To be sure it is when classmates are willing to support the editors. On the

other hand, if the editors do not receive help, the duty is an extremely difficult one.

We want every pupil to furnish a contribution for some department in the MAGNET, so that every member of the school may rightfully say, "Our school paper." We want the pupils to show real interest and enthusiasm in the welfare of the MAGNET. It is not enough to subscribe for the paper and *read* the articles; but remember, schoolmates, that all the material must first be written.

Shouting and cheering on the football field is an excellent way to manifest "school spirit." However, it is not the only way. When an editor asks you to write an article for the MAGNET, at least be willing to try, and ever bear in mind Sir Philip Sidney's words, "Nothing is achieved before it be thoroughly attempted."

WE are pleased to print this month an article written by Miss Frances L. Locky, a member of our faculty and a former graduate of our school.

THERE is a strong tendency among the pupils of the school to consider the fire-drills as jokes. We ought to realize the purpose of these drills and try our best to get out of the building as quickly as possible without any confusion. Our rules are very simple, and there is no reason for any trouble. But it takes time to laugh and talk on the stairways, and we can never be sure that there is no fire, and in wasting even the fraction of a minute we may risk many lives. The fact that the principal stands in the lower corridor should not signify to us that the alarm is "false," for undoubtedly he would stand there in case of fire. In order that we may obtain the best results from our fire-drills, let us take them more seriously.

DOROTHY WHITTIER, '10

ONE of the best ways to show class loyalty and spirit is the prompt payment of dues. It is well, early in life, to become accustomed to paying debts promptly, that they may not become so large as to be inconvenient to pay. This duty should not be left to a few loyal members of the class, but each one should do his or her part, as each is to benefit by it. Since 1911 displays such excellent "school spirit," let the same be true of "class spirit."

NELLIE PIERSON, Treasurer of 1911.

Ponta Delgada

ABOUT two thousand miles east of America and perhaps half as far west of Spain, lies a little group of islands in mid-ocean whose existence was unknown until the middle of the fifteenth century. This group of nine islands, called the Azores, was to be our first stopping place on the way to Naples.

We had been out of sight of land for six days when on Saturday, the third of July, we were able to discern, far in the distance, some mountains rising so faintly into the clouds that it was almost impossible to distinguish them. From the bow of the boat we eagerly watched the outline until we could see a faint greenish tinge appear. The sky line was very irregular and the most peculiar I had ever seen. It is said that the mountains are of volcanic origin, which probably accounts for their queer shape. As we drew nearer, we could at last see that the hills were of an olive green color and that they were divided by darker green hedges into square fields, showing that they are cultivated even to their summits. At the foot of the hills, and just above the shore, lay the quaint town of Ponta Delgada with its houses of light pink, white, and blue, with occasionally one of green, huddled together. Here and there in the background was a red-topped windmill whirling about, and altogether it was the most picturesque place I ever saw. When we came within about half a mile from the town, the *Cretic* stopped, and very soon a fleet of little boats began to come toward us, rowed by barefoot Portuguese men who were shouting and gesticulating, eager to be the first to take off passengers. The ladders had already been lowered over the ship's side and as soon as the formalities were finished and some soldiers had come aboard to guard the ship in our absence, we were allowed to land. It was quite a feat to get safely into one of the little boats, as we had to go down the two narrow ladders first and each had about thirty steps. As soon as twenty or thirty people were crowded into each boat, we started for the shore, some of the sailors singing their native songs as they pulled at the oars.

The town, on nearer view, was just as quaint as it had appeared from a distance. The streets were narrow and paved, but the paving must have been done years ago, it was so very rough and uneven. The buildings, which we found were made of stone or stucco, with red-tiled roofs, stood close to the sidewalks. We wandered about aimlessly, gazing with curiosity at everything we came to, but we soon found that we were just as much objects of curiosity to the natives, who see very few strangers, as by no means all of the passenger boats to the Mediterranean stop at Ponta Delgada. It was interesting to wander into the little shops and try to make bargains with the shop-keepers, who spoke only Portuguese or a very little English. Usually, with much effort and with many gestures, we could make them understand what we wanted.

At one end of the town there were some beautiful gardens filled with palm trees and many curious plants. The rocks in some places were completely covered with luxuriant maiden-hair ferns and under the rocks were passage-ways leading to other parts of the garden. One large tree, the name of which I could not learn, was especially beautiful with its brilliant red flowers and dark green leaves.

We went into one or two interesting old churches, but spent most of the time watching the street life. There were many different kinds of conveyances, from one automobile, which seemed strangely out of place, to little wicker carts drawn by a sheep or a goat. For sprinkling the streets there was a peculiar-shaped two-wheeled cart drawn by a large black ox. Donkeys are used a great deal and we saw several of them struggling patiently under heavy loads of fruit or vegetables in large baskets strapped on their backs. And the beggars—everywhere old women and little children came up to us shouting: "Munee, munee," and persistently followed us if it was not forthcoming. Taking pity on one old woman, who seemed very feeble, we gave her a few coins, but later we almost regretted it, when we found how well she could get about, for she accosted us at different parts of the town. I have since read that Saturday is considered a special "begging day;" it is a custom on that day for every person of means to give something to those less fortunate, since they have no poor-houses. There seem to be a great many who are extremely poor, but they are usually made happy by the gift of a few cents.

All too soon the time came to go back to the *Cretic*, and sitting in our steamer chairs on deck, we watched the olive green mountains, and, below, the quaint pink and white houses, gradually disappear—soon to be only a memory.

FRANCES L. LOCKEY.

A MOONLIGHT SCENE

The maiden moon sits high in the sky
 Like a vestal virgin garbed in white,
 And the beams from the lamp she bears on
 high
 Dispel the darkness of the night.

The trees are reflected across the road
 In lace-like shadows, that come and go,

As the creaking branches bend with their
 load,
 While the frolicing wind-gusts now move
 to and fro.

The perfect peace remains unchanged,
 The least courageous knows no fears,
 And restful harmony has acclaimed
 The soulful music of the spheres.

RACHEL W. MORSE, '10.

His Last Race

“WELL, my boy,” the doctor had said, as if carefully weighing each word, “it’s a bad case of a weak heart; at any moment you may drop dead if you become greatly excited. But then, I don’t want to frighten you; you may live to be as old as Methuselah.”

Bob Rankin had turned away, stuffed his hands in his pockets, and commenced to whistle cheerfully. As he strode across the campus to the dormitory, he thought to himself, “The old doc. is too mighty fussy. My heart is as safe and sound as his. It shan’t hinder me from playing football, though, not if I know it. The great game is only a couple of weeks off, and I’ve simply got to play.” With that settled, he ran up the stairs, two or three at a time, and finally settled himself in his most comfortable chair to study.

Rankin was a Freshman at Yale and a general favorite among his classmates. He was there for the sole purpose of playing football. Football seemed to be his one ambition in life. Little did the professors, who all liked his honest, intelligent face, dream that his well-prepared lessons were so glibly recited so that he might keep his position on the team and win his laurels through athletic prowess.

At last the great day dawned, bright, clear and crisp, an ideal autumn day. It could not have been better suited to the occasion. The team had practiced hard and had been faithfully coached in anticipation of this, the Yale-Princeton game. Each individual member of the team felt that it was up to him to win or to lose, and accordingly was almost confident of victory.

The side-lines were crowded with hundreds of spectators. The whistle sounded—the game was on. The entire throng seemed moved with that exhilaration which fills every true football enthusiast at the beginning of a close game. Cheer after cheer rent the air as one player, followed by another, and another, made brilliant plays. From the first it seemed as if the Yale eleven had the advantage. Princeton was heavy, but Yale was fast, and rather light. Princeton held them well and played a fine defensive game. At last, after a series of dexterous plays, kicks, and passes, Princeton managed to score a touchdown; a second or two later and the Princeton banners were waving, while the Princeton supporters were shouting themselves hoarse. The score was announced 6-0.

The fellows in the blue jerseys now braced up and took a little start, and soon the rooters on the side of the blue flags were almost as jubilant as Princeton’s had been; but the score was 6-5, for Yale missed her kick. The time during the remainder of the half lagged, and all the fellows appeared tired out. At last the whistle blew and they could rest for a few moments. The captains of the teams went up and down the long lines of dirty boys with bleeding noses, finding a little fault here, and giving a few encouraging words there, in the meantime sponging off a little of the dirt

and grime. As the captain of the Yale eleven approached Rankin, he said, "Bob, you've got to brace up! You're not doing your best." And Bob felt that it was true.

Meanwhile, cheers, songs and yells were heard in quick succession, and those on the side of the flying blue banners began to fear as to the outcome of the game. Once more the teams lined up, and once more the play commenced with new life and vigor. But neither was able to get very near the opponent's goal. Only four minutes remained to play. One team was thinking, "Will this game end with defeat staring us in the face?" and then buckled down to one more fierce effort. The other team, very happy, was thinking, "Can we hold these fellows down and keep the score where it is?" and they, too, braced themselves for another onslaught. But eighty seconds now were left, and it seemed as if Yale was surely defeated. Bob Rankin muttered to himself, "Bob Rankin, if there's a grain of spunk left in you, now is the time to show it." Suddenly, a very erect body and two determined legs were seen racing on toward the Princeton goal. The yells "Rankin, Rankin, Rah! Rah! Rah!" sounded all down one side of the field. Just one man was ahead, waiting for him. With a spring and a bound, Bob cleared the arms ready to receive for a tackle; and the Princeton guard went sprawling on the turf. With the pig-skin tucked under his arm, on he raced. Would there be time? Could he make it? He could almost hear the referee's whistle ringing in his ears already. His heart was beating furiously. Fifteen yards—ten yards—five yards.

The whistle had blown; the crowds were yelling like mad, and the Yale flags waved exultantly. But Bob heard nothing while he was being praised by every lip. His prostrate body lay stretched across the line motionless, and he still clutched the ball between his hands. Never again would he have an opportunity to defy the doctor's warning. His last race had been run and won.

N. LOTHROP, '11.

NOVEMBER

Let them call you the dreariest month of
the year,
Are you not overflowing with mirth and
good cheer?
What if outside the eddying gusts whirl and
blow,
Within all are drawn to the hearth's cheer.
ful glow.

It is true the last leaves to the oak fondly
cling,
While their comrades in swift whirling
dances now fling.
Down the hillside they sweep to the valley
below,
But soon bleakness will hide in December's
soft snow.

PAULINE PATON.

A Midnight Adventure

WE were camping in a little three-roomed cottage on the shore of a good sized pond. We were not the only campers at this somewhat out-of-the-way place, for there were fourteen other cottages straggling along the banks of Big Spec. It was a pleasant evening and, as the moon came up from behind the trees, the canoe slid into the water and glided away through the stillness. Soon the dipping of oars, the crunch, crunch of the row-locks, and the chatter of merry voices became audible, while fainter and fainter grew the song of the whip-poor-will and the scolding of a thousand contra-minded katydids.

A jolly evening was spent on the water, but at the far-away sound of the curfew the boats scattered, and we paddled away toward the twinkling lantern that marked our path. All in a moment we were scrambling out on the wharf, running along the path, stumbling over stumps and stones, and last, but none the more reluctantly, tumbling into bed, such sleepy heads. The night was still except for the incessant talk of the katydids, which before long we were all unconscious of. Not a light remained, except the moon, which was watching and guarding us all night. But our sentinel must have become drowsy, for just when we were all peacefully sleeping there came such an "oof, oof, oof" intruding upon the silence, that in a moment we were all out of bed, forming a brigade, armed with axes, chisels, pokers and feather pillows, pursuing that mysterious noise. Another loud "woof" was heard; right up through a knot-hole in the floor, it came. We were now thoroughly frightened and no one could guess what strange animal of the woods could be undisturbed by the shouting and repeated knockings on the floor. But at last our unknown visitor became quiet and we were obliged to betake us to our beds with the mystery still unsolved, but the next morning when going through our neighbor's back yard the same sound, less gruesome in the daytime, greeted us. It was the neighbor's pig.

MARGARET EARL, '11.

THE HOLIDAY STARS

Autumn's the sunset of the year
When lo, the sun, in its decline
Leaves us in wintry darkness here
Save for the holidays that shine
Singing, "Our Maker is divine."

The dearest of these holy stars
Is Christmas Day, so fair and bright,
But the nearest, like the ruddy Mars,
Is Thanksgiving Day, the boy's delight,
The herald star of the wintry night.

BERYL BARTLETT, '12.

The Educated Slave

IT was almost dawn and the streets of Rome were lighted, here and there, by the flickering gleam of a torch. People came by twos and stopped at what seemed to be a summer-house, but what was, in reality, a school. The torch-bearers were slaves bringing their charges, for school in Rome began at dawn.

After the others had taken their places a thinly clad lad, of perhaps thirteen years, slid onto his bench. He was greeted with taunts and jibes, for he was a slave. He was sent to school so that later he might be sold to a wealthy man for a tutor, or, as sometimes termed, an "educated slave." The boy was frail and retiring, and shrank from the rude speech of his companions. His present master had bought him when he was a baby, because he was a weakling. He had realized that the boy was too sickly to do menial labor, and, furthermore, there was more money in selling him for a tutor.

The boys might taunt him because he was a slave, but in lessons he was more than their equal. Even his chief tormentors acknowledged that Servius had the making of an orator. His portions of the law and the Iliad were always perfectly learned, and learned, not from necessity, but because he liked the subjects.

After school Servius always attempted to go away quietly, but often his tormentors followed him, endeavoring to arouse his anger. The leader of these bullies was a boy about eighteen years old, who prided himself in his birth, and often remarked that he bore the name of two emperors, for his name was Tiberius Marcus Glabrio.

Two years passed, and Tiberius finished his schooling and went to Rhodes to study oratory. Servius, though younger than Tiberius, finished his course the same year. He could not continue the study of oratory, for he was sold by his master to a wealthy patrician. From this time on his life-work was to teach his master's children.

* * * * *

Tiberius Marcus Glabrio returned to Rome after ten years of travel and study. While abroad, he had married, and now he was anxious to find a tutor for his children, one of whom was a boy of eight years, and the other a girl of five. Tiberius learned that Servius's master was in hard circumstances, so he went to him and offered a large sum of money for the slave. Servius's master thought a great deal of the slave, but the sum offered constrained him to part with him.

Servius took kindly to his new home and became genuinely attached to his charges. He often told them stories of Roman heroes. Sometimes, indeed, he so far forgot his audience as to use language of a character far beyond the children's comprehension. Tiberius was, at this time, a well-known orator. In all probability he would not have cared to admit it, but

he received the inspiration of many of his orations from these harangues of Servius, which he chanced to overhear.

One day the children were talking about the personal appearance of their tutor. The little boy said "Do you know that Servius has a funny scar on his head just like father's?" That was all Servius heard, for he was in the next room, and just then the children moved away. That, however, was enough to start Servius to thinking.

His one regret was that he had never known his parents' name and probably never would. The chance conversation of the children stirred in him a hope, which he realized was only too improbable to expect. He determined to find out, if possible, who his parents were. That night he went in search of the old man who had been his master when he was young. He made many inquiries on the way and finally learned that the old man was sick and would probably never recover. He rushed into the house and to his master's bed-side, and on his knees begged to be told his parents' name. The old man hesitated. Then, suddenly, the light of a high resolution crossed his face, and with increased strength born of a firm purpose he said, "You may as well know," then he rested a minute and ended, "that your master is your brother.—You are a Glabrio."

Servius could scarcely contain his joy. He rushed from the house, but was calm to all outward appearance, as he walked homeward. Now that he could lay claim to a name, he realized, as never before, that character is of more importance than a name. He would never be free. He would never tell his claim to the name of Glabrio, but he would have an interest of kinship in his master.

RACHEL W. MORSE, '10,

THANKSGIVING DAY

The sky is cold, the earth is drear;
November holds unquestioned sway,
This were the worst time of the year
But for the glad Thanksgiving Day.

The round of hoofs goes beating by
With people coming to the farm
To eat their fill of pumpkin pie
And test the turkey's spicy charm.

The dinner o'er, they shout and play
Old games, or tell old stories queer

Of Indians in some by-gone day,
When red men filled their hearts with fear;

Or of the stirring roll of drums,
The British army marching near:
The hostile army onward comes;
The vict'ry—How the listeners cheer!

But night now falls, the day is o'er,
And some return to city life
While others stay a day or more
Loath to return to busy strife.

ARTHUR B. HUSSEY, '10.

Bob's Revenge

EDNA CHURCHILL sat at her little mahogany desk writing. She was sending her pictures to her intimate girl friends and inclosing invitations to an informal Thanksgiving party. As she was directing the last envelope her mother called up from downstairs, "Edna, some one to see you."

"Just a minute," murmured Edna, as she finished addressing the envelope. She rushed out into the hall and met her young brother, Bob.

"Oh, Bob, do me a favor?"

"Oh, I ain't got time, Sis."

"Yes, you have, Bobby, it won't take but a minute. Seal those invitations on my desk and skip down to the post-office with them. That's a good boy."

"Oh, maybe, I'll see," returned Bob, shaking Edna's arm off his shoulder.

He walked into the room with his muddy boots and stalked up to the desk. He grabbed the envelopes with his grimy hands and began to seal them.

"Jinks!" he exclaimed, "here's where I get even with Sis. Bet she won't take my new sweater to the football game again, even if it is cold." Suddenly he pulled the invitation out of the last envelope and thrust it into an unaddressed one. Then grabbing up the bunch of letters, he ran out of the room gleefully, straddled the banisters, and away he slid downstairs, jumped off and went to the telephone. He opened the telephone directory and searched through the list of names under H.

"Here 'tis," he cried, as he planted his chubby finger on "Hartmond, 45 Pleasant Avenue." Then he went into the library to his father's desk and dabbled the stub pen into the ink-stand, almost drowning it in the dark fluid. He addressed the blank envelope to Mr. Berton Hartmond, 45 Pleasant Avenue.

"Guess Sis will have a dandy time trying to entertain Bert and the girls." Then Bob jammed his cap on his head, and went out, slamming the door most unmercifully after him. He strolled off down to the post-office whistling his favorite tune, "Yankee Doodle."

* * * * *

It was eight o'clock Thanksgiving evening, and for the tenth time that night the bell rang vigorously. Edna hurried out into the hall and opened the door, expecting to see Ethel Sonly, but to her great surprise and embarrassment she looked up into the face of—Bert Hartmond.

"Good evening," said Bert, as he stepped into the hall and removed his dip.

"Why, good evening, Bert. Will you—er—take off your things?"

"Yes. You are entertaining a little this evening?" asked Bert, as he removed his immaculate kid gloves.

"Yes, just a few of the girls. They're here now," Edna answered, as she led the way into the parlor, resounding with the laughter of merry voices.

"Good evening, Bert." "Hello, Will," cried nine voices all together.

"Good evening, girls. Where are the rest of the fellows? Am I the first one here?"

"It looks so."

"They must be bashful," said Bert, as he sat down.

Just then Bob stuck his curly head in the door and said, "Oh, you came, didn't you! I guess I got your address all right, Bert."

Edna jumped up and grabbed Bob by the shoulders and whispered, "You little rascal, what have you been up to? What do you mean?"

"Nothing, Sis, only I thought I'd pay you back for wearing my new sweater. I thought it was a shame for you to slight Bert, so I just took one of the invitations and sent it to him."

"Well, now I'm here, I'm going to see this thing through," broke in Bert.

A general burst of laughter broke forth, and even Edna, though embarrassed and a little angry, could not keep from seeing the funny side of the incident.

"No wonder Ethel hasn't come," she exclaimed. "Now Bob, it's up to you to explain matters to Ethel. You run right over to her house and tell her what you have done, and apologize, and bring her to the party."

"Don't be too harsh on Bobby," cried the girls.

"I don't care. I'll go, Sis." So Bob put on his best hat, his heavy reefer, and his Sunday gloves to go to escort Ethel.

Meanwhile Edna was trying to think of some way out of the scrape. She didn't want to let Bert go home now, and yet he surely would not want to stay to a girls' frolic. Her mother soon came to the rescue. For the next ten minutes the telephone was busy if it ever was. Mrs. Churchill succeeded in obtaining half a dozen of the boys who happened to be at home, and then she telephoned to the caterer for more refreshments.

The next half hour passed in laughing over the situation, and then suddenly proud little Bob and his charge, Ethel, arrived, bathed in smiles. Gradually the other boys appeared on the scene and the festivity really commenced and Bob was the pet of the evening for, as Ethel remarked, "If it had not been for his little clever revenge, the party might have lacked much of its fun, and the boys certainly would have missed a good Thanksgiving feast."

"Well, Edna, you certainly have something to be thankful for," said Bert Hartmond. "There's not many little brothers who could so easily plan such a glorious Thanksgiving party."

DOROTHY WHITTIER, '10.

Alumni Notes

Miss Rachel Cook, '07, is teaching grammar school in West Kingston, Rhode Island.

Miss Bertha Bailey, '07, who graduated from Normal School last year, is teaching at the Lancaster St. School, Leominster.

Miss Lulu Chapman has finished her course at Normal School and is teaching at Grafton, Mass.

Miss Daisy Wilder, who was at the Johns Hopkins University, in Baltimore, last year, is teaching cooking, in town, at present.

Theodore Joslin had the privilege, as a member of the Associated Press, to attend a banquet given in honor of President Taft.

Roy Chandler, of Boston Tech., in company with several friends, has started keeping bachelor's hall.

Richard Scanlon, of Boston Tech., has joined the musical club there.

Karl Herrick, a senior at Worcester Tech., was referee at the football game, here, with that institution.

Ralph Joslin and Charles Wass, at the Poughkeepsie Business College, had the pleasure a short time ago, of visiting Vassar College. They attended chapel and dined in the company of nine hundred and ninety-nine girls.

Ex-Captain Cephas W. Derby, while experimenting in the workshop at Worcester Tech., cut off the end of his thumb. It was replaced, and it is hoped it will prove a successful operation.

Harold Burdett is employed at the Viscoloid factory, as chemist, at the present time.

Harry Follansbee, a graduate of the Leominster High School, is teaching, at present, in the Leominster branch of the Dawson Business College.

Mildred Shaw, of Laselle Seminary, was at home, with a friend, the last Sunday in October.


Miss Mary Harris and Mr. Roy Burpee, both former members of the Leominster High School, were recently married.

Miss Bertha May Osborn, a graduate of this school, was married, this month, to Mr. George Calarde, of Clinton.





ATHLETICS

 ON October 11 Leominster played her second game of the Wachusett Interscholastic League. This time her opponent was Clinton, and as a result of the fray, Leominster now occupies last position in the League. Our team was handicapped on account of the absence of Roukes, who was unable to play because of injuries received in practice. Harold Jobes took his place at half-back.

Clinton had the best of the argument during the entire game. This was principally due to the good playing of Schuster, the star half-back. Clinton played old-time football and Schuster was used to good advantage, making many good end runs.

The first half was characterized by numerous fumbles on both sides. Recovering a fumbled punt on the 40-yard line, Clinton had pushed their way down the field to the 2-yard line, when the whistle blew for the close of the period.

Both teams came back in the second half, prepared to fight their hardest. Having been robbed of a touchdown by the sound of the whistle in the first half, the Clinton boys played for all there was in them, and after eight minutes of play, their efforts were rewarded by scoring the only points of the game. From this time until the close of the game Clinton had the ball in Leominster's territory most of the time.

The features of the game were the playing of Schuster of Clinton and the tackling of Corkum of Leominster. Call also played well for Clinton and Capt. Little played his usual good game.

After the big game was finished, our second team and the second team from Fitchburg played a very interesting game. Neither team was able to score, but Leominster kept the ball in Fitchburg's territory. The feature of the game was a 30-yard run by McComiskey. Tenney's playing was very commendable.



On the following Saturday, Leominster and Southbridge lined up at the old trotting park. The result was an overwhelming defeat for Southbridge. 53 to 0 was the final count.

As the score indicates, it was an uninteresting game and very one-sided. But the Leominster supporters had good cause for rejoicing, for the whole team showed great improvement in their playing. Especial credit is

due to the backline, which made gains at will. Spiller took the place of Roukes, who is still out of the game on account of his injuries, and he put up a great game, making many long gains.

At the close of the first game, the second team of our school played Fitchburg's second team and the former showed their superiority. The score was 5 to 0. Lloyd Jobs and Tenney were the shining stars for Leominster. Jobs made most of the gains, and the city boys could not seem to stop him.



Our football team and the second team from Worcester Polytechnic Institute clashed on the gridiron, October 25. The game was very fast throughout. The final result was 11 to 5 in favor of Leominster.

Open football was resorted to by both teams, and Leominster worked the forward pass successfully a number of times and made one of their touchdowns on an onside kick, recovered by Merriman, who ran thirty-five yards for the touchdown. Worcester had the advantage of weight but the High School boys showed more speed at all stages of the game.

In the second half, Leigh, by making an 85-yard run, paved the way for Worcester's score. It looked like a tie game, but Leominster was out to win and they did. By working the forward pass for good gains, the team representing the blue and white approached the goal line, and finally Little was sent over for a touchdown. After this Leominster simply played to hold the city fellows, as there were only a few minutes to play.

At the close of this game, our second team was trimmed to the tune of 11 to 0 by the St. Lucius Parochial School team.



The Leominster High School football team, accompanied by a large crowd of rooters, journeyed to Clinton and played its third game of the Interscholastic League. Remembering their former defeat at the hands of the same team earlier in the season, Leominster fought hard to score a victory and thereby to wipe out the pang of defeat.

The game was exciting all the way through. Leominster made two touchdowns in the first half and Clinton retaliated in the second half by making two touchtowns amid the greatest kind of uproar on the part of the Clinton supporters.

Leominster went straight to its task at the sound of the whistle, and after six minutes of play Spiller went over the line for the first touchdown. Merriman kicked an easy goal. A forward pass, some good end runs, bucking of the line, a blocked punt, and Duval crossed the line for the second score. Merriman missed the goal. The first half ended a little later with the score 11 to 0 in favor of Leominster.

After a ten-minute rest the second half was started. Clinton came back fighting desperately, and after working a series of foward passes they succeeded in sending Grady across the line. After the next kick-off, Schuster made some brilliant runs and carried the ball to Leominster's 4-yard line, from where Call made the second touchdown for Clinton. The goal was missed, very much to the joy of the Leominsterites.

After this Leominster succeeded in carrying the ball to within one foot of the Clinton goal line, but was not able to rush it over. A little later the game ended with Clinton in possession of the ball on its 35-yard line.

Leominster High won from the strong Marlboro team, 16 to 0, Saturday afternoon, November 6. It was a hard-fought game from beginning to end, and Marlboro was handicapped by the absence of its full-back, who did not arrive in time for the game, and also by the absence of its captain, who had a sore ankle.

Captain Little started the game by kicking off to Marlboro, and the latter found that Leominster's defence was too strong for them, and after trying a couple of forward passes, which failed, they punted to midfield. Roukes secured the ball and dodged by the entire Marlboro team, thereby scoring the first touchdown within five minutes.

Leominster made one more touchdown in the first half by taking the ball away from Marlboro on downs not far from the goal posts. With a few good line plunges, the ball was carried over for the second five points. Corkum tried for the goal, but his eyesight was poor, and the score stood 10 to 0.

Marlboro came back strong in the second half, and it was only by some good line-smashing that Leominster sent Little over the line for the third and last touchdown of the game. Anglim kicked the goal. After this the L. H. S. boys played to prevent the visitors from crossing their line.

The second team did not follow the good example set by the first team, and it was defeated, 5 to 0, by the St. Aloysius team of Fitchburg. The feature of the game was a 50-yard run for a touchdown by Fallon, about two minutes after the opening of the game. After this there was no more scoring and the game was hard-fought by both teams.

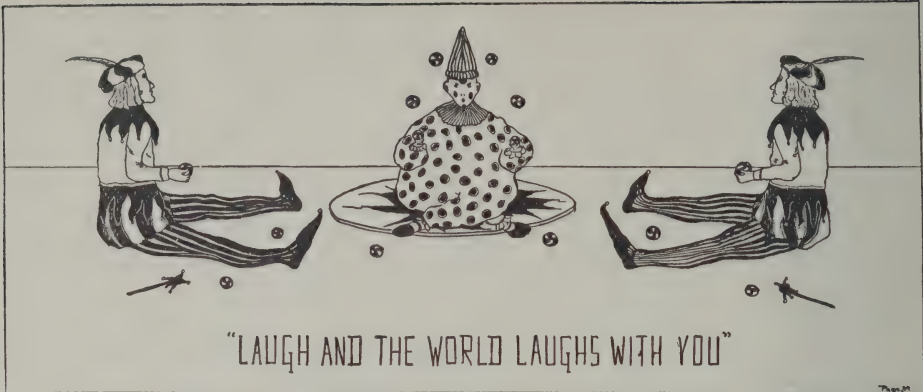
AFTER several attempts to choose a captain of the basket-ball team, the girls elected Miss Connaughton, who was a member of last year's team and played a splendid game at back. Miss Darby was re-elected manager.

The athletic association has promised the girls suits. It is nine years since they have had any, and it is certainly time.

They are looking forward to a good season this year as they are to have an excellent coach in Mr. Watson. Last year they were given no coach, and the team they had was due to the training Mr. Robinson kindly gave them. Four games have already been scheduled, two with the Alea-thea girls of Worcester and two with the Cushing Academy girls.

All through the football season the girls are ready to criticise the boys if they do not come out to practice and do not win their games. The time is soon coming, girls, when you can show your "spirit." Last year there were about twenty-five girls out for practice the first day, but the number dwindled down so that there were enough for two teams and perhaps a few substitutes. With all the girls there are in the high school, we certainly ought to have two strong teams. Bear this in mind, and when practice begins, let us have thirty or forty girls there.

Boys, the girls have tried to do their part in helping the football players, and they sincerely hope to have your support during their season.



We clip the following for the benefit of those who doubt the power of the press: "Owing to the overcrowded condition of our columns, a number of births and deaths are unavoidably postponed this week."
—*Everybody's*.

A small minister added to his height by standing upon a wooden box. He opened the Bible and read, "Yet a little while I am with you—a little while and I am not with you." Just then the box switched under his weight, and down he went out of sight.—*Selected*.

Ask Mr. Wriston how to drive a nail-hole.

Old farmer (seeing his cows in his cornfield): "Well, I never! If there ain't the cows in the corn. I'm sorry. They never got in there before."

His son: "Gee! Ain't our father a funny man. He says the cows are in the corn and he's sorry they never got in there before."

A young lady remained a long time on a train to kiss a female friend, and trying to get off after it

had started, was thrown violently on her face. "If ever I kiss anybody again!" said she, vengefully, as she arose; "any woman, at least," she thoughtfully added.—*Selected*.

A citizen of Portland was walking down town one morning when he met a stranger who asked him, "Do you know where the post-office is?"

"Yes," answered the Portlander, affably, and walked on without further reply. After proceeding a short distance he looked back, and inquired in his turn, "Why? Did you want to know?"

"No," replied the victim, earnestly, and both waved hands and passed on.

Sophomore (sternly): Did you take a shower-bath?

Freshman (meekly): No, are there any missing?

History teacher: Where was Babylon?

Tommy: Why -er-er—

Teacher: Come now, that's an easy question.

Tommy: Oh, it ain't the question that bothers me, but the answer.

Small boy (in a shoe store). I want a ten-cent bottle of white shoe blacking to black white shoes with.



Half an hour after Maloney landed in New York he was knocked down by an automobile. A friendly spectator assisted him to arise, remarking: "Never mind, old man, I took that fellow's number."

"Ye did?" yelled Maloney; "thin for hivin's sake run for yer life—he'll likely be back afther it in a minute or so!"—*Life*.



Some people are never satisfied. For example, the prisoner who complained of the literature that the prison angel gave him to read.

"Nutt'n but continued stories," he grumbled. "An' I'm to be hung next Tuesday."—*Selected*.



Teacher: Now, Johnny, what was Washington's Farewell Address?

Johnny: Heaven.—*Selected*.



A certain citizen who resides in the suburbs returned home one evening and found his wife away. After waiting for her for an hour or so, he made inquiry of his Irish man-of-all-work.

"Do you know anything of Mrs. Richard's whereabouts, Denny?" he asked.

"Oi can't say for certain, sor," answered the faithful Hibernian, "but Oi belave they're in the wash."—*Selected*.



A public school magazine contains this courteous announcement: "The editor will be very pleased to hear of the deaths of any of the old

boys." No doubt the old boys will oblige the editor from time to time. —*New York Tribune*.



"Now, boys, I have a few questions in fractions to ask," said the teacher. "Suppose I had a piece of beefsteak and cut it into sixteen pieces, what would those pieces be called?"

"Sixteenths," answered one boy, after meditating a moment.

"Very good," answered the teacher, "and when the sixteenths were cut in halves, what would they be?"

There was silence in the class, but presently a little boy at the foot of the class put up his hand.

"Do you know, Johnny?"

"Hash!" answered Johnny confidently.



Armstrong: What is worse than raining cats and dogs?

Dowe: Hailing West Street cars.

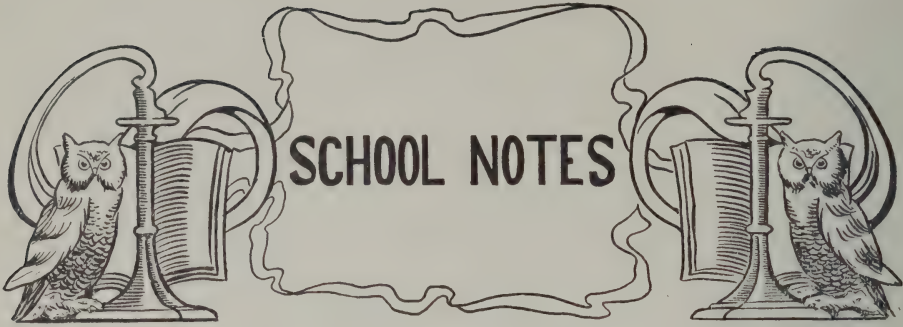


They met on a bridge. Each held out his hand, and they shook, and instantly realized that they were utter strangers. Had not one of them been a genuine Hibernian the situation might have been embarrassing.

"Begorra, that's quare," says Pat. "When we wor so far off that we couldn't see aich other, I thought it was you, an' you thought it was me, an' now we're here together it's nayther of us."—*Tid-bits*.



Knot and Shott fought a duel. The result was that they changed conditions, Knott was shot and Shott was not. It was better to be Shott than Knott.



French teacher (after dull pupil has made a very poor and probably sight translation): "What sense does that make?"

Bright pupil: Nonsense.

Now, Ronald, are you going to skip football practice again to go chestnutting?

French student translating, "Il a gagné plus de mille livres en une année." "He has gained more than a thousand pounds in one year."

For the past seven years we have had lecture courses in the Town Hall during the winter. The school committee this year presents the best and most attractive one thus far offered. The dates and entertainments are as follows:

Nov. 5. Peter MacQueen. A popular illustrated lecture on "The Land and Game where Roosevelt hunts."

Nov. 10. The Karl Barleben String Quartet from the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Miss Alice Aldrich, soloist.

Dec. 3. Henry Helm Clayton. Illustrated lecture on "Aerial Navigation."

Dec. 31. The Dunbar Company.

Feb. 11. The Hinshaw Grand Opera Co.

Feb. 18. Sylvester A. Long. Lecture.

Mar. 4. The Whitney Brothers' Quartet.

The Freshmen have chosen crimson and white for their class colors. They have also selected and ordered their class pins.

Mr. Griffin, '11, has resigned his position as manager of the football team in order that he may play football, and Mr. Ladoo, '10, has been chosen to take his place.

Among the visitors of the High School during the month of September were John Miller, '09, Victorine Prince, '09, Isabelle Woodward, '09, Percy Kehew, '09, Cleon E. Phelps, '09, Mr. Thomas E. Thompson, Mr. Holden, Mrs. F. J. Whitney, and Dr. G. E. Abbott.

Miss Farnum, the teacher whom all enjoyed who have taken French for the past two years, was married in October to Mr. Myron Clark. The couple spent their honey-moon in the Bermuda Islands and are now living at Malden, Massachusetts.

After Mr. Wriston had shown the sun-spots through the telescope to the physics class, one of the seniors was heard to exclaim, "Why, it looks like fly-specks to me."

Mr. Griffin '11, is supposed to be an expert at making fudge. Indeed, he claims to have had on hand for six months a piece six inches square, which he used for a paper-weight.



Miss Hanigan, our former English and History teacher, and one well-liked by all the pupils, was married this summer to Mr. G. W. Dunn. She is now residing in Clinton.



Friday evening, October 29, '09, the teachers gave a reception at the high school. The teachers received the parents with a few pupils in their respective rooms from eight until nine o'clock. Several pupils of the two upper classes ushered.

At nine o'clock an entertainment was given in the Assembly Hall. Mr. Wriston played two piano solos, Mr. W. H. Kenney and Mr. Clifton Wood gave vocal selections, and Miss Spaulding rendered some beautiful selections on the violin. Light refreshments were served and the whole affair was a complete success. These receptions accomplish a great deal toward bringing the parents and teachers together and making them better acquainted with one another.



On the Wednesday preceding the Clinton game, Mr. Kenney kindly devoted his time during the fifth period to practicing the school songs and a few yells. The students, aided by the music classes, did some fine singing, and much enthusiasm was aroused.



The boys who came out for football practice usually feel quite lively

after their shower-baths. In fact, so much so, that they are occasionally obliged to manifest their feelings. On one occasion the boys celebrated with a fine parade. They formed a long line, four abreast, and Commander-in-chief Roukes gave the order to "Forward March!" Captain Little beat the big bass drum, while Tenney worked the cymbals, and Mullens and Jennison blew cornets. As they turned the corner to go down West St., they were greeted by L. H. S. yells from the girls, who were anxious to see everything. The parade marched from the high school down West St., out Exchange to Boutelle St., and the order was given to halt near the house where many of the teachers room. Three long cheers, assisted by the musical instruments were given for each teacher. In this way they continued on toward town not forgetting, however, to give the three loudest cheers of all for Mr. Hull. Finally, after giving the school yells near the common, they departed for home, feeling that they had presented a fine exhibition of school spirit.



Near the close of the third period, the pupils were startled by the sound of the fire-gong on the morning of October 22. Although this was the first drill of the year, the pupils showed that they had not forgotten the fire-drill. As is the custom, each pupil followed his room teacher, and in one minute and forty seconds the building was empty.



Attorney John Coburn took Miss Hutchinson's place while she was obliged to be absent for several days.

A school-master was very partial to one of his pupils, and very severe to another. One day they were both tardy. He called them up on the floor.

"James, my boy," said he to the favorite, regretfully, but kindly, "Why were you late?"

"You see, sir," replied James, "I was asleep, sir, and dreamed I was going to California, and thought the school bell was the bell of the steam-boat."

"That will do, my boy," said the teacher, glad of an excuse to shield him. "Always tell the truth, my boy. And now, sir," said he to the other, sternly, "Where were you?"

"You see, sir," said the urchin, candidly, "I was waiting to see Jim off."

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THE MAGNET

Vol. III. LEOMINSTER, MASS., DECEMBER, 1909. No. 3

Entered as second class matter at Post Office at Leominster, Mass.

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Rachel W. Morse, '10, Editor of Verse.

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Published monthly during school year by pupils of the High School.

Subscription price, 50 cents; single copies, 10 cents.



RECENTLY there has been an exhibition in the Old Art Museum in Boston. Plans and drawings for Boston in 1915 were displayed, and suggestions for great improvements in the city were made by the citizens of Boston and other people who were interested in the progress of our State capital. There were many sketches which showed the bad sections of the city at present, and also designs to be employed for the purpose of reforming the local and suburban districts. Miniature

models of the future city, maps, and numerous free-hand drawings revealed many wonderful changes and alterations which would assist in beautifying and improving Boston before 1915, when the World's Fair will be held there.

As towns and cities grow, there are continual demands for more public buildings, and it is often difficult to select sites. Moreover, in every city there are disagreeable portions which have to be remodeled. In years to come Leominster will meet with some of these difficulties, for the public are always seeking to erect new buildings for convenience and education. Many of us who are now in the high school are the very ones who will be influential in improving and changing our town, and it is only right that we should be deeply interested in the welfare of Leominster.

Let us try to start on a small scale plans for Leominster in 1920. Let us all think out ideas and suggestions for the progress of our town. We wish to make an urgent call for articles, long or short, on this subject. We shall also be pleased to receive drawings or maps which furnish hints or proposals. We give below a list of subjects which may serve as a help to some who will try.

Where might we build an aeroplane station?

Suggest locations for new buildings, such as, Art Museum, Opera House, Summer Hotel, Court House, Post Office.

How could Monument Square be improved?

How can we improve any of our schools?

Where would you go on your first aeroplane trip?

Contrast Leominster ten years ago and Leominster as you can imagine it in 1920.



Mr. John R. Miller, of the class of 1909, who was managing editor of THE MAGNET last year, has written an article on Williams College, of which he is now a member. We are pleased to print it in this number, and wish to thank Mr. Miller for his interesting letter.



We wish to announce that the February number of THE MAGNET will be an alumni number. All contributions may be passed in to Pauline Paton, editor of Alumni Notes.

DOROTHY WHITTIER, '10

Letter from a Former Editor

DEAR FRIENDS AND FORMER SCHOOLMATES:

Williams, of course, is the most natural subject for me to take in writing a letter for the Alumni department of the MAGNET. If I have not yet learned all the facts about Williams, I have at least been here long enough to have definite impressions of the place and college. All that I have seen so far has fully come up to my expectations. I can hardly imagine a more ideal small college.

To begin with, Williams has a splendid location. The college buildings are situated on a slight elevation in a broad valley, surrounded by the graceful and imposing Berkshire hills. Williams is indebted to her mountains for many things. The purple haze which hangs over them so much of the time has given the college its color,—royal purple. Some people have the idea that Williams has two colors, purple and yellow, but such is not the case. Evidently the letters on banners, in order to be distinguished, have to be in some other color than purple. If white were used, the combination would be displeasing to a Williams eye, for purple and white are the colors of our particular rival. By using yellow, not only are Amherst's colors avoided, but a more striking combination is obtained. The mountains have not only given Williams her color, but also inspired the oldest American college song, "The Mountains," which was written by Dr. Washington Gladden, a famous alumnus. When this song is sung, every Williams man has to stand and take off his hat. When it is played on the chapel chimes at four o'clock on some early October afternoon, even the green freshmen know that tomorrow will be Mountain day. This holiday Williams owes, also, to the mountains, for without them, how could the college celebrate Mountain day? Many of the upperclassmen, and most of the freshmen, take the opportunity to climb Mount Greylock, the highest mountain in Massachusetts.

Besides having such beautiful natural surroundings, Williams is admirably equipped with buildings. Currier hall, a new dormitory, was opened this fall, and there are plans under way for an auditorium and a new infirmary. The Commons, an institution new to Williams this fall, are in Currier hall. They accommodate a hundred and fourteen men. In connection with them is a splendid lounging room, well supplied with newspapers and magazines. President Garfield occasionally dines at the Commons, and afterwards mixes informally with the men in the lounging room.

The standard of scholarship at Williams is high. The instruction is of the best. The classes are small; those I am in range from twelve to twenty. In many colleges the freshmen are left almost entirely to young and inex-

perienced instructors; but at Williams each freshman from the beginning comes in contact in a number of his classes with some of the older and more experienced professors.

The campus activities of Williams are very numerous. All of them, athletic, musical, dramatic, intellectual, and religious, flourish; but none are carried to an excess. An unusual number of minor activities are encouraged, so that a man of very ordinary ability may find some means of expression outside of his curriculum work.

Williams is justly very proud of her periodical publications. The three of most importance are *The Williams Record*, the bi-weekly college newspaper; *The Purple Cow*, the humorous periodical which appears once a month; and *The Williams Literary Monthly*. The *Lit*, holds a very high place among college publications of its kind. Its contents are mostly poems, short stories, and essays.

The most frequent, and only, criticism, I have ever heard against Williams, is that it is a rich man's college, and that consequently a snobbish spirit exists here. It may be true that Williams has a larger per cent. of wealthy men than most colleges, but there are plenty of fellows of limited means, and many who either wholly, or partly, are working their way through. A more democratic place than Williams would be hard to find. There are even fewer snobs than one would naturally expect to find among so many fellows. There is practically no display of money, and in all the college activities, ability is reckoned before wealth.

I hope to see Leominster better represented at Williams in the near future. If any one is looking for a place most nearly fulfilling the ideal of the small college, he need look no farther; it is right here at Williams. I shall be very glad to furnish further information to any one desiring it or intending to become a loyal subject of "Berkshire's peerless queen."

Sincerely yours,

JOHN R. MILLER, '13.

18 East College, Williamstown, Mass.

The Editor's Apology

I have a very sad tale to rehearse.
 And this sad tale's about writing verse.
 The editor sat up till late at night
 For this poor wretch was in a sad plight.
 The poems were few and poets were scarce,
 And the ballads were all of a trivial class.
 For many hours did she "peak and pine,"
 Trying her best to make a rhyme;
 But all in vain, for no muse did attend,
 And failures were all her reward in the end.

The Anachronist

I. A NOVEL PROJECT.

“**A**N auto in ancient Rome! Well, Fred, you do have the queerest ideas, but this one takes the cake!”

“Yes, Phil, I really mean it; I will be in the Rome of Vespasian or Titus within three months.”

“Take you up. If you don’t do it, you’ll wheel me ’round town in a wheelbarrow. If you do, I’ll wheel you ’round—not much danger of that, though.”

“Done.”

“But how ’ll I know whether you do it or not?—Ah, I have it! I’ll go with you.”

“All right, Phil,” and the two started plans for this extraordinary trip.

The two young men, about eighteen years old, were sitting in the library of Mr. Butler, Philip’s father. Outside, the cold February wind was trying to blow away the last few remaining snowdrifts, but within, a crackling fire cast a warm, red glow over the richly furnished room, lighting up the frank faces of the two chums. Fred Lane had started to tell of a new project of his, which had excited the friendly ridicule of his chum. Fred’s family had decided to send him abroad for the summer before he should enter college in the fall, and he had planned a trip which certainly would surpass Cook’s celebrated tours. This was the cause of Phil’s ridicule.

“You see, Phil, by this scheme of mine, we’ll be back in 80 A. D. or so by April. Then we can take our vacation in a decidedly novel manner.”

“But let’s hear your scheme. It must be pretty good.”

So Fred told his plan: “Well, Phil, of course you know all about the ‘date line,’ where, when you cross it, you either skip a day or lose one, according to which way you go around the world. That was well explained in Verne’s ‘Tour of the World in Eighty Days.’ Now, my plan is to lose enough days to carry us back to 79 A. D.”

“But Fred, even our fathers’ ever-generous pocketbooks won’t stand the strain of—let’s see—over six hundred thousand trips around the world.”

“That’s not my idea; at least, not exactly. Of course this law of dates applies near the poles as well as elsewhere, so I am going up to the North Pole, and carry along a number of things I guess we’ll be able to use, and on a five-foot radius, say, from the pole, we’ll go around in a circle the necessary number of times.”

“Well, you’re a genius! Hurry home immediately and we’ll get ready before another week.”

Before February had ended, paternal assent for this project had been gained, and the two boys had enough money to buy them aeroplanes, a dirigible balloon, gas-making apparatus, a seventy-five horse-power automobile, and even a dozen modern machine-guns. These, with a great amount of

other paraphernalia, were loaded in the car of the balloon, and on February 28, 1910, the boys left their homes in Newton to enter upon the most astounding adventures the world had even known.

II. THE FLIGHT OF TIME.

The North Pole. With what associations the whole human race holds this desolate spot! Everywhere is ice—terrible cold—gray sky. But now a moving shape appears on the horizon. It changes, as it comes nearer, into a huge cigar-shaped balloon swiftly pulled along by two aeroplanes. Nearer and nearer they come, until at last they circle slowly down, alighting within a few feet of the pole. One of the boys—why, it's Phil!—descends from his seat and helps his half-frozen companion to the ground. Then they start a good fire of alcohol-soaked asbestos, and soon are sufficiently warm to set up a tent, and to pack in it the now deflated balloon. Then they cache their gas-making apparatus—"That's our only way to get back," said Fred—and take from the piles of machinery a most curious-looking apparatus. Fred, with his sextant, determines the position of the North Pole to within a yard. Then they proceed to set up the apparatus—an aluminum dome containing a powerful gasoline engine which could make revolve a long, projecting arm is placed directly over the pole. On the end of the arm is a small room heated and lighted by electricity.

"Well, we might as well begin right now," says Philip, starting the engine in the dome and climbing into the room. Fred follows, carrying a pile of magazines and some condensed foods. Once within, they close the only opening—the doorway—and turn on the electric light and heat. Immediately the little room is as comfortable a spot as one could wish;—books, easy-chairs, magazines, everything that could be desired, except room, is here. Phil pulls a lever, thus throwing in the long arm with the gearing of the engine and starting the little car on its "merry-go-round" journey.

"Let's see, Fred," said Philip, after he had noted a little meter attached to the wall, "we've already gone around forty-one times; that makes it February twenty-eight, the day we left home." But by the time he had finished speaking, the whirling arm had carried them back a week more.

Then Fred began to figure. "Three hundred sixty-five days in a year, 1,831 years to go back; that is, 668,315 days. Since we go back a day each time we go around the pole once, we must go around 668,315 times, not counting the extra days in leap years. Counting them, it makes 668,769 times. This engine makes us go around about once a second, or 668,769 times (the necessary number of days) in a little over a week."

"That's correct," said Philip, "now all we've got to do is spend the week."

The week soon passed, bringing the boys to the year 79 A. D.

"It looks just the same as before," declared Philip, "I don't believe we've gone back any two thousand years." But they hastened to re-inflate the great balloon and, leaving the "time-killer" behind them, they turned toward Italy and soon were speeding along in warmer countries.

ARTHUR B. HUSSY, '10.

[*To be continued.*]

The Long-Legged Man

THE train was just about to start as James Wilson entered the smoker. At first glance the car was apparently full, but he found one seat near the front of the car. He put his hat and overcoat over the back of the seat and began to read the evening paper. But he soon exhausted the contents of his newspaper, and then for the first time he noticed the singular appearance of his seat-mate. Wilson's impression had been that he was sitting with a rather small man, but now he saw that the man had such extremely long legs that it was all he could do to jack them up between the seats. Furthermore, he had on a pair of new blue serge pants, which looked rather strange with a rusty brown coat and vest.

While he was studying this peculiar looking individual, the train came to a sudden stop as it was going over a cross-road. Several of the men in the smoker, including Wilson and the stranger, got out to see what was the trouble. They found that the train had barely missed running into an automobile which had crossed the track ahead of the train.

The men got back into the train and when they were seated, the stranger remarked, "'Twas in an accident such as that might have been that I got these legs."

"What on earth do you mean!" exclaimed the startled James.

"Well, if you're not busy, I will tell you about it," replied the stranger. And he told the following story.

"First," he began, "I will introduce myself. My name is Samuel Short; not such an appropriate name as before I got such long legs. About five years ago, a friend of mine, named Cornelius McSwatt, came to the house in his automobile with a couple of his friends and asked me to take a ride with him. I got into the back seat with a very lengthy person—six feet five, I think he was—named Timothy Tall. At this time I only measured five feet, two inches. Timothy and I were talking together and did not notice that we were approaching a railroad crossing.

"Suddenly there was the shriek of a whistle and an awful crash, and that was the last I remembered until I came to in the hospital. I felt a strange sensation in what I supposed were my legs. Then I noticed my feet were farther away than usual. I tried to wiggle my right-hand big toe, only to see a movement of the bed-clothes where my left-hand little toe should be. By this time I began to think I was drunk, so I hailed a nurse and asked her what was the matter with me.

"She explained the mystery to me. It seems the engine struck the machine and threw poor Timothy and me out on to the track. It then ran over us both and cut our legs off. The train was stopped and passengers picked us up. Timothy was dead, but I was still breathing. They hailed a passing automobile and placed me and the best pair of legs, which happened to be Timothy's, in it, and hustled me to the hospital. Such an in-

jury called for prompt action, and the surgeon in his haste stuck the right leg on where the left should have been, and vice versa. When the mistake was noticed, it was too late to be rectified without much trouble, so the legs were left as they were.

"At last the day came when the doctors thought I could safely step on my feet—I mean Timothy's feet—although I may as well call them my own now. Such a time as I had trying to walk. When I thought I was moving my left leg, it would be the leg on the right-hand side, which I now call, for convenience's sake, my right leg. In walking, at first, I could not go in a straight line, but went in circles, but I have overcome that tendency now.

"Timothy's poor mother felt the loss of her son keenly. She asked me to live near her so that she might at least have her dear Timothy's legs near by. She also offered to clothe the legs, and as I am a poor man, I accepted the offer. This accounts for these new pants, which look rather queer with this old coat."

Just as he concluded the story, the brakeman sang out, "Ayer Junction! All change for Worcester, Lowell, Townsend and Pepperell!" The stranger gathered up his bundles and, as he departed, said, "Good-by, good luck, and hang on to your legs."

GEORGE F. NIXON, '10.

A Red Squirrel's Attempted Theft

I WAS sitting at the base of a huge pine, my gun across my knees, still hunting. Confused rustlings came to me from a thick clump of mountain laurel at my right; at first, only a slight noise as if a small animal was hopping about, then more pronounced, and finally, a scratching in the dry leaves. There was silence for a moment. Then again the hops, and a big gray squirrel, holding a chestnut burr by its short stem, jumped to the top of a moss-grown stump at the edge of the laurel.

He seemed very much excited by his find; for he repeatedly flattened himself as a cat does for a spring, and straightened up, all the time twitching his tail with undulating motion.

Suddenly there was a great chattering and scolding, and an angry red squirrel appeared, coming like a small racing car directly toward the gray, who immediately snatched up his burr, gave a long leap, and started down the hill in my direction. The red, chattering and making a great commotion, followed him. The gray held his distance with long graceful bounds, while his pursuer fell all over himself in his ardor of the chase. Both squirrels sighted me at the same instant, and did their best to check their speed. The gray flattened himself, and slid for at least a foot before stopping.

The red, who had not reached the foot of the slope, tried to stop, but was less successful. He turned two complete somersaults, and rolled to the foot of the slope on his side, exactly like a barrel. When at last he righted himself, he was a very much surprised and very angry red squirrel.

The gray dropped his burr, ran to one side, and lost himself in the pines and chestnut trees; but the red, boiling over with indignation at being thus interrupted in his chase, returned to the stump the gray had occupied a moment before, and called me all the bad names in his vocabulary, and then began over again; but at my first move he uttered one last imprecation and disappeared.

VERNON P. WOODBURY, '10.

The Midnight Lunch

FOR more than two weeks there had been a mysterious air surrounding a certain set of girls, known as the "Jolly Six," in Madame Jeffry's select boarding school. The other girls knew there was something in the wind, but try as they might, they could not get one of the six to betray a word of the proceedings. Yet, if one of the curious happened to be peeking out of her door at the right time, she might have seen a girl stepping down the corridor with a chafing dish under her arm, and another, with her arms full of various sized packages. This thing had been going on for several days, but as no one was peeking out, no one was the wiser.

One night following these strange actions on the part of the "Jolly Six," all the lights in the dormitory had been put out according to rule, and the barn-cat, as the girls called Madame Jeffrey's old-maid sister, had been on her nightly rounds to see that all the girls were in bed. The whole building seemed wrapped in profoundest slumber. All continued quiet until the old clock from the chapel announced that it was midnight, that hour when all awful and mysterious things happen. Then, one by one, five softly-moving, ghostly figures crept cautiously down the dark corridor, and were silently admitted by an unseen hand to Room 21 at the end of the passage. Room 21 belonged to Anne Preston, the most popular and best-loved girl in the school, and termed by all her friends a jolly good fellow. Certainly Anne would not be entertaining ghosts. But once inside the room, in the soft light of the shaded lamp, they lost their ghostly appearance and became merely a group of merry girls, clad in kimonas and slippers, and in for a good time.

With hushed voices and suppressed giggles, some began to draw forth packages from under the bed and from every conceivable hiding-place—packages which revealed every known edible that delights the heart of a girl. Some arranged them in fascinating array on the floor, the only available table. The others busied themselves with the chafing dish, which soon gave forth a most savory odor.

When everything was ready, the girls gathered in a circle, sitting Turkish fashion, and omitting grace, pitched into the goodies. Their spirits seemed to rise with the diminishing of their appetites. Anne had risen, and, lifting a glass of grape-juice in her hand, was about to toast her companions, when there came a knock at the door. It was so unexpected that Anne dropped the glass, and the girls stared at each other.

"It's Madame," whispered one of the girls. The bare suggestion was enough. Three of the girls, nearest, rolled unceremoniously under the bed; the others hastily sought the closet. In the second or two before the opening of the door, the most audible sound to the frightened girls was the beating of their own hearts.

After what seemed an eternity, the door finally opened. It proved to be Madame indeed. An unwonted smile stole over her stern features when she saw the deserted feast. She did not have to hunt far, though, to find the participants. After having dragged the girls, not unkindly, from their hiding-places, she censured them, not for holding this midnight spread, but because they had neglected to invite her. She said that she enjoyed a good time as well as they. She proceeded to prove her statement by sitting down on the floor, requesting the girls to do so, and to go on with their feast.

Although Madame's manner was very reassuring, where had the mirth and gayety of a few minutes ago fled? The girls looked helplessly at Anne, who could generally master any situation. But Anne, the invincible, was struggling in a vain attempt to bite a sandwich, which the chattering of her teeth prevented her from doing. She bit her tongue instead of the sandwich and gave up in disgust.

Madame talked and laughed on, doing all the eating, as well as all the talking. She, apparently, did not notice that the others were not enjoying themselves in the least.

What were the wretched girls to think? In the first place, how on earth had she found it out? They had been so careful in their preparations, and Madame, who had never been known to care for any kind of a good time, joining them in a midnight escapade, a thing which she had often lectured against, and which was against every rule and regulation of the school! If she would only scold them and send them to their rooms! Oh! would their ill-fated party never have an ending?

But Madame did not seem in any hurry to break up the gathering. She continued leisurely eating, and not until the last sweetmeat disappeared, did she seem satisfied. She then thanked the girls profusely for the splendid time she had had, and conducted each personally to her room. The girls found that they had strength enough left to creep into bed, but they wondered how.

The next day, in talking it over, the girls decided that it was just a freak of Madame's in joining them, and an anything but pleasant one at that. They also decided that midnight lunches were not so much fun, after all; in fact, not worth while. Madame has not since been troubled with midnight revelers.

PAULINE P. PATON, '10.

A Hungry Newsboy

“**B**RR. Gee, but it's cold!” exclaimed a ragged little newsboy, jamming his hands deeper into his scanty pockets. He was standing before a large New York restaurant on Christmas Day, watching the jolly diners within.

“Wy is it dat dose mutts can have toikey and all the fixins, 'nd I can't have nuttin', not even a hot dog? Hey, Mister, buy a paper, uxtry! uxtry!” he shouted, despondently, to one of “dose mutts,” who was strolling out of the restaurant, fairly radiant with happiness.

“Just bought two. I don't need any more, do I?” The gentleman laughed and walked on, not noticing the boy's pinched face and shivering body.

The boy turned back to the scene of warmth and abundance and heaved a deep sigh. “Gee, but I'm hungry. P'raps I wouldn't make a hole in one of dem boids. Aw, what's de use o' talkin' when I hain't got a cent? Hey! Jimmy, lend me a nickel, will ye? I want 'a get a dog. I hain't had nuttin' to eat since last night, an' I got to eat sumpen.”

“Aw, g'wan. What de ye tink I am, anyhow? I ain't got no more'n I want fer meself,” replied Jimmy, hurrying up the street.

Again the boy sighed deeply, swallowing a lump in his throat and trying in vain to check the coming tears. With a struggle he wiped away the tears with his ragged sleeve, and eagerly pressed his face against the window pane. He was so cold and hungry that he could hardly stand, but he bravely stuck to his post, knowing that his only hope lay in some diner's benevolence.

Inside the restaurant a jolly party of college fellows, next the door, had been watching the unfortunate boy. Since they had entered, he had been there with his cramped hungry look, devouring the good things with his eyes. His sadness affected the party, and at length some one exclaimed: “Let's bring the poor kid in and fill him up. I wonder how much a kid can get away with in a quarter of an hour?”

“That's a good idea. What's the matter with finding out? I'll go and get him,” was the quick response of another fellow, and he started for the door.

“Say, newsy, want some grub? If you do, follow your uncle.”
And perhaps “newsy” didn't follow his “uncle.”

RAYMOND B. LADOO, '10.

He: Ah, you women! You want to have a finger in everything.
She (coyly): But most in an engagement ring.

The Prayer

BERT Hanson walked along the road one dismal, stormy night with his thoughts as dark as the weather. His parents were dead, and he, only fourteen, was left homeless and poor. He had been able to keep off hunger by doing odd jobs at the mill; but now, times were dull, and there was no work for him.

As he passed by a well-lighted house of the town, he rebelled against his fate. Why should other people have nice comfortable homes, while he, anxious to work, was wandering, homeless and half starved. He was very cold and hungry, and a voice seemed to urge him to do something reckless. He was afraid that if he asked for food and lodging at the door, his request would be refused, and, seeing a window open, he climbed up an arbor to it, and nimbly jumped in. There was no light in the room, but it was bright enough for him to see that he was in a little girl's play-room. As he glanced around the room his eyes rested on a purse lying on a small stand. He could not withstand the temptation. "They will never miss the money," he thought. He was just about to take the purse and flee, when he heard a child's voice saying in the next room: "Dear God, I thank you for the kind papa and mamma you have given me. Bless them and keep them well, and let me make them happy. Teach me to do right and shun evil. Help the poor and the needy."

Bert stood still. He, too, had had kind parents who had taught him to shun evil and do good. Quickly climbing out of the window he reached the ground. The next morning he was found huddled in a corner of the piazza asleep. The little girl's father carried him very gently upstairs and as he was putting him on the bed Bert muttered incoherently, "Teach me—to—do right and to—shun—evil." His voice grew fainter; "help—the—poor and—and—" A doctor was summoned immediately and the best of care was lavished upon the homeless waif. But the cruel night had done its work, and Bert could not rally.

It was in the early dawn that the doctor, bending over the bed, heard Bert saying feebly, but distinctly, "Let me make them happy. Teach me to do right and to shun evil."

ANNA EARLY, '13.

Fair Customer: Is this color fast and really genuine?

Gallant Shop Assistant: As genuine as the roses on your cheeks, madam.

Fair Customer: H'm! Er—show me something else.—*Fudge.*

The Transformation of the Miser

AWAY back in the desolate woods, about half a mile from the village, lived an old miser named Brent, known by every one to possess great wealth. The hut in which he dwelt was rapidly falling away, but this didn't apparently disturb him, for the only window by which a ray of sunlight might enter remained barred, and the front side of the hut would soon be parted from its mates.

Brent was rarely seen upon the streets except when he came for a scanty supply of provisions, never passing a cheerful word with the store-keeper, but disappearing as mysteriously as he came. The gossipers all agreed that he shut himself up in his hovel with his money, forgetting the good his gold might do for others less fortunate.

One night a snow-storm was raging, and all was bitter and cold without. The snow and sleet drifted in through the cracks of the cabin, and the wind howled weirdly about the woods. Despite the awful night, some villagers were assembled at the store, and others were hurrying frantically from house to house, and down the deep drifted roads.

As Brent rose from his counting table to replenish his fire, a wail broke the roar of the tempest. He stopped, and the cry was repeated fainter, but in such heart-broken tones that he grasped his lantern and hurried forth into the darkness. Not many rods from the cabin, he found a little child, now completely exhausted by its grievous struggles in the cold and storm. He tenderly lifted it from its bed in the snow, and made his way to the fire.

When the child first realized, it was greatly bewildered, but Brent carefully explained the manner in which it came there. It was out of question that he should take the child to the village before morning; however, it seemed contented to stay with him and play with the shining gold pieces.

As he watched the child play, and heard its laughter ring through the hut, a sense of loneliness stole over him. After he had placed the child in his own rough bed, he sank into his chair to think. Did he really enjoy this selfish life, for wasn't it such a life he was leading? Wouldn't it, after all, be better to mingle with the people, and be, and do, something in the world? Yes. What good was that gold doing there on the table? How devoid of comfort was that bare room, and how still the silence! He lifted his eyes, and a new light sprang into them. He would go the next day to the village, and there finish out his days.

Brent kept to his resolution formed in the old-time worn cabin the night of the blizzard, and spent the rest of his life giving aid to the poor and the homeless. However, little did he think his kind deeds and memory would be cherished as long as any one remained there to tell of them.

RUTH M. TISDALE, 12.

Exchanges

The MAGNET extends a hearty welcome to all its exchanges. We hope that we will take as much pleasure in exchanging new thoughts and ideas this year, as we have in the preceding years. We also hope that our paper will be freely criticised, and that the criticisms which we make will be received without offense.

The Minute-Man, *Advance*, *Argus*, *Oracle*, *Breccia*, *Advocate*, and *The X-Rays*, might improve their papers by having a "Jester's Page."

The Advocate, (Needham High School) is a very fine paper, and the headings are very artistic.

The Argus, (Gardner High School), is an interesting paper. We hope to find an exchange column in the next issue.

The Oracle, (Bangor High School), has good editorials and locals, but the paper might be improved by having headings for the different departments.

There is no reason for the *X-Rays*, (East High School), not being a success, if the pupils of the school live up to the rules which are mentioned in the editorials.

The Advance, (Salem High School), has artistic headings for Class Notes and Athletics, but we suggest that the paper have more cuts.

The Helios, (Central High School), is an excellent paper, one that the school should be proud of.

The Minute-Man, (Concord High School), has a very fine "Literary" department.

The Courant, (Bradford High School), is a well edited paper, but it might be improved by some designs.

The Breccia, (Deering High School), is an interesting paper, but it might be larger.

The Saunterer overheard the following the other day: Two laborers met upon a street corner and one of them with kindly interest asked: "How are you doing, Pat?" "Oh, finely, man; never did better in my life." "What are you working at?" "Oh, I am a real estate conveyancer." "And what in honor's name is that?" "Why, I'm driving a dump-cart."—*Boston Budget*.



ATHLETICS

FOR the first time in three or four years, Leominster High and Gardner High met on the gridiron, and the boys representing the blue and white showed the wearers of the purple and orange a few pointers about the game. It was the one game that they have desired to win, and when the whistle blew for the finish, the score was 18 to 5 in favor of Leominster.

Leominster started the game with a kick off, thereby getting the ball within striking distance of Gardner's goal. A forward pass was worked successfully, then Griffin was pulled along for ten yards and over the goal line for a touchdown. The same player kicked the goal. Shortly after this, Gardner rushed down the field for a touchdown and the score stood 6 to 5. Our boys were not contented with the score as it stood now, and by some good fast team-work, Little was pushed over for a second touchdown before the half was ended. Griffin again kicked the goal, making the score 12 to 5.

In the second half Leominster managed to get one more score. On the kick off Roukes made a sensational run of forty yards before he was tackled. After a few exchanges of the ball, Leominster secured it on the 30-yard line, and by making good use of the forward pass, Barry made the final touchdown. The goal was kicked by Griffin. The game ended soon after this.

For a preliminary game, our second team and the St. Cecilia Parochial School team played a tie game, 5 to 5. Scanlon of the St. Cecilia team, intercepted a forward pass and dashed fifty yards for a touchdown. Person made the only score for the high school team.

Leominster played a return game at Gardner, Nov. 20. It was a hard-fought contest and the result was a tie. The game was characterized by the number of penalties, which were too frequent on both sides. The Gardner fellows made most of their gains around the end, but they could not buck the center of the line. Both teams were within scoring distance at some time during the game. Once Gardner was on the 12-yard line, but Leominster played hard and prevented them from going any further. At the close of the game the L. H. S. team was only fifteen yards away from the goal.

The final standing of the Wachusett Interscholastic League is as follows;

	WON	LOST	TIED	POINTS
Clinton,	2	0	2	75
Leominster,	1	1	2	50
Gardner,	0	2	2	25

While Fitchburg was playing, her team won two games, one from Gardner and one from Leominster, and lost a game to Gardner. Clinton and Fitchburg did not meet on the gridiron.

Outside of the league, Leominster won all her games, scoring 109 points to her opponents' 10. Here are the results of all games played during the year: L. H. S., 11, Ayer H. S., 0; L. H. S., 0, Fitchburg H. S., 5; L. H. S., 0, Clinton H. S., 5; L. H. S., 53, Southbridge H. S., 0; L. H. S., 11, Worcester Polytechnic Institute second, 5; L. H. S., 11, C. H. S., 11; L. H. S., 16, Marlboro H. S., 0; L. H. S., 18, Gardner H. S., 5; L. H. S., 0, G. H. S., 0.

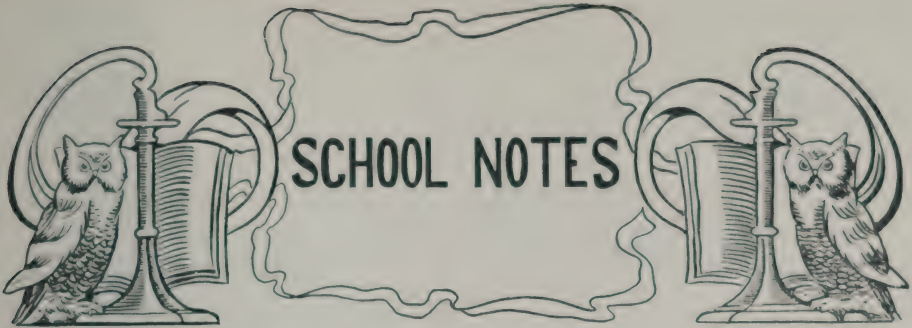
Now the football season is over, and we turn our attention to basket-ball. This year L. H. S. should be represented by a strong basket-ball team, which should make a record to be proud of. Of last year's team, there are three players still in school—Capt. Griffin, Merriam, and Crain. Certainly there are two more basket-ball stars in the school, but we cannot be satisfied with that number, because we want a fast second team.

In order to encourage the smaller boys to participate in sports, the Wachusett League decided that games between the second teams should take place and, also, that they should count towards the championship trophy. Therefore we need two good teams to represent Leominster in order to win the championship. So, boys, all of you who are able to obtain the required credentials, come out for practice and help make the season '09-'10 a rousing one for L. H. S.

Tuesday, Nov. 30th, was the first day of the basket-ball practice for the girls, and only nineteen came out. Thursday, there were twenty-five, but that is not enough. We want a first and a second team and, moreover, four class teams. This means that forty-two girls must come out.

Three years ago there were three ninth grade teams, two freshman teams, and a team picked from the other three classes, besides our first team. The last two years there has been no class-spirit, whatever, shown in basket-ball. This year a trophy has been offered to the winning class, and this should start enthusiasm.

Miss Darby has secured a number of games, two being with Dean Academy, and it rests with the girls, only, whether or not we win them. Let each girl do her part by coming to practice faithfully and doing her best.



Mr. Ralph E. Robinson, the boys' former physical training teacher, wrote a very interesting letter to Mr. Hull, which was read before the school. He congratulated us for our victories during the football season, and wished us great success in the Thanksgiving Day game.

Teacher: "You'll have to sit in some other room, Mr. Little; that seat is occupied."

Little: "Yes'm, I'm sitting in it."

Everyone was greatly disappointed because no game could be played on Thanksgiving Day on account of the weather and extremely bad condition of the football grounds.

The Junior Class are planning to give a dance in the drill-hall on the evening of December 22, 1909.

Mr. Smith, '11, translating: "Can I live without you?"

Miss Morrill: No, no."

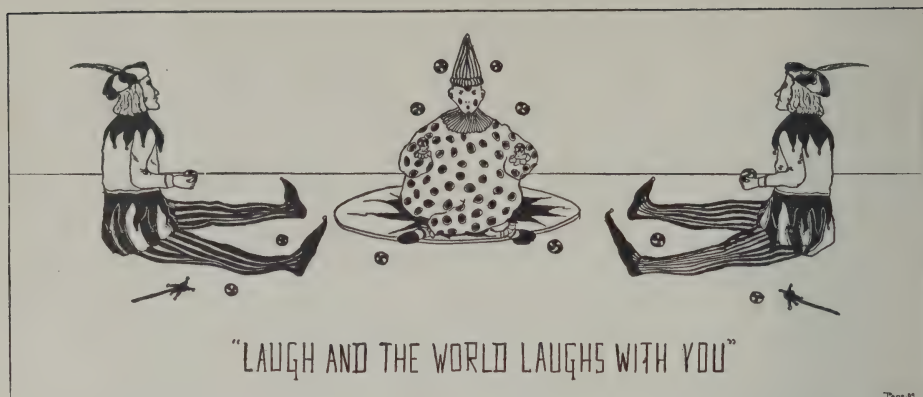
The football squad are looking up a play to give soon at the high school. They wish to obtain money for some new sweaters.

The pupils all enjoyed the Thanksgiving holidays and the good things associated with them, although the weather was rather disagreeable part of the time. Many of the teachers were so considerate as not to assign advance lessons for the following Monday.

Basket-ball practice began the first of December for both boys and girls. A large number turned out as candidates for the first and second teams, and a very successful season is expected. Mr. Watson is coaching the teams.

The Senior Class are desirous of giving a play later in the season, but have not yet made any definite arrangements.

Der Deutsche Verein, the new German club, held a business meeting Dec. 30. The officers are: President, Marie Draheim; Secretary, Karl Lee; Treasurer, Leon Smith. Its object is to promote interest and proficiency in spoken German. Those who have obtained a certain per cent. of excellence in German, are eligible for membership, so it will be considered an honor to receive the card of admission.



Two Irishmen were about to run a race to a certain tree by different routes. Suddenly, Mike slapped Pat on the back, and asked how they were to tell who reached the destination first. After a moment's thought, Pat answered:

"Oi tell yez, Mike, if Oi get there first Oi'll make a mark on that tree with this chalk, and if you get there first you can rub it out."—*Puck*.

Instructor: Define transparent, translucent, and opaque.

Student: I cannot precisely define these terms, but I can indicate their meaning in this way: The windows of this room were once transparent, they are now translucent, and if not cleaned very soon they will be opaque.—*Selected*.

"Look here," said the guest, "things around here are just about as rotten as they make them. When I went to lunch today I found hair in the ice cream, hair in the honey, and hair in the apple sauce."

"Well," explained the genial proprietor, "the hair in the ice cream came from the shaving of the ice. And I suppose the hair in the honey came off the comb. But I don't

understand about the hair in the apple sauce. I bought those apples myself, and every one was a Baldwin."—*Selected*.

The visitor in the historical museum gazed curiously at a small feather pillow which nestled in a glass case.

"I don't see anything unusual about that pillow," remarked one of the visitors, turning to the guide.

"It's a very valuable pillow," replied the guide. "That is Washington's original headquarters."—*Lippincott's*.

A story is told by a telephone operator in one of the Boston exchanges about a man who asked her for the number of a local theater.

He got the wrong number and, without asking to whom he was talking, he said, "Can I get a box for two tonight?"

A startled voice answered him at the other end of the line, "We don't have boxes for two."

"Isn't this the—theater?" he called crossly.

"Why, no," was the answer, "This is an undertaking shop."—*Boston Record*.

Each night an upright she lbs.,
 Making strange and cacophonous sds;
 Her muscles gain ozs
 As wildly she pozs,
 'Till the cop hies him thence on his rds.
 —*Literary Digest.*

On the bulletin board in front of a church were two notices prominently displayed, thus:

A potato pie supper will be held on Saturday evening.

Subject for Sunday service, "A Night of Agony."

Teacher: What is a mountain range?

Pupil: It's a large-sized cook-stove.

When the English tongue we speak
 Why is "break" not rhymed with "freak?"
 Will you tell me why it's true
 We say "sew," but likewise "few;"
 And the maker of verse
 Cannot cap his "horse" with "worse?"
 "Cord" is different from "word;"
 "Cow" is cow, but "low" is low;
 "Shoe" is never rhymed with "foe."
 Think of "hose" and "dose" and "lose;"
 And of "goose" and of "choose."
 Think of "comb," and "tomb," and "bomb;"
 "Doll" and "roll," and "home" and "some."
 And since "pay" is rhymed with "say,"
 Why not "paid" with "said," I pray?
 We have "blood" and "food" and "good;"
 "Mould" is not pronounced like "could."
 Where "done," but "gone" and "lone?"
 Is there any reason known?
 And, in short, it seems to me
 Sounds and letters disagree.

—*Selected.*

"Why don't your father take the paper?" said a gentleman to a lad whom he caught stealing a newspaper from his door-step.

"'Cause," replied the young hopeful, "He sends me to take it."—*Selected.*

Sympathetic old lady: You say that although you lost all your provisions overboard, and the crew was starving, you had a fried egg for breakfast. How did that happen?

Jack ashore: Well, you see, the captain ordered the ship to lay (2), and I had one of them.—*Tech. News.*

In a certain church in Ireland, a young priest was detailed to preach. The occasion was his first appearance, and he took for his text, "The Feeding of the Multitude." He said, "And they fed ten people with ten thousand loaves of bread and ten thousand fishes." An old Irishman said:

"That's no miracle. Begorra, I could do that myself," which the priest overheard. The next Sunday the priest announced the same text, but he had it right this time. He said: "And they fed ten thousand people on ten loaves of bread and ten fishes." He waited a second, and then leaned over the pulpit, and said, "And could you do that, Mr. Murphy?" Murphy replied:

"And sure, your riverence, I could."

"And how could you do it?" said the priest.

"And sure, your riverence, I could do it with what was left over last Sunday."—*Tid-Bits.*

"Was Daniel really such a wise man, mamma?" asked Willie, thoughtfully.

"Yes, dear, almost as wise as Solomon."

"Well, I bet Solomon would have done better than Daniel did, anyway. I'll betcher he would have had sense enough to charge admission when he went into the lions' den."

Alumni Notes

Clifton Edgerly, of Dartmouth, by studying last summer, covered two years work in one, and is now in his senior year.

Willard Morse, '06, is practising law, as an assistant, in a lawyer's office in Boston.

Arthur Kloss, of Worcester Tech., has been awarded a scholarship.

Margaret Lockey, of Smith College, paid a visit to the High school while at home for her Thanksgiving vacation.

Marjorie Pierce, '09, of Vassar, spent her Thanksgiving vacation at the home of a friend in Yonkers, N. Y.

Mary Burdette has entered Wellesley College.

John Miller and a friend from Williams were in town over Thanksgiving.

Maud Kendall and Winifred Putnam, of North Leominster, are teaching grammar school in Birmingham, Alabama.

Harold Parkman was at home from Harvard College for the Thanksgiving holiday.

Martha Lundagen was at home from Smith College for a few days at Thanksgiving time.

Florence Farnsworth and two friends of Mt. Holyoke College spent Thanksgiving in Leominster.

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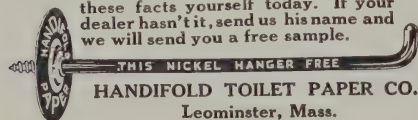
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THE MAGNET

Vol. III. LEOMINSTER, MASS., JANUARY, 1910. No. 4

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Published monthly during school year by pupils of the High School.

Subscription price, 50 cents; single copies, 10 cents.



THERE has been considerable done this season to increase interest and enthusiasm in basket-ball. An effort has been made to produce class teams among the girls and boys. A trophy has been offered to the class which shall win the greatest number of points in interclass games. In order to enter the contest the class must first have both a girls' and a boys' team, for each is to count in the trophy. Of course those who are candidates for either the first or second team cannot play on class

teams. This offer of the trophy ought to bring to light many good players, and we should strive to make the class team series of games a great success.

But our classes do not seem to have much enthusiasm and why? Merely because we haven't enough so-called "*class spirit*" to brace up and put in a few hours of good, hard practice. We are, in a way, selfish. Most of us go home at the close of school, and enjoy the rest of our day in the search of personal pleasure. It is wrong. We should always bear in mind that it is for us, each and all, to support our athletics and other branches, and *work*. We have plenty of material in all our classes for strong, fast teams, and it is right up to us now to get busy.

Seniors, it is certainly our duty to take interest enough to form our teams. We are represented by six girls at basket-ball practice, and four of these are candidates for the first or second team. But out of twenty-five girls we surely ought to have ten or a dozen out for basket-ball. Of course we have few boys, and yet there should be enough for a class team. Come, come, let us be "up and doing." We want that trophy, and it is for us to see that we get it. This is our last and first chance to win a trophy in basket-ball, and let us show that we have been trained to use to advantage our opportunities.

Juniors, you have a large class, and many athletes. Surely you will scrape up *five* boys and *five* girls to represent you in the contests.

Sophomores, don't for a moment forget your duties, lose your chances. You may yet win that trophy if you only get out your checkers and jump them on the board rightly.

Freshmen, it is your first year of class responsibilities, but don't early get discouraged, for "worse is yet to come." Spunk up your courage and try your best for the trophy.



Why are we always abusing our privileges and advantages? Simply because we become careless and thoughtless. Let us reform, and be careful and thoughtful. This year, among the lower classes especially, there has been an opinion that our school library is a place for social gatherings, afternoon chats (in the forenoon), and recreation from study. The sooner that idea is corrected, the

better it will be for us all. A large gymnasium, well supplied with apparatus, has been established, and it is here that we may seek recreation and work off superfluous energy. As for social gatherings, we have ample time at recess to meet our friends, and why not leave our afternoon chats until afternoon. Moreover, the library is not a place to study daily lessons, but a reference room, and should be used only as such. Let us be more careful hereafter, and take good care of our privileges.

DOROTHY WHITTIER, '10.

The Anachronist

(Concluded.)

III. A VACATION IN ROME.

“WELL, Phil, if we are in the year 1910 instead of '79, we'll have a good time just the same, but this looks more like the ancient world than the modern,” declared Fred, pointing to a queer ship rowed along by a large number of men, who were being beaten by a man in odd dress—“like a kimono,” Fred declared.

The boys were now rapidly approaching Rome, and could see the city in the distance. Looking about for a place to hide their balloon and other things at present unneeded, they found a cave, opening on a wooded hill. There they stopped, and left all but their aeroplanes. As they sailed along a few hundred feet from the ground, they watched with interest the scene below them. Queer summer-houses, extensive farms, here and there a great mansion could be seen.

“Looks like the frontispiece in our old ancient history, doesn't it?” asked Philip.

By now they had approached Rome itself. The huge city could be seen, with its crowds of people everywhere. Suddenly some one caught sight of the two great, white winged aeroplanes, and called to his companions. They hurriedly came and watched the airships approaching.

“It's a good thing,” said Fred, “that we studied Latin so carefully in school. I can hear them calling out something about the ‘*alae*' up in the ‘*caelo*.’ Where shall we land?”

“Well, Fred, to make the best impression, I suppose we ought to land in the greatest building in Rome, which, I believe, is the Colosseum,” answered Philip. So, unheeding the excited Romans, the two boys sailed over their heads, and, swooping down like hawks, rapidly approached the great oval amphitheatre.

The Romans, assembled in that huge building, were watching with greatest joy and exuberance the death of a young girl and her father in a fruitless struggle with two large lions. Slowly the terrible scene with all its meaning penetrated the minds of the two boys.

"So this is what the Roman amusements were like! We must stop it!" cried Fred, instantly, swooping down at such speed that it seemed as if the aeroplane would be broken on the ground beneath. Skillfully the two boys brought their machines to a standstill near the lions, and, drawing a revolver, Fred shot both the animals before the terror-stricken Romans had even thought of stopping him. But in an instant they were upon the boys, an angry, threatening crowd. Fred and Philip were immediately surrounded, and only the constant explosions and whir of the motors kept the Romans from seizing the boys.

"We can't keep this up long; my gasoline will soon give out," said Philip. "Let's try to arbitrate." So they managed to let the Romans know what they meant, and soon were being led along the Sacra Via to the Capitoline Hill, where they were to be guarded until they should be tried. By request of the boys, the aeroplanes were preserved until the trial should be held.

During the night Phil said, "I have an idea that will get us out of this difficulty, I guess." Fred had been dozing. "Eh; what? Where am I?" Then, looking around and remembering the events of the previous day, "Oh yes; what's the scheme?" Phil went on and described his idea, and Fred thought it so good that he called the guards and explained to them what he wanted. He said that by means of a chariot, without even one horse attached—"that's the auto," whispered Phil—they would endeavor to pull over fifty of the best Roman horses. If they succeeded, they were to be set free; if not, they were to be put in the Mamertine Prison and starved to death. Of course, such a seemingly preposterous scheme astonished the guards, who hastened off—all but one—to tell their centurion of the plan. The centurion was pleased to think of the spectacle of two deluded boys trying to pull over fifty of his fine chariot-horses. "Certes," said he, "if they want to die that way, let 'em." So the plans were made for this contest, and a portion of the Via Appia just outside the city, was roped in as the scene of the coming struggle.



Around the enclosure on the road were hundreds of Romans, anxious to see the unique contest. Upon the level stretch were, near one end, fifty fine, powerful horses. At the other, was the boys' automobile, which the chums had driven to the place over the fine Roman roads from the secret cave. Of course, they had been accompanied by guards, who now knew of this hiding-place, but Fred had given them a phonograph with a few records, telling them it was the *vox deorum*, thus bribing them to keep silent.

Now the time had come for the trial. The boys had loaded the automobile with rocks so that the tires would not slip on the smooth road, and attached a heavy rope to the machine. Then the horses were yoked to-

gether in pairs, and attached to the rope. By request of the boys, a little slack was left in the rope, because, as Fred said, that would give them time and room enough to throw in the low speed, and get a little headway before the pull came. When the signal was given, the boys threw in the low speed of the seventy-five horse-power engine, and although the horses struggled and plunged under the lashes of their angry driver, it was all in vain, and the powerful beasts were slowly drawn backward. As the Romans saw this, they were astonished and frightened. These boys, whom they had treated so badly, must be gods. They would be punished for this sacrilege. But the boys tried to show them that they were only ordinary mortals, and to explain to them the workings of the automobile. One or two of the most scholarly understood at last the method of its action, and through their efforts the boys were treated, not like gods, but like highly honored guests.

Before a week had passed, came terrible news. The Germans were starting another invasion and already were approaching Etruria. The two boys hastened to get from the cave the machine guns that they had brought. These they carried in the dirigible balloon to a hill in the north of Etruria. There they set them up, and, after instructing a few of the Romans how to use them, the boys took command of the little battery.

Before three days were passed, the Germans came in sight. The boys immediately had the guns supplied with ammunition, and the Romans were prepared to start shooting as soon as the enemy should approach near enough. Soon the boys told them to begin, and they started to turn the handles which fired the cartridges and inserted new ones, as they had been instructed. But as soon as they heard the roar and crash of the guns, all the Romans fled precipitately from their posts, and hastened back to the main army. The two boys were left alone with the Germans almost upon them. Both immediately jumped to a gun, and started to fire. The front row of the Germans was immediately shot down, and those following, frightened even more than the Romans had been, turned and fled. The last that was heard of them was that they were in the far north, trying to repass the Alps.

As the boys returned to Rome, they were greeted with the greatest joy and respect. Some suggested a triumph, saying that their deeds surpassed even those of Cæsar and Pompey, but the boys declined that honor. With what changed sentiments were the boys now held! At first, feared and hated, then tolerated, now respected and honored!

IV. HOME AGAIN.

June twelfth had now come, and the fine weather encouraged the boys to make a short excursion into the beautiful city of Pompeii. After concealing again the things they did not expect to need, they sailed along in their aeroplanes over the rich fields near Capua and Naples, and then, after crossing the Bay of Naples, they landed in Pompeii, just outside one of the great thermal, or baths. They had planned to enjoy the unique sensation

of an ancient Roman bath, and accordingly entered the building. In about an hour they emerged, refreshed and invigorated.

As they were walking down a street toward the harbor, suddenly the sky turned black, and a thunderous roar came from behind them. Turning, they saw Vesuvius pouring out clouds of dark ashes and rivers of molten lava. A weird red glow took the place of brilliant noonday sunlight.

"Hurry, Phil!" cried Fred, "this is the great eruption of Vesuvius. I'd forgotten that it came at this time," and the two boys started back to where their aeroplanes were lying. Suddenly the falling ashes were upon them; the houses and roads, and even the people, were covered with a grayish, choking powder. The boys hurried along, not heeding this terrible new danger, and in a moment arrived at their machines. But the ashes had already entirely covered one, and it was only by the greatest haste that the other one could be moved from its position. They both climbed in and started off. When at last they were safely out on the harbor, they drew a long breath of relief. "Well, Fred," said Philip, "I guess that's as narrow an escape as we ever had."

But Fred was thinking of something else. "I believe," said he, "that this eruption came on the twelfth of June, 76 A. D. If so, it's time we were starting for home if we intend to enter college by September 15."

"Why, so it is. We'll have to start right off, too."

So they returned to their cave on the hillside and, after getting all their apparatus together again, they started for the North Pole.



On September 11, 1910, the sedate inhabitants of Newton were very much surprised, and amused, to see Philip Butler wheeling Fred Lane around town in a dilapidated old wheelbarrow.

ARTHUR B. HUSSEY, '10.

Little Things Count

Cramped among some slender birch trees.
 Stood a tall pine, sad and gloomy.
 Far away from all her family
 She felt desolate and lonely.

All her neighbors all about her
 With each other laughed and chattered,
 Till she felt that no one loved her
 And her hopes in life were shattered.

But unconsciously a robin,
 Asking her his home to hide,
 Set her heart again to throbbing,
 Filled her soul with joy and pride.

Thus may we in life's broad pathway
 By a song, a word, a smile,
 Help some cheerless heart to see that
 Life is, after all, worth while.

CHRISTINE LAIRD, '10.

Tommy Denmark's Race

THE sound of a pistol shot was heard, and one hundred and three athletes bounded off for their long journey of twenty-five miles.

It was the start of the annual Marathon race, which the Dortrecht Athletic Club held every Thanksgiving Day. This year, the day was an ideal one for the event. There was a light breeze blowing, just enough to chill the air. The course was along the St. John River, and it took the runners up and down hills, through valleys, and along straight stretches of hard roadway.

The favorite among the bunch of starters was little Tommy Denmark. He was short-legged, and was not able to take a stride as long as some others could, but he was noted for his pluck and endurance. Tommy had taken part in every race for the last six years, but he had never won the championship trophy. It is true that he had finished second, and was only beaten by a scant five yards last year, and so this year he was determined to make a grand effort for first prize.

At the crack of the pistol, the inexperienced runners started off as if they were running a half-mile race. The old-timers immediately settled down to a steady pace. At the five mile post, many of the youthful runners had given place to the older men. When the ten mile mark was passed, a number of the racers had dropped out. There were three fellows leading, who were not considered dangerous. Following these, about two hundred yards back, were four good strong runners, and among them was Tommy. He was running hard. After this group, the field was strung out for two miles or more. At the fifteen mile post, the strain was beginning to tell on the youthful runners so that the stronger men had gradually cut down their lead and eventually had passed them. But Tommy was not among the leaders, as was expected he would be, for he had fallen to the ground. It was not because of his tiredness, but he had stumbled and fallen. He fell heavily, and for the moment was dazed. His attendant encouraged him on, but he had lost two minutes, which was as good as five hundred yards to the other runners. Fifteen men had passed him, so that when he started again he was the twenty-second runner, and at this stage of the race his chances for winning looked very slim indeed.

However, spurred on by his ambition, Tommy pluckily renewed his efforts, and when he had finished the twenty miles, he was in ninth position, and the leader eight hundred yards away. It was now Denmark's time to make his sprint to overcome the runners, if he was going to do it at all. So, bounding forth with increased energy, Denmark covered the next mile in record-breaking time, and passed three of the men, thereby gaining sixth place. With only four more miles to go, how was he to overtake the people in front of him?

Another mile traveled, and the leading man three hundred yards in front of him, but he was the fourth man now. What is this? Two men have fallen exhausted by the roadside, and now, only one runner is in front of him. Three miles yet to travel, and two hundred and fifty yards to gain on the most dangerous man. Can it be done? Tommy realizes that if it is to be accomplished, he must do it now, and accordingly he quickens his pace. His opponent also quickens his, but begins to weaken. After a mile and a half more of running, Denmark is only forty yards behind. In the next half-mile he gains a little more, and with the finish line in sight only one mile away, Tommy is twenty-five yards behind the leader.

With a burst of speed that is bound to win, Tommy closes to within five yards of his opponent. The next four hundred yards the two men race practically side by side. Denmark sees that his opponent looks tired out, and he grasps his chance to slip by. With speed hitherto unknown to himself, Tommy races by his opponent, and opens up a lead of ten yards. His opponent responds gamely to the sprint, but is unable to draw near Tommy. One hundred more yards and the race will be won. Seventy-five yards to go, and with a lead of fifteen yards. Only fifty, forty, thirty, only twenty-five yards to go. The terrific strain begins to tell on him. He staggers. He falls. He tries to regain his feet, but his attempts are futile. His exhausted opponent goes by him, and crosses the line a victor. Tommy lies on the ground unconscious. One, two, three, four, five runners come in, but still he does not rise. Suddenly the limbs begin to move. He attempts to get up, makes one feeble gasp, and drops back a dead man.

KARL D. LEE, '10.

Twilight

Softly, gently, on the earth the gray light
falls,
From his nest the thrush a drowsy good-
night calls,
All seems wrapt in heaven's restful peace
and love,
Bright and clear the star of evening shines
above.

Whatsoe'er has been the care and grief of
day,
Whatsoe'er we had to take or had to pay,
Musing in the dusk, on verse of old-time
lore,
In our hearts we feel all is worth while and
more.

PAULINE PATON, '10.

Hammered Brass

Half a stroke, half a stroke,
Loudly it sounded.
As on the sheets of brass,
Every girl pounded.


Hammers to right of them, hammers to left
of them,
On the awls thundered,
And at the crash they made,
All the school wondered.

Here a hole, there a hole,
Made without number,
Round the design it goes,
Never a blunder.

Bend it here, bend it there,
View the creation,
Look how the eager one
Shows his elation.

RUTH HYATT, '10.

How Betty Made Good

“H, I do so hope I can,” sighed Betty Kendall, a tall, dark-haired girl of seventeen summers.

“Can what?” asked her companion.

“Why, you know, I want to be one of the basket-ball five,” Betty replied, as she made a special effort to throw the ball into the basket, “so that I can help win the great game between the Freshman and Juniors, against the Seniors and Sophomores.”

Betty was a Freshman at Vassar, and a substitute on the Freshman-Junior team in basket-ball. She was a strong, muscular girl, better able to stand the strain of hard practice than many of her slender, city companions, but as she had never played before, she lacked experience.

At last the great day arrived when the Freshman-Junior team, and the Sophomore-Senior five, were to struggle for the honors. A finer day had not existed for some time, but every one's spirits were not like the weather. Betty was still only a sub, and while she would of course attend the game, she had little thought of getting a chance to play.

The gymnasium never looked prettier than it did that afternoon. Large streamers of red and white crêpe paper hung cross-ways from one corner to the other. On one side of the hall sat the Freshman-Junior sympathizers with their flags and red ribbons. Some of the girls were clad wholly in red in honor of their class. The other side of the hall was gayly decorated in white, where the Sophomore-Senior undergraduates were already beginning to cheer their team. Above all this yelling and waving of banners, the referee's whistle sounded clear and sharp. The cheering became quiet until the two teams had lined up. Then it was resumed with more vigor.

Meanwhile, Betty had been sitting on a large pile of mattresses in one corner of the hall, but as soon as the word “play ball” was given, she sprang to her feet, and breathlessly watched the game to the finish of the first half, which ended 2-0 in favor of the Sophomores and Seniors.

“Miss Kendall,” shouted the referee.

“Did some one call my name, or am I dreaming?” was her first thought, but no, it is again spoken.

“Miss Kendall, please take the place of Miss Campbell at center,” and instantly she sprang forward and accepted.

“Ready, stand together, play!” shouted the referee, at the same time blowing his whistle.

Betty threw all her strength into a high jump, but failed, as her opponent sprang higher, and caught the ball, and then passed it quickly to the right-forward. Betty was not one to be easily discouraged, and was soon playing to win. The right-forward tried for a basket and failed. Then luck indeed seemed to favor the Freshman-Junior team. The ball went down

towards its goal, and Betty threw a basket which made the game a tie. Such cheering followed this, that one could not talk and be heard.

Once more the two teams lined up, and the referee's whistle was heard. This time, Betty was aware of her opponent's tricks, and tried them herself with success. She passed the ball ahead, and Ruth, the forward, caught it, but was unable to make a basket, for two of her opponents both tackled her at once to get the ball, and only stopped when the whistle blew. The referee announced that it was a foul, which meant a free try for Betty's side, much to its delight. Betty was chosen to throw the ball, and made a clean basket. Then the referee's whistle blew for the last time, and the game ended 3-2 in favor of the Freshmen and Juniors. Betty was afterwards awarded a place on the team.

MILDRED W. HOWE, '11.

Just for Sport

IT was in my Junior year at Dartmouth. Oh! How well I remember it, not by pleasing remembrances, but by the large package of receipted bills safely stored away in a corner in my safe, far from prying eyes.

Rolands, my room-mate, and I were hard up. We hadn't two dollars between us, and the great Dartmouth-Harvard football game only four weeks away.

That evening, I remember, Room 61, Sanborn House, was the scene of as heavy plotting as ever graced the boards of any theatre. Rolands was sitting in our only "Morris chair," the other being in pawn, making an attempt at studying "Political Economy," while I was lying on a couch savagely kicking at imaginary creditors.

"Say Rud—Oh! Rud, wake up," came from Rolands, emphasized by a good-sized "French Dictionary."

"Come, cut that foolishness," I called to him! "Well wake up then. I think I have a plan that will work now, Rud, so at least one of us can go to the game."

"We both go, or—"

"Now don't get so upset, that's your way, always knocking my plans sky-high," Rolands muttered.

"Well, what is it? I can't do any knocking until I see if there is any to knock, can I?"

"Well, Rud, we have got to go to the game in the first place, and as I—"

"When did that idea pop into that massive brain of yours?" I asked.

Not noticing my remark, he went on: "I thought you could pawn that Smith pin you got from your New York friend. We could raise enough on it to pay our car fare."

"We'll walk before I pawn it," said I, in a determined way.

"Well, as you refuse, old man—."

"I do," I broke in with a snap, "and you can get that out of your head at once."

"Well, as you refuse to finance this expedition, I guess it's up to me."

Jumping up, putting on his raincoat and old felt hat, he seized the laundry bag and was off down the hall before I could call to him. A second later I heard the hall door close with a bang that made the old windows rattle in their frames. I was angry. There he had gone out on some foray, and left me in the room to study like a grind. I got up, seized a poker, and let my wrath out with a vengeance on our open fire. After poking the fire until it almost went out, I sat down before the poor remains. Lighting my pipe, I waited patiently for Rolands' return. How long I waited I do not know, but when I came to myself, Rolands was bending over me with a feather duster, which he was placing under my nose at regular intervals, in a most unpleasant way.

"See what's here," he cried, as he dumped the contents of the laundry bag into my lap. Two little black pigs.

"In the name of everything that's great, where didst thou get 'em?"

"Zeb Grandskills. Aren't they beauts?"

Grandskills was the wealthy old farmer that owned about all the land around the depot, and was noted all over the State for fancy stock-raising. Whether from some unaccountable freak of nature, or from the results of Grandskills' experimenting, the pigs never grew any after they were four weeks old. The old farmer thought a lot of them, and had taught them many tricks.

"Well, Zeb will skin you. He'll never forgive this."

"I got 'em just the same," said Rolands, with a sigh of satisfaction.

"So I perceive, not being blind. But we can't start a piggery here."

"Who wants to. Can't you see that when Zeb misses his pigs, he'll advertise for their return with a good reward. We'll return them, get the reward, and then—."

"We'll go to the game together," we sang, and danced a fine war-dance around the innocent piggies.

The next morning we took the pigs out to a farmer about four miles from Hanover, for safe keeping. Four days passed without a sign of an advertisement in the *Hanover Daily*, but on the fifth day, as we went over the paper together, we saw this advertisement.

LOST.—Some time last Monday evening, my tame, German pigs broke from their pen. A reward of \$30 will be paid to the person returning the same.—ZEB GRANDSKILLS.

"Hooray!" shouted Rolands, as he made a dive for the door. With a similar yell, I was after him. I think we made those four miles to the pigs' boarding place in about no time at all. But there, we met a new difficulty. The farmer refused to let us have the pigs until we paid for their keeping. But Rolands came to the rescue with a paste diamond pin which he swore was his grandfather's, and wouldn't part with for a fortune, but as he had

left his check-book at home, he would let the farmer take the pin for security, until the next day, when he surely would be back, with the money for the pin.

We then rolled the unfortunate pigs in some mud, and stuck burrs all over them. Rolands said he would go up to Grandskills's with them, and at last I consented, under the condition that I could go, too, as I wanted to see the fun. Rolands made a picture with the two muddy little pigs stuck under his arm, as he went up to Grandskills's front door, and it was all I could do to restrain my laughter.

Grandskills was so pleased with the return of his pigs, that he insisted on adding ten dollars to the reward, and made us promise to come up any time we wanted apples, which we readily did.

✻

That Friday morning the whole college turned out to see the team off, and after the usual gathering on the steps of College Hall, formed in line to escort the team to the station, cheering at every opportunity. As we passed in front of Grandskills's large house, I heard a voice which sounded like Rolands cry: "Three cheers for Grandskills," and in the cheer that followed, I yelled till my throat was sore.

ROY CHARRON, '10.

Exchanges

THE MAGNET acknowledges with thanks the following exchanges:

The Courant, The Advocate, The Oracle, The X-Rays, The Philomath, The Advance, The Breccia, The Breeze, The Argus, The Helios, The Minute-Man, The Middlebury Campus, The Greylock Echo, The Clark College Record, The Echo, The Carlisle Anoro, The Harvard Bulletin, and Tuft's Weekly.

The Echo has an attractive cover design, and a very good Exchange Column. Where are your Alumni Notes?

The cover of *The Greylock Echo* is attractive, and the editorials are also very good.

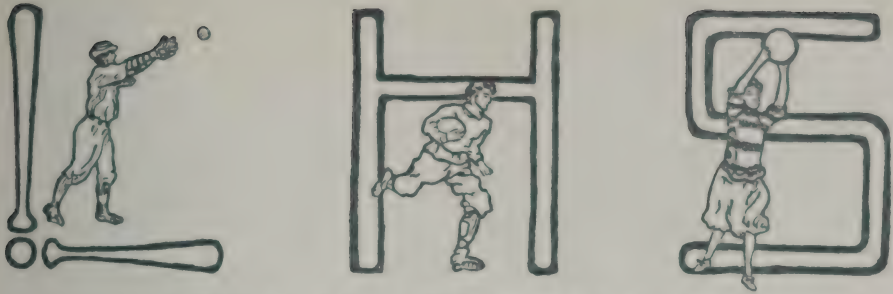
Where are your jokes and cuts, *Middlebury Campus*?

THE MAGNET is very glad to add *The Breeze, The Echo*, and *The Philomath* to its list of exchanges.

We would suggest to the *Minute-Man* that it give more time and space to its Editorials.

The Athletic department of *The Advance* is very good.

The Breeze is lacking an Exchange Column, and also sketches for its different departments, which would greatly improve the paper.



ATHLETICS

Saturday, Dec. 18, '09, the girls opened their basket-ball season with a game with the Alumni. The teams were evenly matched, and the game was exciting all the time, the final score being 8 to 7, in favor of the Alumni. Miss Parkman, our last year captain, played center on the Alumni team.

The line-up:

L. H. S. ALUMNI		L. H. S.	
Miss Chase, r f	l b, Miss Connaughton	
Miss Jobes, l f	r f, Miss Kely, Abbot	
Miss Parkman, c	c, Miss Nicholson	
Miss Joslin, l b	r f, Miss Wilbur, Lothrop	
Miss Garland, r b	l r, Miss Woodbury, Wilbur	

Baskets from the floor, Miss Garland 2, Misses Nicholson, Wilbur, Connaughton, Jobes, Parkman. Free tries, Miss Wilbur. Free tries missed, Miss Wilbur 3, Miss Jobes 3. Fouls called on Misses Garland 4, Nicholson, Wilbur, Connaughton.

After the first team's game, L. H. S. second played against L. H. S. third. L. H. S. second won 7 to 0, Miss Smith making two of the baskets. Mr. Wriston acted as referee in both games.



The basket-ball season opened Dec. 11, '09, with Worcester South High as our opponents. The game was not very interesting from our standpoint, as the L. H. S. team was overwhelmingly defeated 26 to 2. Lack of practice was one of the causes of our defeat, and then, the Worcester quintet was very fast. McCullough was the shining star of the evening, shooting seven baskets from the floor.

The line-up:

W. H. S. 26		L. H. S. 2	
McCullough, r f	l b, Merriman, Lee	
Cooper, l f	r b, Crane	
Mulcahy, c	c, Griffin	
Beveridge, l b	r f, Lee, Merriman	
Dooley, r b	l f, Tenney	

Baskets from the floor, McCulloch, 7, Cooper 2, Mulcahy, 2, Beveridge, Merriman. Free tries missed, McCullough 3, Griffin, 2. Fouls called on Merriman, Crane 2, Mulcahy, McCullough.

Between the halves of the first team's game, the L. H. S. second won from Worcester second, 10 to 2.



On the following Saturday, Leominster lined up against a team from Becker's Business Institute of Worcester. Leominster won, 21 to 5. The

team showed a vast improvement over the preceding week. The passing was more sure, and everybody blocked well. Two new men, Little and Suhlke, appeared in the line-up, and their strength was a great help to the team.

Our second team played the second team of Becker's, and the game was exceedingly interesting, and also very exciting. Leominster won, 10 to 9. Up to within the last three minutes Worcester was ahead, but Barry made a fine shot, and won the game.

The following schedule has been arranged for the basket-ball team:

- *Jan. 8. Clinton H. S. at Clinton.
- Jan. 15. Southbridge H. S. at Southbridge.
- *Jan. 22. Gardner H. S. at Leominster.
- Jan. 29. Worcester South H. S. at Worcester.
- *Feb. 5. Fitchburg H. S. at Leominster.
- Feb. 12. Open.
- *Feb. 19. Clinton at Leominster.
- Feb. 22. Open.
- Feb. 26. Open.
- *March 5. Gardner H. S. at Gardner.
- March 12. Southbridge H. S. at Leominster.
- *March 19. Fitchburg H. S. at Fitchburg.
- March 26. Open.

*Wachusett Interscholastic League games.

The L. H. S. Alumni were defeated by the regular High School team, 24 to 21, on Christmas night. The game was a well-played contest, and exceedingly hard-fought. Griffin and Little played a good game for the High School, while Wass and Kloss excelled for the Alumni. The contest was enjoyed by about one hundred and twenty-five enthusiasts.

The line-up:

L. H. S. 24	L. H. S. ALUMNI 21
Tenney, l f	r b, Lane
Merriman, r f	l b, Chandler
Griffin, c	c, Wass
Crane, l b	r f, Kloss
Little, r b	l f, Mead

Baskets from floor, Wass 5, Griffin 3, Tenney 3, Merriman 2, Lane 2, Mead, Kloss. Baskets on free tries, Kloss 3. Fouls called on Little 2, Griffin 2, Merriman, Tenney, Lane 2, Kloss.

The game between the Dawson's Business College and L. H. S. second was very interesting. The score was, L. H. S. second 18; D. B. C. 10. At the end of the first half, the D. B. C. team was leading, 10 to 3. Barry did some nice shooting in the second half, and thus enabled the second team to win.

The Marlboro H. S. team was scheduled to play Jan. 1, 1910, but they cancelled the game. Worcester Boys' Club was substituted, and a good fast game took place. Leominster won, 35 to 17. Griffin did some shooting,

throwing the ball into the basket nine times. Merriman, also, played well. Powers, of the Worcester team, worked hard for a victory.

The line-up:

L. H. S. 35	W. B. C. 17
Tenney, l f	r b, Powers
Merriman, r f	l b, Basinet
Griffin, c	c, OBrien
Crane, l b	r f, Gillian
Little, r b	l f, Manning

Baskets from the floor, Griffin 9, Merriman 5, Tenney Little, 2, Powers 4, OBrien 2, Gillian, Manning. Goals from fouls, Griffin, Powers.

Our second team was defeated by the fast Crescent team of Fitchburg, 33 to 4. Beer, the clever right-forward of the Crescents, seemed to be able to shoot a basket from any place in the hall. Out of the Fitchburg's thirty-three points, Beer got twenty-two.



In the first League basket-ball game, Leominster was defeated by Clinton, 22 to 12. The game was played at Clinton, and the extreme smooth playing surface bothered our players a great deal. Also, Captain Griffin was out of the game on account of sickness, and it was a great handicap to the team. However, Suhlke, who took his place at center, made a very creditable showing. At the end of the first half, L. H. S. was ahead, but Clinton came on to the floor with their old-time determination, and they finally won out. Merriman did brilliant work for Leominster, while Morse was the shining light for Clinton.

The line-up:

L. H. S. 22	L. H. S. 12
Morse, r f	l b, Little
Goddard, l f	r b, Crane
Call, c	c, Suhlke
Schuster, r b	l f Merriman
Grady, l b	r f, Tenney

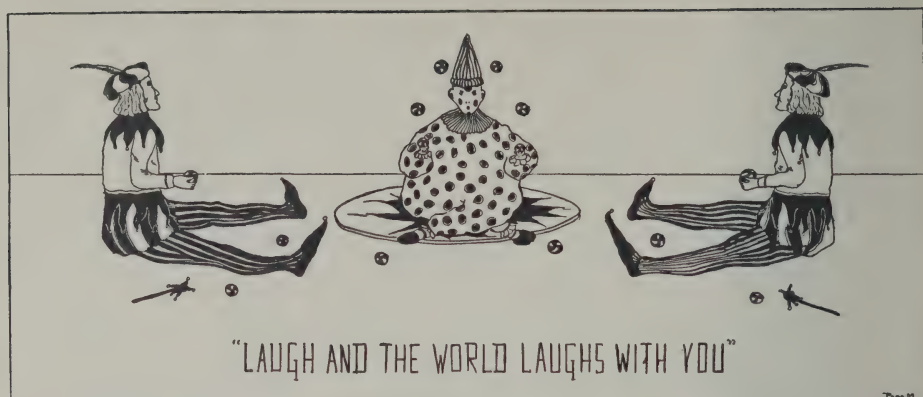


Saturday, Jan. 8, '10, the L. H. S. girls played against the Alethea girls of the Classical High, Worcester, in the High School gymnasium. The Worcester girls won 12 to 5, in a fairly fast game.

The passing of the Alethea girls was excellent, every one of the team being in motion all of the time. Miss Lynch covered Miss Wilbur admirably, and Miss Bigelow shot for the basket, being fed well from the other members of the team.

At times, the Leominster girls passed well, and with practice should develop fast team work. For Leominster, Misses Wilbur and Nicholson each made a basket, and Miss Connaughton played a good defensive game.

After the first team's game, the second teams of the same schools played with the same result, 12 to 5. Miss O'Reilly and Miss Lothrop must share the honors in this game, Miss O'Reilly making five from the floor, and Miss Lothrop making five out of seven from the foul line.



"I'm goin' to stop bein' kind and helpful to people," said little Johnny.

"How is that?" asked his mother.

"Well, it's this way. At school today I saw Tommy Jones puttin' a pin in the master's chair, so just as the master was about to sit down, I pulled away the chair. The master sat down on the floor, and when he got up, he licked me for pullin' away the chair, and then Tommy Jones licked me for interferin'. Yes; I'm goin' to stop helpin' people now."—*Selected.*

Merchant: By the way, Mr. Slowpay, can you pay that little bill of mine today?

Slowpay: That little bill of yours?

Merchant: Yes, sir.

Slowpay: Well, I should say not. Why, I can't even pay my own little bills.—*Life.*

Two Irishmen were out hunting with one gun between them. The man with the gun saw a bird on a twig, and took careful aim at it.

"For the love of Heaven, Mike!" shouted the other hunter, "Don't shoot! The gun ain't loaded."

"I've got to," yelled Mike. "The bird won't wait."

The lecturer had been describing some of the sights he had seen abroad. "There are some spectacles," he said, "that one never forgets."

"I wish you could tell me where I can get a pair," exclaimed an old lady in the audience. "I'm always forgetting mine."

"Stand up, McNutty," said the police magistrate; "Are you guilty or not guilty?"

"Faith, an' it's meself as can't thot till Oi hear the ividence," replied McNutty.—*Life.*

It was in one of the colored schools of Baltimore, and the teacher was an inexperienced one. There was talking among the little ones before her.

"I want absolute silence," she said severely.

Still the talking continued.

"I want absolute silence," she repeated.

At the third demand, one very small girl spoke up boldly. "Assalute Silence ain't hyar," she said. "She's got de toofache."—*Lippincott's.*

An old farmer on being told that a new railroad was going to run right through his barn, exclaimed: "Now, by gum! I guess I'll have something to say about that. I've got something else to do besides opening and shutting them barn doors every time a train comes along."—*American Boy*.

A baseball player had two fingers of his right hand pretty badly bunged up in practice, and on his way home from the grounds he dropped into a doctor's office to have them attended to.

"Doctor," he asked, anxiously, as he was leaving, "When this paw of mine heals, will I be able to play the piano?"

"Certainly you will," the doctor assured him.

"Well, then, you're a wonder, Doc. I never could before."—*Everybody's*.

A sentry while on duty was bitten by a valuable dog, and drove his bayonet into the animal. Its owner sued him in the County Court for its value, and the evidence given showed that the soldier had not been badly bitten after all. "Why did you not knock the dog with the butt end of your rifle?" asked the judge. The Court rocked with laughter when the sentry replied, "Why didn't he bite me with his tail?"—*Selected*.

When a noted actor was playing Richard III one night, and the actor came to the lines, "A horse! a horse! My kingdom for a horse!" some merry wag in the pit called out:

"And wouldn't a jackass do as well for you?"

"Sure," answered the actor, turning like a flash at the sound of the voice. "Come around to the stage door at once!"—*Selected*.

Bobby's father and mother were dressing to go to the theatre, and the youth was greatly distressed because he was not to be included in the party.

"Why can't I go, too?" he whispered.

"For a very good reason," returned his father sharply. "I only bought two seats."

"Just think," said Bobby, trying to stifle his tears, "If you hadn't married mother I might have gone along all right!"—*Selected*.

Little Willie—Say Pa, what is a synonym?

Pa—A synonym, my son, is a word that can be used in place of another, when you don't know how to spell the other.—*Fuck*.

A gentleman once complained to his landlady of having been attacked by fleas.

"Fleas, sir!" was the retort, "I am sure there is not a single flea in my house."

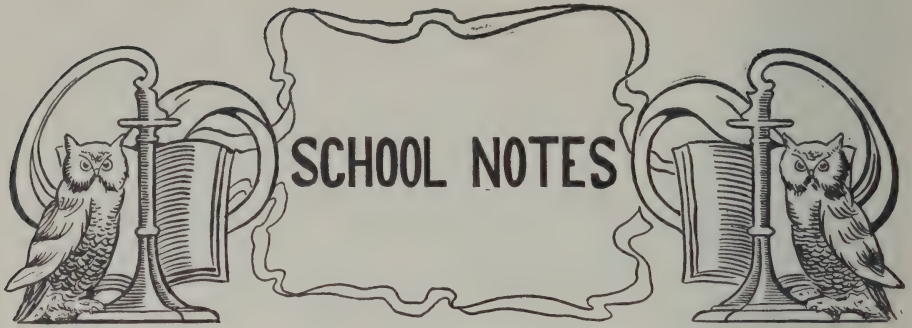
"I am sure of it, too," was the rejoinder, "They are all married and have large families."

Professor—Can you ever take the greater from the less?"

Senior—I don't know, but you come pretty near it when you take the conceit out of a Freshman.—*Ex*.

Little Willie took a drink,
But he will drink no more,
For what he thought was H₂O
Was H₂SO₄.

—*Ex*.



The Junior class gave a dance in the Drill Hall of the High School building, Wednesday, Dec. 22, 1909. The committee in charge decorated the hall very tastefully with laurel and green and white bunting. A large white "1911" with a green background, concealed the Swedish boom. The "Ideal" Orchestra provided the music, and Miss Morrill, Miss Houghton, and Mrs. Hull acted as chaperons. About forty couples were present, and the dancing continued serenely until half past nine. Then it began to be known that the Town Hall and Opera House was in flames. The dancers remained only long enough for refreshments, and then hurried off to the fire. At ten o'clock scarcely half a dozen couples remained on the floor, but the orchestra very kindly continued with the music. The dance was broken up, and the building was closed long before the appointed time. Nevertheless, the dance was considered a great success in every way, and much praise is due to the efficient committee who took great pains in preparing it. Albert Tenney, the class president, was floor director, and the aids were Russell Merriman, Maxwell Saben, Bertha Shapley, and Claire Kivlan.

The Leominster Hospital Association held their fifth annual Charity

Ball, Wednesday evening, Dec. 29, in the Assembly Hall of the High School building. The hall and other rooms were beautifully decorated, and music was furnished by the Milo Burke Orchestra of Brockton. The affair was very successful, although more money might have been taken in if the dance had been given in the larger quarters of the Town Hall, as was planned.

A great many of the High School Alumni were at home for the Christmas vacation, and the recent fires furnished a little diversion for them.

Some of the teachers and pupils exchanged Christmas gifts, as is the custom. Miss Brooks, Miss Morrill, and Miss Gilmore were fortunate enough to receive chafing-dishes. Miss Houghton was presented in a very stately way with a jewel-case; Miss Darby, a traveling bag; Miss Birch, a set of Robert Browning's works; Mr. Dexter and Mr. Thomas, military sets; Miss Hutchinson, a box of stationery; and Miss Garland, a hand-bag.

Miss Birch recently informed one of her Physical Culture classes that she would have them practice their drill for the exhibition to be given next spring, on the stage of the Town Hall.

The saying is that one learns something new every day of his life. This must be true, for one of the English classes learned from the teacher that Elizabeth was the greatest king of England.

Miss Kiolan, '11, translating: "Et puis-je faire moins pour un seigneur qui m'appelle son cher ami?"

"And can I do less for a Senior (seigneur) who calls me his dear friend?"

The teachers and pupils thoroughly appreciated the vacation from Dec. 23, to Jan. 3. Many of them spent it out of town, while others enjoyed the sleighing, coasting, and skating, in Leominster.

Why does Mr. Powers, '13, always take the "Short" way home from school?

John Miller was sporting a Williams cap while he was at home during vacation.

The remaining entertainments of the Lecture Course are being given in the Assembly Hall of the High School on account of the recent burning of the Town Hall. The Dunbar Company gave an excellent concert Friday evening, Dec. 31.

Mr. Lee, '10 (scanning Virgil): Oenotri coluere viri; nunc fama minores.

"Oe-nô-tri."

Teacher: You mustn't accent the second syllable.

Mr. Lee, '10. Oe-nô (Oh, no!)

What you can do, or dream you can, begin it,
Boldness has genius, power, and magic in it.

—*Ex.*

Some teachers, we find,
Are so loving and kind,
So devoted they're daffy about us,
When our finals are done,
They would let us pass on,
But they couldn't be happy without us.

—*Ex.*

Some of the Freshmen and Sophomores had a very enjoyable sleigh-ride to Sterling Saturday evening, Jan. 15. It was planned for the preceding evening, but had to be postponed on account of a hard snow-storm. Mr. Thomas and Miss Gilmore were the chaperones.

Most of the classes have organized class basket-ball teams for both boys and girls. The following captains were elected: Senior, Ernest Lothrop; Junior, Margaret Earl; Sophomore, Esther Mayo; Freshman, Ruth Short and Ernest Hastings. A trophy has been offered for the class whose teams win the most games during the season.

Mr. Will Carleton gave very interesting readings of his own poems in the Assembly Hall of the High School, Friday afternoon, Jan. 14. There was a good audience in spite of the bad weather. The entertainment was given for the benefit of the L. H. S. Athletic Association.

Friday morning, Jan. 14, Miss Birch read a few of Will Carleton's poems in the Assembly Hall. She was well applauded, and the pupils and teachers enjoyed it very much.

Alumni Notes

The following young men and women were at home from school or college for the Christmas holidays: Marjorie Pierce and Elizabeth Cutter, Vassar; Ruth Putnam, Castle; Harold Parkman, Harvard; Howard Chase, Cephas Derby, Cleon Phelps, Frank Shaw, Arthur Kloss, Worcester Tech.; Harold Shaw, Richard Scanlon, Leroy Chandler, Boston Tech.; Charles Wass and Ralph Joslin, Poughkeepsie Business College; Margaret Lockey and Martha Lundagen, Smith College; William Lane, Amherst; Mildred Shaw, Laselle Seminary; Kathryn Wells, Simmons; Marguerite Bartlett and Mary Burdette, Wellesley; Florence Farnsworth and Ruth Bailey, Mt. Holyoke; Louis Peltier, Clark College; Ruth Page, Boston Normal Art; Nellie Dexter, Boston University; Harold Rice, Worcester Academy; John Miller, Williams; Francis Gallagher, Holy Cross.

During a shower, a citizen carrying a very wet umbrella, entered a hotel to pay a call to some one upstairs. After placing his umbrella where it might drain, he wrote upon a piece of paper and pinned this sentence on the umbrella: "N. B.—This umbrella belongs to a man who strikes a 250 lb. blow, Back in fifteen minutes."

He went his way upstairs, and after an absence of fifteen minutes returned to find his umbrella gone and in its place a note reading: "P. S.—Umbrella taken by a man who walks 10 miles an hour—won't be back at all."
—*Selected.*

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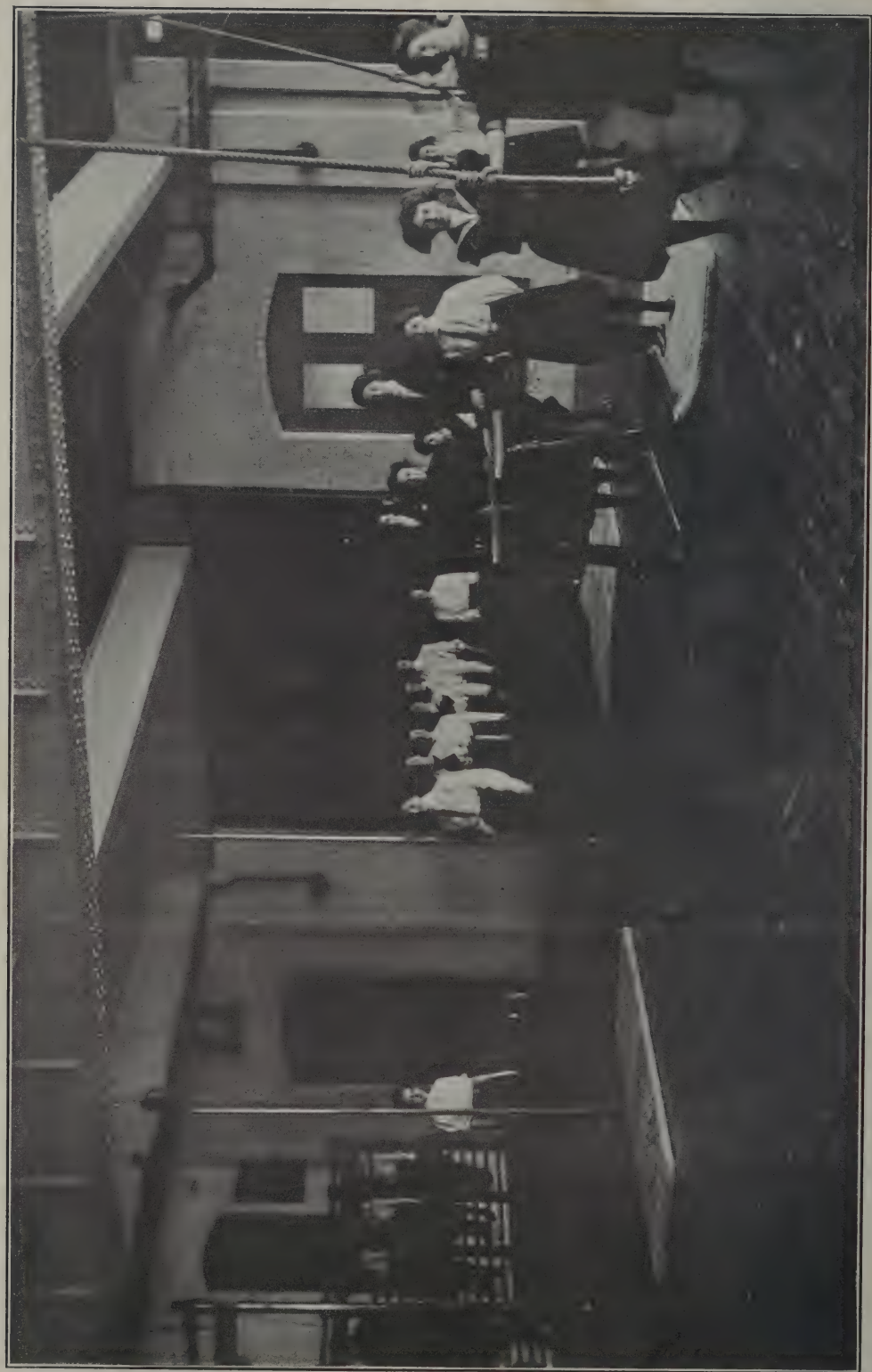
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THE MAGNET

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WE have devoted this number of our school paper to the Alumni that those who have graduated might take this opportunity of partaking in school affairs once more. However, we do not wish to leave the impression that this is the only month for Alumni contributions. They are always acceptable and we who are now members of this High School are at any time glad to read the words of those who have once been

through this school. Letters from graduates who are away at college are very valuable and interesting to those of us who are planning to enter on a college career at the close of our high school days.

As we have been collecting material for this paper, we have realized more than ever before what it means to be a member of the Alumni. It means that most of these graduates have assumed worldly responsibilities, and their time is no longer their own, but the world's. Therefore, we should appreciate more than ever their kindly interest in our paper, and the help which they have offered us. It should be an inspiration to us to make the best of our opportunities and improve our time while it is our own.

May the Alumni always feel that the MAGNET is open to them, and that it binds them more closely to the school of which they were once members.



Each year as the short month of February glides in almost unnoticed, we all turn our minds back to the lives of the great heroes of our nation whose birthdays are celebrated during this month.

Why is it that year after year we read these lives and never tire of them? Is it not because we learn valuable lessons and receive inspiration to higher ideals? The life of our great Revolutionary General, Washington, is the highest example of patriotism and persistent devotion to a cause. Lincoln's life is one of greatest integrity and power, and all of us long to be more like "Honest Abe,"

"The kindly, earnest, brave, foreseeing man,
Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame,
New birth of our new soil, the first American."

DOROTHY WHITTIER, '10.



The Open Umbrella

IT had not yet begun to rain when I answered the peal of the bell, so I was much surprised to find Art Carey waiting with an umbrella already raised. It was dull inside; "Poe's Tales," even, had failed to be interesting, and I gladly agreed when he suggested that we go somewhere.

"It's just like this," he said, referring to the umbrella. "It got mixed up in a scrimmage, some way, and suffered a broken rib, or some other internal injury peculiar to umbrellas, and to close it means to run imminent risk of utterly ruining it, so I am going to leave it open."

"But you are not going to carry it around all the evening like that?"

"It is raining a little now, and if it rains sufficiently, my plan will be successful. I intend to get rid of this umbrella, if possible, for if I go home tonight without one, I will be supplied with a new one. I will simply leave it in a conspicuous place, and some one will come along without one and take it."

The plan seemed quite feasible, and as the rain increased, we decided to put it into execution. We left the umbrella in the middle of a doorway, and with coat collars turned up, and hands in pockets, we walked briskly down the street. We allowed a sufficient amount of time to elapse and then returned, but no one had taken the umbrella.

We tried again, leaving it in another doorway, and although we saw several persons pass in plain sight of it, no one ventured to take it. A third time we tried, leaving it where we thought every one on the street must pass, but it was still there on our return.

"I think we will have to change our tactics," decided Art. "It looks too suspiciously inviting in a doorway, like a worm on a hook. I will put it here on the edge of the sidewalk, as if it had blown down by accident."

He did, and we got in under shelter to wait. Every one who passed glanced at the umbrella, but no one touched it until a small boy came along, and he kicked it into the middle of the street. Art wrathfully hurried out and rescued it from under the hoofs of a pair of horses. "If I can't get rid of it in a legitimate manner," he said, "I will keep it. Haven't you anything to suggest?"

"Most likely somebody would like an umbrella. If we only knew of some place where every one goes, we could find some one to take it."

"Very original suggestion," he said, sarcastically. "We will go to the moving pictures."

This time he left the umbrella in the hallway, where every one would pass it on the way out. The show was started, and we had to get seats near the front. We were just in time to see the finish of a thrilling picture, where the heroine was rescued by the hero with melodramatic realism. Then we heard an illustrated ballad about an old mill-stream, which was much like many others we had heard before. Next came a pathetic picture of a man

out of employment, with a family at the point of starvation, though all of his efforts to find work seemed to consist of sitting dejectedly at home. When his young child died, and the pianist soulfully played the "Flower Song," Art kicked me on the shins for laughing irrelevantly.

"There is nothing facetious about that," he said.

"I was only thinking"—I apologized—"that he might accept your umbrella. He doesn't seem to have anything laid aside for a rainy day."

"I wish you would forget that umbrella. I am going to have my name carved on the handle of my new one," he continued, inconsistently. "Then I won't be tempted to lose it. That girl can certainly play rag-time. I think the show is nearly over."

We waited until every one had forced his way out of the hall before we left, so that all of them would have a chance to take the umbrella, but we found it right where we had left it.

Art now began to assume an air of grim determination. Getting rid of the umbrella was no longer a joke; it had become an ambition. We saw a man coming drenched with the rain, and offered him the umbrella.

"I am already wet through," he laughed. "You may as well keep it."

The next to be accosted was a middle-aged man, who had not yet suffered greatly from the rain. He looked at Art suspiciously.

"Best return the umbrella to its owner, young man," he said, gruffly.

A young boy came whistling down the street, oblivious of the rain. Art collared him. "Here is ten cents," he said, "and take this umbrella home."

He took the ten cents, but he left the umbrella.

We went into a restaurant and drank some coffee we did not want. When we came out a policeman handed Art the umbrella. "Some one came near carrying this off," he explained. "I saw you leave it there. Better be careful."

Art thanked him, and accepted his property.

We successively went into an ice-cream parlor, and into a drug store, after a postage stamp, but both times found the umbrella waiting faithfully outside.

Art was nearly at the end of his resources when he thought of some dances going on. "It must be time for intermission," he said. "Some one will need an umbrella."

At the first dance-hall we were informed that the party was strictly private, and that refreshments would be served in the hall. The doorkeeper at the other one said that it was not private, that there would be no intermission, as the musicians had to leave early to catch a train, and did we want to buy tickets? We did not.

With dogged persistence Art retried some of the old methods, but the umbrella would not be lost. Finally, he gave up in despair. "I find by actual count," he said, "that I have tried twenty-two times this evening to lose this umbrella. Now I have changed my mind; I don't want to lose it. I will bring it home, close it up, hang up the remains in my room for a souvenir, and buy a new one. The play is just letting out. We will go up and see who is coming out, and then we will go home."

We hid the umbrella in the darkest corner of a dark alleyway, and waited out of purely idle curiosity to see who came out of the theatre. We were about to start for home when Art pulled me back.

There are some girls I know, and they haven't any umbrella. I have found a use for mine at last."

"There are two of them, and we can go along with them," I suggested.

"I will go with them," he corrected. "The umbrella will not cover more than *three*."

I watched him go up to them, secretly hoping they would refuse his services, but I could see that they had accepted. I decided to get out of sight, but could not resist waiting in the shadow of a doorway to see them go by. After some time I saw them coming, but they did not have the umbrella. Instead of passing by where I was standing, they boarded a street-car. On second thought, this did not cause me much surprise, for Art had probably been ashamed to offer a broken umbrella, or, possibly, it was too small for three, or the distance was too great to walk. At any rate, this left the umbrella for me, and I would not have to get drenched in going home. I made my way to the alley, and groped around in the dark. After I had bumped into a wall, I decided to light a match. As the match flared up, I gazed into the corner where I knew we had left it, but I looked in vain. The umbrella was gone!

L. M., '08.

If across our stony pathway
Fleets a vision, bright, entrancing,
Fleets a moment, gone forever
Into the unknown hereafter,
Truly then should we be thankful
Thankful for the glimpse of beauty,
Not be weeping by the roadside
Longing for the scene, eternal.
If the vision should stay with us,
Let us feast our eyes upon it,
We would see the imperfections,
Shallowness and disaffection,
As the painting of the artist
Loses beauty at its nearness!
So when we behold the meteor,
Hand of God upon the heavens,
Let us gaze upon its beauty
Flashing glory, gone forever.

F. P. KEHEW, '09.

A Reminiscence

THE biting cold of a January morning was sharply nipping my nose and ears when I reached the high school and hurried through the outer door into the comforting warmth of the vestibule. It was early, so after removing my wraps, I drew a chair up to the radiator in the teachers' dressing-room, and thawed out my numb fingers and toes. It was deliciously warm there, and in two minutes I was ready to go to my class-room. There, also, the summer temperature made me almost forget that there was such a discomforting thing as cold and frost. Sitting there so cozily in my cheerful, sunny room, surrounded with all the conveniences, and even luxuries, of a modern city school, my memory drifted back across the years to another school in which I gained my early experience as a teacher—a school so barren of all that we now consider necessities as to make our beautiful High School seem in contrast a veritable royal palace of learning.

As vividly as if it had occurred but the day before, I recalled another just such a bitterly cold winter day, when I started out in the morning twilight for my school. There was no warm electric car to carry me quickly over the half-mile distance,—there was not even a sidewalk with a well-ploughed path through the snow,—for this was out in the country, three miles from the nearest village, and the school to which I was going was a little one-room building in which gathered children from five to eighteen years of age, and of all grades.

When I stepped out into the icy cold of that winter morning, I hesitated an instant, undecided which way to go. I generally went across the fields, a very much shorter way than by the road, but the tracks of some wild animals, supposed to be a pair of lynxes, had recently been seen in the neighborhood, and the women and children had been warned not to go across the fields alone. I was afraid to go across the fields, but I was almost equally afraid to go by the road, as there were only two houses on the way. It was so cold that I finally decided in favor of the shorter way.

I felt very brave until I passed behind a little knoll beyond which I had to go a quarter of a mile up hill and out of sight of any house. Then every little bush and rock in the gray distance seemed a crouching beast waiting to spring at me. The crunching of my own feet in the snow sounded to my nervous imagination like the stealthy tread of an animal behind me. A dozen times I was on the point of running back, in a panic of fright, to the farmhouse where I boarded; but the stinging cold, and the thought that I should then have to go the long way by the road drove me forward. I might have waited and gone to school with the children, but the boy who was hired to sweep the school-house and build the fires was a very inefficient lad who frequently failed to get anything more than a smudge, and I felt that my first duty in the day's work was to get the school-house

warm before the arrival of the pupils, many of whom had to walk or ride several miles.

At last I reached the top of the long hill, breathless with haste, and fairly trembling with fear, which evaporated as soon as I came in sight of the school-house—my city of refuge. I immediately observed that no smoke was issuing from the chimney, and I knew by that sign that no friendly fire awaited me within. When I entered the building I found my pupil-janitor crouching disconsolately over the little box-stove. The door was wide open to create more draught, and one feeble tongue of fire was licking the bark of a round stick of hard wood from the end of which oozed tiny particles of moisture.

"The shavings are all gone," said Jimmie, dolefully, as soon as he saw me. "I brought some from home, but the wood is so wet it won't burn."

The poor fellow was shivering with the cold, and so was I. I pulled the mittens off of my numb hands, and together we went to the woodshed, where we turned over a lot of the wood to get at the bits of bark underneath. We managed to secure a supply, and also some dry wood, and we soon had a roaring fire.

While gathering the chips Jimmie had told me that his father and older brother had seen one of the lynxes the evening before. The men had been to the village, and had neglected to take a gun with them. On their way home the lynx had followed them along a lonely part of the road, but had not dared to attack them. As soon as they reached home they had taken their guns and gone back in search of the animal, but had failed to get it. Jimmie said there were tracks in the snow beside the school-house, and he thought the lynx had been there. I had not seen them, having come from the other side, and, moreover, when I approached the school-house, my eyes had been directed to the chimney-top.

As soon as we had our fire so we could leave it, Jimmie and I went out to examine the tracks. Sure enough, along one side of the school-house, and leading off into the field beyond—but not the field through which I had come—were tracks which plainly had not been made by either a cat or a dog. When the other pupils came there was great excitement about the strange tracks, until one of the older boys came and declared confidently that they were fox tracks. I had never seen a fox, and I said I wished he would come back and show himself to me.

At nine o'clock by my watch—we had no other time-piece—I called the school to order. Usually I went to the door and vigorously rang a big hand bell, but that ceremony was needless on this freezing cold morning. Everybody was inside, and glad to stay in. By this time the little stove was throwing out such an energy of heat that no one could stay very near it, and yet the extremities of the room were still very cold, so those whose seats were in either the torrid or the frigid zone of the room drew chairs, boxes, or chunks of wood, as temporary seats, into the temperate zone, and established themselves there.

By recess time the heat had penetrated to the farthest corners of the room, and after the recess, which all preferred to spend inside, the pupils

found their regular seats more comfortable than those improvised nearer the stove. Just before noon, a boy near the window suddenly exclaimed, "Teacher! there's the fox!" And there, indeed, he was, sitting unconcernedly in the field, a short distance away. Some of the children, like myself, had never seen a fox, and those who had were none the less eager to see this one, so we all rushed to the windows. He was too far away to notice us, as we were all careful to make no noise, and yet he was near enough for us to see him plainly. We watched him several minutes, during which he never moved. I had heard so much of the fleetness of a fox that I wished to see him show his speed, so Jimmie very carefully opened the window, and then yelled as only a boy can yell. The effect upon the fox was instantaneous, and highly satisfactory.

With the noon hour, came a demand for water, as both pupils and teacher brought cold dinners. There was a well in the yard, but the pump had frozen up with the first severe cold, after which we had depended upon a neighbor for water—two boys going with a wooden pail to fetch it. On this particular day the boys returned with the disheartening information that the neighbor's pump was also frozen. There was only one alternative in this case. The boys took the pail out to the yard and filled it with clean snow which was then brought into the school-room to melt. The snow did not melt half fast enough to satisfy the thirsty children, most of whom had been eating cold boiled eggs with a plentiful supply of salt. One of the big girls, in her impatience for a drink, lifted the big pail to her mouth and tipped it up to let the drops of water under the slushy snow trickle down her throat. To her consternation, and the unrestrained amusement of the others, the whole mass slid out of the pail and splashed into her face.

The afternoon session began promptly at one o'clock, and continued until four. No unfortunate was kept after school that day, partly because both teacher and pupils were afraid of the lynxes, and wished to get home before twilight, and chiefly, perhaps, because the teacher was not satisfied with the way her young janitor had swept the room on the preceding afternoon, and she proposed to sweep it thoroughly herself before she locked up the building for the night.

HATTIE D. SHERWIN, '89.

The more celebrated pictures in the superb collection that adorned the great Soldier's Fair in New York were left for exhibition, through the kindness of their owners; but many most admirable works were given to it to be sold for its benefit. These latter were accordingly distinguished from the others by being marked on the frame with the very appropriate words, "Pro Patria."

"What does that mean, Ma?" said a young girl at the Fair, to materfamilias, one morning.

"What, my dear?"

"Why, those words," said the little lady, eyeing the picture frames closely, and pointing to "Pro Patria."

"Oh! that," said materfamilias, inspecting the letters with her eyeglasses, "why I suppose that must be the name of the artist who paints the pictures—Professor Patria."—*Selected.*

Fishing and "Fishing"

IT was an excellent fishing-day, and Dick was too much of a sportsman to travel three miles on foot to a country dance, so he refrained, and his four camp companions went alone, joking that probably the girl in the cottage over at the point might have something to do with it. But they all knew that Dick Monson was a true fisherman, and, as yet, no girl had ever attracted his attentions, so they believed him safe.

It was nearly sunset, and that calm which settles over the lake as the day wanes was approaching. It was time to start. Dick carried his fishing tackle to the boat, and also his mandolin, as it would be dark when he would return, and he loved to play at night while floating on the water.

For two miles down the lake he rowed, reaching at last the best pick-erel grounds he had ever known. He found himself wondering why the others did not care for fishing, and why they were so uninterested as to not even ask about his catches. Why didn't they encourage him? But there he was, and he cast his line. His was the skittering mode of fishing and—a swirl, a strick. He slackened his line. He waited. The fish was running. He yanked, shortened the line, and the fish was flopping in the boat. His catches continued, and quiet and darkness too soon came, but he had made a good catch. He started home methodically. It was an excellent evening, but Dick was enwrapped in memories of angling, and not until he had rowed nearly the whole distance, did the steady swish, swish, swish, of his oars cease. And then the intensive stillness, the blackness, and the light fog, the charms of the night waters, caught him. He rested upon his oars, and his thoughts went to his approaching lonesome evening at the camp. But what good luck! his mandolin was in the boat. He pulled in the oars, and took up his instrument. Hardly did he dare to break the quiet, but, fortunately, a far away whip-poor-will gave him courage. Lightly his fingers ran over the strings, and the very awe of the waters induced him to play slowly at first, but soon the confidence that music imparts as a friend, stirred him into playing merry molodies. He drifted, and lulled himself into peaceful content for the next half hour. But what! More music. He sat up. Surely some one was playing an organ. He recognized the tune as "Love's Old Sweet Song." The playing ceased; then it began again. Three times it was repeated. Then he, almost unconsciously, imitated on his mandolin. He finished, and listened. The organ now sounded "Asleep in the Deep." He followed suit, and he heard the reply; then he played "A Dream of Paradise." The organist echoed it. And so it went on, song after song. Then at last he grew less timid, and vigorously played the chorus of "Old Black Jo," singing the words "I'm coming, I'm coming, to a better land I know."— Then the organ pealed forth something which meant to him, "Come along."

He sprang to the oars, and as he neared the shore, the cautious, irregu-

lar, swish, swish, of his oars which, as it comes from the darkness, is so conducive to questions, won for him, from "the girl of the point," that which he—a true fisherman—most desired, the welcome full of interest and enthusiasm, "Been fishing? How many 'd you get? Any big ones?"

HAROLD K. WHITTIER, '09.

Taken from Life

IT was nearing the end of the recitation hour. In five minutes the first bell would ring, and the boy in the front corner seat knew that his card was next on the pile. Now he also knew various reasons why he didn't want to be called on at this particular point in the lesson; but what could he do to prevent it. An inspiration! He could ask questions. To be sure, he didn't know much about geometry, but he would trust to luck, and immediately he began a frantic waving of his hand. The teacher stopped to admonish a refractory pupil in the back of the room. That took up another minute of the time.

As he was about to turn over the next card, the teacher's eyes fell upon the uplifted hand of the boy. "Well?" he demanded briefly.

"Er, did you say just a minute ago that a point was imaginary?"

"I have certainly said so, but what has that to do with today's lesson?"

"Well, if it's imaginary, how can you make one on the board?"

"A geometrical point cannot be made. I have explained this before. The point upon the board is only a representation of a geometrical point."

At this *point* the first bell rang loud and long.

"But," continued the boy, just as the teacher started to take up the next subject, "how can you know that the point looks like that, if it is only imaginary?"

The teacher had a disgusted look on his face. "I guess I can explain it to you this afternoon," he said severely. "I'll meet you at three o'clock."

"Stung," muttered the boy as the last bell rung.

PHILENA A. ARMSTRONG, '09.

The Discontented Frog

A SONNET

O hopping, swimming, croaking, slimy frog;
With flattened head and webbed and
lanky feet

Which give you chance to swim, retreat!
You coward, to your black and muddy bog,
Where lives your child, the puffed-up polly-
wog.

Say, land inhabitants. And when I meet
A water snake he chases me to eat;

But now I've peace upon this floating log.
I see the bugs and flies are all around;
But I'm not wanted, in water nor on ground,
So must I linger here forevermore
To wither up and starve where foods abound!
And why? For I'm a reptile, I've this lore,
Belonging not in water nor on shore.

—HAROLD K. WHITTIER, '09.

Esse Quam Videri

The ship was leaving the harbor; the last good-bye had been spoken:
Tear-dimmed eyes were longingly watching for one more sign from the loved ones
Whom they would not see again for months, or years,—perhaps never.
All too swiftly the shore receded from sight,
And naught could be seen, far or near, but the limitless waste of the water,
Until, on the dim horizon, the tinted blue of the heavens,
Bending down like a dome, met the deeper blue of the ocean.

As the day wore on, the sadness of parting diminished;
Thoughts of the distant country, toward which they were steadily moving,
Filled the mind of the traveler with a pleasant anticipation
Of seeing with his own eyes the lands hitherto only read of.
Some were there who never before had seen the great ocean,
And, standing at the ship's side, watched the waves with eyes full of wonder;
How relentlessly cruel they seemed as they beat on the sides of the vessel;
As far as the eye could see they were constantly rising and falling,
Rushing toward the ship as though they would sink it beneath them.
A feeling of awe and dread steals over the heart of the watcher,
But the ship seems strong and secure; it surely can carry them safely,
So with trusting reassurance they join their fellow travelers,
And finally, going to rest, are lulled to sleep by the motion
Of the great ship as it urges its way through the billows.

The days quickly pass in the pleasure of forming new friendships,
While the ship moves ceaselessly onward through storm and through sunshine,
Until the dark line of the shore is seen again in the distance,
Growing clearer and more distinct as the vessel approaches,
And majestically enters the harbor, proud of its living cargo
As one who would say, "I have finished the task entrusted to me;
Undaunted by wind or storm, I have brought them all safe to the haven;
Not, though the angry billows endeavored at times to o'ercome me,
Have I ever paused in the journey, or flinched from pressing onward:
With seeming strength I began, and with proven strength I have ended
The long and perilous voyage across the pitiless ocean."

We have come to the end of our school-days,—the future lies stretching before us
Like a great unexplored ocean o'er which we must take our lives' journeys.
Hitherto we have traveled together, but now the paths are diverging.
Shall we meet again ere we reach the end of the journey?
For we certainly shall meet then; we're all traveling toward the same haven,
And though the paths seem now to extend far apart from each other,
They will all merge into one in the promised land of the Hereafter.
Let us each with steadfast purpose pursue the paths we have chosen,
Doing our best with our talents, but not striving after the glory
Of the world's admiration. That lasts but a short season,
Like a brilliant meteor crossing the sky, which leaves a trail of splendor
For an instant only, and then it is lost in the darkness forever;
While the little twinkling star shines on undimmed through the ages.
Every life leaves its influence, either for good or for evil.
Let us leave ours for good, and when we again greet each other
May we have lived by our motto in being rather than seeming.

—HATTIE D. SHERWIN, '89.

[This poem was written for the graduation of the class of '89, but did not appear on the program, as the author had prepared an essay before her election to write the class poem, and, on comparing the merits of the two productions, she chose to rest her laurels upon the essay.]

Exchanges

THE MAGNET gladly welcomes *The Student*, Clinton H. S., *The Red and Gray*, Fitchburg H. S., *The Arrow*, Stillwater H. S., *The Orange and Black*, Marlboro H. S., and the *Gazette*, Lynn Classical H. S. to its list of exchanges.

The Orange and Black is a well arranged paper. The Class Notes and Girls Page are very good.

One of our best exchanges received is *The Red and the Gray*. The Literary Department and the Alumni Notes are fine, likewise the headings for the Athletics and School Notes deserve mention.

Arrow, your poems are the best we have had the pleasure of reading among our exchanges. Your paper on a whole is very well written.

Do you agree with us, *Philomath*, that some Jokes and headings for your different departments would greatly improve your paper?

Your Exchange and Athletic Departments are well written, *Courant*. How about some School Notes?

Advance, your Literary Department and Alumni Notes are fine. But why not give us some poems?

Your cover is very neat and attractive, *Gazette*. Why not add to your Exchange column by making some criticisms? That is the purpose of an Exchange Department.

Brace up, *Greylock Echo*, and give us some School Notes and Jokes.

X-Rays, your Exchanges are very brief for a paper of your size; why not enlarge it with more criticisms?





Leominster played Southbridge High at Southbridge, Jan. 15, 1910. The game resulted in a victory for the Southbridge team. 26 to 7 was the score. The Leominster boys were handicapped by the small playing surface, but despite this fact, Southbridge was superior in all departments of the game.

The line-up:

S. H. S. 26	L. H. S. 7
E. Hall, l f.....	r b, Suhlke, Little
Swett, r f.....	l b, Crane
Jackson, c.....	c, Griffin
l Hall, l b.....	r f, Barry, Tenney
Burnham, r b.....	l f, Merriman

Baskets from floor, E. Hall 5, Swett 2, Jackson, Burnham, 3, Griffin 2, Suhlke. Baskets on free tries, E. Hall, 4, Merriman.

The first home League game was played Jan. 22, with Gardner as the opponent. During the week the fellows put in good hard practice, and as the score indicates, they deserve all praise. The game resulted 37 to 18 in favor of Leominster. From the beginning it was a hard-fought game, and an exceptionally rough one. Both teams went into the game to play their best. However, as the game progressed, Leominster showed itself to be the better. The fact was conclusively proved in the second half, when with Capt. Griffin out, on account of injuries received in the first half, the team scored 18 points to Gardner's 3. Moran was the star of the Gardner team, while all the L. H. S. boys played a good game.

The line-up:

L. H. S. 37	G. H. S. 18
Merriman, r f.....	l b, Eaton, Mountain
Little, l f.....	r b, Houde
Griffin, Shulke, c.....	c, Moran
Suhlke, Duval, r b.....	l f, Weatherbee
Crane, l b.....	r f, Flint

Baskets from floor, Merriman 4, Suhlke 4, Little 3, Griffin 3, Duval 3, Moran 5, Flint 2, Mountain. Goals from fouls, Merriman 3, Flint.

The following Saturday, Worcester South High came to Leominster for the second game of the season. The result was a little different than that of the first game, when Leominster was beaten 26 to 2. This game, Leominster won, and the score was 27 to 17. The game was interesting from the beginning. Merriman seemed to be everywhere, he alone making twenty-one points for Leominster. During the halves, L. H. S. 2d defeated W. S. H. 2d.

The line-up:

L. H. S. 27	W. S. H. S. 17
Little, l f	r b, D'Ewait
Merriman, r f	l b, Curley
Suhlke, c	c, Hamel
Crane, l b	r f, Mulcahy
Duval, r b	l f, McCullough

Baskets from floor, Merriman 7, Little 2, Suhlke, Mulcahy 2, Hamel 2, Curley. Baskets on free tries, Merriman 7, McCullough 7.

Saturday, Jan. 15, 1910, Leominster High girls defeated Clinton High at basket-ball 15 to 4 in the High School gymnasium. Miss Wilbur threw baskets from all angles, despite the united efforts of the Clinton girls to stop her. Of Leominster's 15 points, she made 11. Miss Burke and Miss Grady each made a basket for Clinton.

The line-up:

LEOMINSTER 15	CLINTON 4
Miss Wilbur, l f,	r b, Miss Altman
Misses Woodbury and Lothrop, r f,	l b, Miss Cannon
Miss Nicholson, c	c, Miss Burke
Miss Kely, l b	r f, Miss Grady

Baskets from floor, Misses Wilbur 4, Woodbury, Nicholson, Burke, Grady. Baskets on free tries, Miss Wilbur 3. Free tries missed, Miss Wilbur. Fouls called on, Misses Finnan, Grady 2, Altman, Cannon, Burke.

Before the first team's game. L. H. S. second won from the Freshmen in a four to four contest, 13 to 0.

Jan. 22, 1910, L. H. S. Alumnæ defeated L. H. S. second, 12 to 2. Miss Lothrop scored for the second team, and Misses Jobses, Parkman, and Chase, played well for the Alumnæ.

The same afternoon the Sophomores defeated the Freshmen, 8 to 0. Misses Mayo, Killelea, and Paton, excelled for the Sophomore girls.

Jan. 29, 1910, the Sophomore girls once more won from the Freshmen. This time the score was 12 to 0.

The Junior girls lost to the Seniors in a good game, the score being 5 to 2. The Senior team was weakened in the second half by the loss of their best player, Miss White.

The Worcester girls won from our girls, 17 to 1, and 4 to 1 at the Wor-

chester Y. M. C. A. gymnasium, Jan. 29, 1910. Through some misunderstanding or mistake, Miss Connaughton, our captain, was not notified of a change in the starting time. When she arrived, she played only two minutes, being forced to retire from the contest on account of car sickness, from which feeling she could not recover because of the quick change. Thus Leominster missed the services of its strongest player. Miss Wilbur was the hardest worker and most consistent performer for our team. She did not make a basket from the floor, however, being so well covered by Miss Crowther. Miss Wilbur scored our one point from the foul line. Miss Lothrop played an excellent game at back, allowing Miss Bigelow to make only two baskets.

The line-up:

ALETHEIA 17	LEOMINSTER 1
Miss Bigelow, l f.....	r b, Miss Lothrop
Miss Butler, r f.....	l b, Misses Kelty and Connaughton
Miss Wheeler, c.....	c, Miss Nicholson
Miss Damey, l b.....	r f, Miss Woodbury
Miss Crowther, r b.....	l f, Miss Wilbur

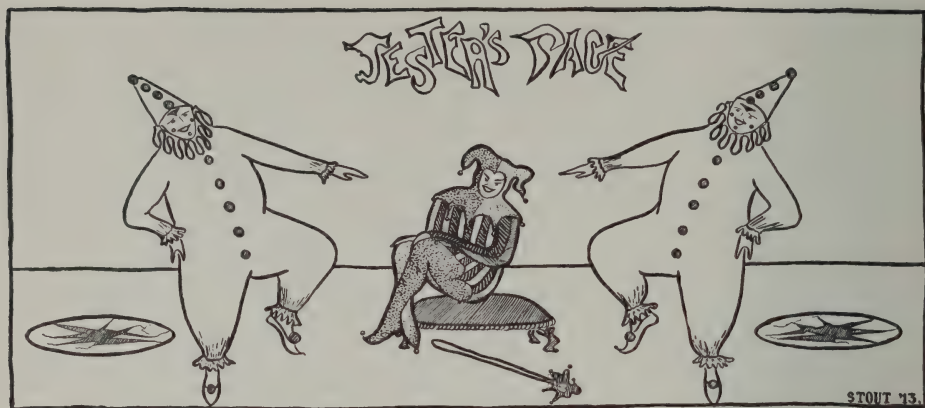
Baskets from floor, Misses Butler 4, Bigelow 2, Wheeler, Crowther. Baskets on free tries, Misses Wilbur, Bigelow. Free tries missed, Miss Wilbur 3. Fouls called, on Misses Damey 2, Crowther, Butler, Wilbur, Connaughton.

The game between the 2d teams was very close, ending 4 to 1. Both teams played a fine defensive game, and the first half ended 2 to 1 in favor of the Aletheia seconds. Miss Marshall made both scores for Worcester, and Capt. Abbott made our lone tally. For the Leominster seconds, Capt. Abbott and Hazel Reed, the two guards, played a fine game, keeping down Aletheia sharp-shooters, though the ball was incessantly fed up to them by the Aletheia backs.

Saturday, Feb. 5, 1910, in the inter-class league, the Sophomores defeated the Senior girls 12 to 0, and the Freshmen girls defeated the Juniors 7 to 4.

Feb. 5, 1910, our 1st and 2d teams played Cushing Academy in Ashburnham. The 1st team game was exciting, the final score being 10 to 7 in favor of Leominster. The 2d team game was one-sided, the ball being in Cushing territory all the time. Our girls had many chances to score, but succeeded in making only one basket, the score being 2 to 0 in our favor, when the whistle blew.

"Uncle (trotting Harry on his knee): "Do you like this, my boy?"
Harry: "Pretty well, but I rode on a real donkey the other day."—*Ex.*



An old couple lived in the mountains of Eastern Tennessee; he was ninety-five and she ninety. Their son, a man of seventy, died. As the old folks crossed the pasture to their cabin after the burial, the woman noticed a tear roll down her husband's cheek. She patted him tenderly on the arm and said: "Never mind, John, never mind; you know I always said we would never raise that boy."—*Success*.

Postmaster: This letter is too heavy. You'll have to put on another stamp.

Coon: Sah, will that make it any lightah?—*Ex*.

"Mamma," asked little three-year-old Freddie, "Are we going to heaven some day?"

"Yes, dear, I hope so," was the reply.

"I wish papa could go, too," continued the little fellow.

"Well, and don't you think he will?" asked his mother.

"Oh, no," replied Freddie, "he could not leave his business."—*Selected*.

"My uncle used to smoke his pipe

and blow smoke-rings that would cross the room and ring the door-knob."

"My uncle," said the other liar, dreamily, "used to blow some that would ring the door-bell."—*Puck*.

Sentimental Young Lady: Ah, Professor, what would this old oak say if it could talk?

Professor: It would say, I am an elm!

HEARD IN SENIOR FRENCH.

Miss Lynch, '10, (translating ils s' emparèrent d'un rocher à pic qui dominait la ville). They prepared a wood-shed which dominated the town.

Woodbury, '10, (translating le roi norvégien recut un coup de flèche qui lui traversa la gorge). The Norwegian king received a flesh wound which pierced his throat.

Miss Connaughton, '10, (translating les chefs Normands firent promener en grande pompe, au travers du camp, les reliques de Saint Valéry). The Norman chiefs walked the relics of Saint Valéry across the camp in great pomp.

THE FRESH AND THE SOPH.

A Freshy as green
As ever was seen
Approached the college door,
And into his eyes
Came a glad surprise
At the sight of a Sophomore.

"Good luck," quoth he,
"Most surely to me
The fates have kindly sent
For who can doubt
That I am about
To meet the President?"

With heart all abeat,
Yet scoring retreat,
He passed through the sacred door;
And even though death
Seemed stealing his breath,
Addressed he the Sophomore.

"The President, sir,
You are, I infer,
Of this dispenser of lore;
I'm here, as you see,
To take a degree,"
Said the Fresh to the Sophomore.

With rage quite insane
The Soph clutched his cane
And thumped it half through the floor.
"The President, sir?
You impudent cur!—
Why, I am a Sophomore!"

—Selected.

"Papa?"
"Well?"
"Is there a Christian flea?"
"Why, what on earth ever put
that idea in your head?"

"The preacher read it today from
the Bible—'The wicked flee when
no man pursueth.'"

"Why, Tommy, that means that
the wicked men flee."

"Then, Papa, is there a wicked
women flea?"

"No, no. It means that the wicked
flees, runs away."

"Why do they run?"

"Who?"

"The wicked fleas."

"No, no! Don't you see? The
wicked man runs away when no man
is after him."

"Is there a woman after him?"

"Tommy, go to bed! . . ."
—*Everybody's*.

A negro came running down the
lane as though the Old Boy were
after him.

"What are you running for Mose?"
called the colonel from the barn.

"I ain't a-runnin' for," shouted
back Mose. "I'se a-runnin' from!"
—*Selected*.

"Let me see some of your kid
gloves," said a lady to a shopman.
"These are not the latest style, are
they?" she asked, when the gloves
were produced.

"Yes, madam," replied the shop-
man; "we have had them in stock
only two days."

"I didn't think they were, be-
cause the fashion paper says black
kids have tan stitches, and vice versa.
I see the tan stitches, but not the
vice versa."

The shopman explained that vice
versa was French for seven buttons,
so she bought three pairs.—*The In-
dependent*.

The absent-minded professor re-
turned home one evening, and, after
ringing his front door-bell for some
time to no effect, heard the maid's
voice from the second-story window.
"The professor is not in."

"All right," quietly answered the
professor. "I'll call again."—*Amer-
ican Boy*.

Alumni Notes

Since the year 1868, when the first class graduated from the High School, there has been a total number of 785 graduates.

The following school teachers graduated from the Leominster High School: Miss Nellie Pierce, Miss Helen Legate, Miss Seaver, Miss Conlon, Miss Prevear, Miss Mattie Cole, Miss Helen Rice, Miss Sherwin, Miss Metcalf, Miss Florence Howe, Miss Florence Miller, Miss Edgecomb, Miss Dacey, Miss Gallagher, Miss Helen Howe, Miss Alice Lane, Miss Railey, Miss Frances Lockey, Miss Lawless, Miss Florence Lindsay, Miss Higgins, Miss Florence Cole, Miss Alice Sullivan, Miss Ethel Hills, Miss Ordung, Miss Agnes Conlon, Miss Nellie Look, Miss Daisy Wilder, Miss Sibyl Bearce, Miss Gates, Miss Hyatt, Miss Lincoln, Miss Winifred Putnam, Miss Lula Chapman.

The Leominster High School claims the following professional men in the number of its graduates: Dr. Dana Richardson, Dr. Alfred Wheeler, Dr. A. H. Pierce, Dr. Harry P. Blodgett, Dr. Martin Sullivan, Dr. John Gallagher, Dr. Cornelius Geary, Dr. Ernest Lincoln, Dr. Harry Draffin; Lawyers, Thomas Kenefick, J. H. P. Dyer, Ralph W. Robbins, James F. Coburn.

Harold Whittier, Vera Willard, and Philena Armstrong, of last year's graduating class, are teaching at night school.

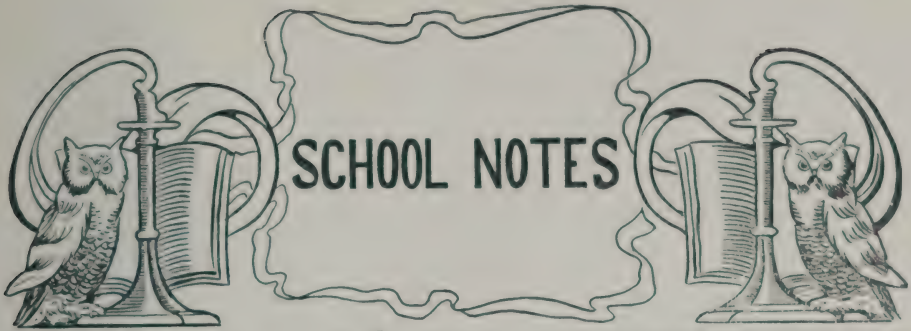
Miss Alice Raymond and Miss Ada Wells graduate from Middlebury College next June.

Miss Kathryn Wells, '09, was in town from Feb. 1 to 6. Her roommate at Simmons College accompanied her.

Maud Joslin, Everil Woodbury, Sibyl Bearce, Marjorie Pierce, Elizabeth Cutter, Marjorie Metcalf, Charles Wass, and Ralph Joslin, went to a reception at the Castle, Tarrytown, where Ruth Putnam entertained them.

Several of the Alumni who are away at school, came home for a few days after mid-year examinations, and the play given by the football squad, and the annual basket-ball game between L. H. S. and F. H. S., furnished some excitement.

"Though we be far or near,
Our school days to memory are ever dear."



Rev. Harry W. Kimball, of South Weymouth, Mass., addressed the school in the Assembly Hall, Wednesday morning, Jan. 26, giving a very interesting talk on a trip which he took through England.



The pupils of Fitchburg High School enjoyed a visiting day, Friday, Jan. 28, and several girls spent the forenoon at Leominster High School. They found many attractive features in our school life.



The excellent sliding on the many hills of Leominster has been exceedingly enjoyed by both the pupils and our basket-ball Coach, Mr. Watson.



A committee of boys was chosen, who drew up a new constitution and by-laws for the Paton Debating Club. The girls seem to lack interest in the matter of debates.



The Senior Class planned to have a sleighride Jan. 14, but it had to be postponed on account of the bad weather until Jan. 21. A party of about fifty young people, with Mr. Dexter and Mrs. G. H. Abbott as chaperones, left the old High School building for Sterling at six o'clock in two sleighs. The ride was very enjoyable, although it rained a little. They arrived at the Sterling Grange Hall in good season, and soon divested themselves of their wet wraps. The young ladies of the party carried lunches, and as soon as the hot chocolate was prepared, the lunch was served. This was followed by dancing and games; singing was also a great feature of the evening. At ten o'clock, half the party started for Leominster in the wet sleigh, while the remainder waited for a dry car. All arrived home in good spirits, and the affair was considered a great success.



The boys of the Football Team of the season of 1909, gave a play, "The Hero of the Gridiron," Friday evening, Feb. 4, in the Assembly Hall. Several girls of the upper classes took parts, and Miss May F. Birch spent much time in getting the play ready to put on the stage.

The scenes were laid as follows:

- Act I. The Campus in Front of the Boy's Dormitory.
- Act II. Harry's Room.
- Act III. Campus Near the Ladies' Hall.
- Act IV. Campus just Outside the Football Field.
- Act V. The Reception Room.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Harry Randolph, the Freshman from Montana,
Mr. Trix, the football coach,

Frank Barnes,
Fred Wheeler,
Walter French,
John Taylor,

Members of the Bouncer Squad.

J. L. Tintype, a photo. agent,
Reuben Rustic, from the Haystack Farm,
Mr. Randolph, Harry's father,
Maud Davis, most popular girl on the Campus,
Ruth Randolph, Harry's sister,
Miss Prue, an antiquated chaperone,
The Nurse,

Capt. Louis Little
Chester Roukes

Roy Charron
Albert Tenney
William Anglin
Ronald Burrage

George Nixon
Lloyd Jobs
Raymond Ladoo
Anna Kittredge
Claire Kivlan
Margaret Munsie
Edwina Lawrence

The parts were very well taken, and the audience thoroughly enjoyed the hits on some of the teachers. The play was financially a great success, and the boys are all expecting to get their new sweaters.

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Published monthly during school year by pupils of the High School.

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THE following article appeared in the Current Topics of a recent *Youth's Companion* and may be of interest to those who are desirous of lessening expenses at graduation.

"The desirability of a uniform for school children has been the subject of debate among leaders of thought in the State of Washington. The raising of the question is due to the unhappy rivalry that so frequently arises

among school children at graduation time. The aim is to make popular the adoption of some simple style of dress which shall do away with competition, and at the same time serve the purpose of utility and convenience. There is no reason why the plan should not succeed. It has long been in practise in English schools, and in some of the best-known private schools in America. It will succeed as soon as a uniform is adopted by any particular school which seems to confer distinction and a mark of differentiation from the less fortunate."

This topic seems especially to apply to the costume of the girls. Although the rivalry at graduation is not as great in our High School as in many other schools, it is sufficient to tax heavily many a pocketbook. It is impossible to utterly abolish such competition unless there is an agreement among the class members concerning commencement costumes. Of course it is difficult to find a uniform dress which will be pleasing to every girl, for we all have, fortunately, ideas of our own which express our personality. But in deciding on a graduation dress which will be suited to all, and reasonable in price, simplicity should be the emphatic word. If objections are raised to dresses made alike, the girls might agree not to exceed a certain sum. This has been done with good results, but a certain amount of rivalry is still maintained.

The present senior class, like many others, has *discussed* the question of reducing expenses. The girls have argued on the advisability of agreeing to have tailor-made dresses, but no definite move has resulted. The outlook at present is that this class will graduate like the rest in "simple" dresses. The time has already come when reforms should be started, and on account of the loss of our Town Hall, a certain modification of the regular routine at Commencement must follow. Therefore, let us make the right moves. Let us show originality and self-reliance. There are many things we cannot do, and many things we have not done, but here is something we *can* do. Let's *do* it and add something worth while to the history of 1910.

DOROTHY WHITTIER, '10.

Sia-wa-Kee, "The Silent One"

WA-HANNA was in trouble. That was evident by the short, irregular puffs issuing from his pipe, and the scowling countenance under the war-paint. For hours he had sat deep in thought in front of his wigwam, but the flash of his dark, bead-like eyes and the drawn upper lip told that his thoughts were not peaceful ones; for he knew the crisis had come. He, Wa-hanna, son of the great chief, Ta-Kee-saw, was fast letting his power slip through his hands. In vain had he tried to hide the awful truth from his people. It was of no use. Only that morning the great medicine men of the tribe had come to plead with him that he should rid the people of their curse, so that once again the power of Wa-hanna's tribe should stand unchallenged. But how could he do it? Had the curse been some terrible monster which must be killed, Wa-hanna would have been the foremost to attack it. But instead of that, it was this little dark-eyed Indian lad, who was playing so innocently before him.

Wa-hanna noticed with no little fatherly pride how tall and straight the boy was, and that he was an unusually strong child. But there was one thing that cut even his stern, Indian heart; for, although the other children whooped and yelled about him, this lad, alone, remained silent. Eight summers had gone by with no word from those dusky lips. In vain had Wa-hanna gone up on the mountains to fast and to pray that the Great Spirit should send the gift of speech to his little son. In vain had Wa-hanna's squaw strapped her little papoose to her back, and had traveled many a long day in order to dip her child in the Mystic River. The lad had remained dumb. And so the superstitious people had laid the blame for their fast diminishing power on this unusual child, whom they called Sia-wa-Kee, (The Silent One).



Darkness shrouded the woods, and all was quiet save the occasional cry of a whip-poor-will calling to its mate.

Wa-hanna arose, and thrusting some arrows and a long, sharp knife into his belt, roughly awakened Sia-wa-Kee, and beckoned him to follow, as he disappeared into the forest.

Quickly and silently the two sped down the path that Sia-wa-Kee knew so well. It did not seem strange to him that he should be following his father through the forest at this hour, for many stranger things had happened during his short life.

As the two went deeper and deeper into the forest, Sia-wa-Kee became unfamiliar with his surroundings, but he followed his father with unflinching confidence, and no thought of fear entered his youthful mind. To be sure when a night-hawk swept by him with a wailing cry, or a bat struck him in the face, he shivered a little, but it was only with excitement and not with

fear. Even when he noticed that a long, shadowy form was following him, he only gripped his tomahawk a little tighter, and made sure that his bow and arrows were in place.

After a long, long time they left the trail, and soon Wa-hanna threw himself down at the foot of a pine and closed his eyes. Sia-wa-Kee was used to his father's ways, and knowing it meant that he should do likewise, he obeyed.

It was not long before sleep stole away his senses, and soon he lay motionless, his dark, little face pillowed on his arm.



Sia-wa-Kee awoke with a start. The sun was shining brightly through the trees, and some blue jays were quarreling noisily overhead. For a moment the lad lay dazed, then as he recalled his night's adventures, he sprang up. But lo, he was alone! No sign of his father was to be found anywhere, but there where he had lain was a bunch of arrows curiously stained.

The lad stood still in wonder, gazing first at the arrows, and then on his surroundings. On every side were great, tall trees, whose branches were so thickly woven together that only bits of the blue sky could be seen beyond. Far away in the distance the scream of a wild-cat echoed and re-echoed through the forest.

Slowly the boy picked up the arrows, and made his way through the underbrush, seeking in vain for some trace of his father. All day he wandered farther and farther, only stopping to eat some berries and roots he found to his liking. That night as he threw himself down to sleep, he little dreamed how far from his tribe he had wandered.

The next day it was the same thing over again. Miles and miles of forest, with only occasional clearings. But late in the afternoon he noticed that the trees were becoming smaller and the undergrowth was not so dense. At sunset he found himself on a slight rise, thinly wooded. As he stood watching the great ball of fire sink below the trees, he discerned a thin column of smoke near by. Quickly he made his way toward it, and there, glimmering through the trees, was a huge bonfire. With beating heart he crept closer and closer until he could see the dark faces gathered around it.

For awhile he was content to watch these hideously painted figures, but soon his keen scent was attracted by a savory odor. He slipped closer and closer, and finally walked boldly out into the outskirts of the crowd.

It was not long before he was noticed, and soon he was surrounded by a jeering crowd of squaws and children. The noise attracted the warriors, and soon they, too, gathered about the little Indian lad. But Sia-wa-Kee had no fear. He drew his proud little body to its full height, and looked at the mighty chieftain and his warriors with wondering eyes.

Now Haw-e-ta-bah, the great chief of the Modacks, was in the habit of being obeyed instantly, and when to his repeated questions the lad remained silent, his face grew dark with rage. But when Sia-wa-Kee put his finger on his lips, and then pointed to the sky, the other warriors drew back, and Haw-e-ta-bah remained silent a long time. At last he spoke. "Great Spirit much

likes Haw-e-ta-bah. He sends him little son. Some day he be big chief, too," and Haw-e-ta-bah led the little Sia-wa-Kee to his tent, and ordered a feast to be prepared for the Great Spirit.

And so the days passed happily for Sia-wa-Kee. At first the little Indian children would hide from him, and even the warriors kept their distance. Gradually, however, they learned to admire his feats of skill, and soon this little dumb lad had made friends with all.

As the years went by he grew up into a strong, lithe warrior, and when Haw-e-ta-bah died, he seemed fully capable of holding the old chief's power.

Curiously enough, his early life faded from his memory, and when he did recall any of it, it was only with a dreamy remembrance which he hardly would have believed at all had it not been for the queerly stained arrows which he had safely stored away.

The power of the Modacks was increasing yearly, and the reputation of Sia-wa-Kee as being sent by the Great Spirit to take Haw-e-ta-bah's place had stopped many an Indian tribe from disputing his sway. One day, however, a hunting party of the Modacks was slain by a wandering party of the Pemmaquids. That was enough to stir the blood of Sia-wa-Kee, and gathering his warriors together, he set out to revenge his slain comrades.

He knew that the summer encampment of the Pemmaquids was many miles away, but nothing daunted him. On the fifth day of his journey his surroundings began to look strangely familiar. He tried to recall all his childhood days, and instinctively his hand went to his belt, where he had, by chance, thrust some of his curiously-stained arrows.

As they passed farther and farther into the forest, he began to look for old landmarks which stood out vividly in his memory; and when they passed into a deep gorge, he knew the place instantly as the scene where he had killed his first bear. Startled by a sudden fear that he might be about to attack his own father, he made a sign that his warriors should stop where they were for the night. Later, when he saw a scouting party being formed, he scowled so darkly and raised his tomahawk so threateningly that the scouting-party broke up, and the warriors, wondering at their chief's fury, threw themselves down to sleep.

At last all was quiet, but Sia-wa-Kee lay with wide staring eyes, recalling picture after picture of his father, the old wigwam, and his childish pastimes. He knew he had been regarded as an ill omen to his tribe, and a deep wave of hatred swept over him as he recalled the threatening scowls and lowering brows of his people. But far down below the hatred was a vague sympathy for his father as he recalled how often he had gazed long and earnestly into his eyes, and then turned away to disappear among the mountains for days.

Finally he arose and slipped away. It did not take him long to reach the clearing. Ah, how well he knew this place, dotted with wigwams! And yes, there on the right was the one he had played about so many years before, for although age had darkened the figures painted on it, he still recognized in the moonlight the dragons and many-headed monsters.

He fell to wondering who was inside there now. Was it his father, or

was it some other chief? "Whosoever it be," thought the young Modack chief, "Sia-wa-Kee will warn him, for his father's sake." So fearlessly, he crept nearer, and drawing some war-paint from his belt, began to paint a tomahawk on the wigwam. Little did he know that at that very instant the eyes of his father were upon him. With cunning Indian craft Wa-hanna was watching this strange Indian already, and when he turned to go, he sprang upon him and dealt him a deadly blow with his tomahawk. Quickly the great Indian chief bent over his victim; but as he looked on that dark face, still and set in the moonlight, a great quivering sigh ran through his body, and for a moment his haughty frame was bent. Thirty years could not wipe out that face from his memory, and there for greater proof were the arrows which his own hands had stained.

For a long, long time Wa-hanna knelt by the dead body of his son. At last, rising softly, he carried it to the river, and putting it in his canoe, thrust the frail little craft into the current.

As he stood on the bank, watching the little skiff glide down the moon-kissed waters, his eye was attracted by a bright light in the sky. And there shining forth in the heavens with radiant beauty was a star such as Wa-hanna had never seen before. For not only was the star itself of wondrous beauty, but back of it trailed a long, feathery tail of shining gold.

Long and earnestly did Wa-hanna look on this new wonder of the heavens. Then a smile crept over his stern features as he murmured, "It is Sia-wa-Kee's spirit. Sia-wa-Kee forgives his father," and the pine trees, whispering, murmuring, caught up the refrain singing, "It is Sia-wa-Kee's spirit. Sia-wa-Kee forgives his father."

HELEN WOODBURY, '11.

Signs of Spring

Spring is coming, yes, almost here,
 Her many attendants follow near.
 Pussy willows, decked in white,
 Break the spell of bleak winter's night.
 The snow is swiftly melting away,
 And the rills excite the children to play
 At sailing boats on the gutter's brim
 Till the whirlpool snatches their barks so trim,
 Then to the sidewalks they repair;
 They vie with each other in their sport
 Of playing marbles, till from the court,
 Resounding with their merry glee,
 All sad regrets are forced to flee.

RACHEL MORSE, '10.

Phil Hooper's Invention

Phil Hooper was a farmer boy,
Who lived in a country town;
He worked, this lad, not very glad—
From sunrise till sundown.
Now, while in winter the days were short
And the work was shortened, too,
Phil really enjoyed his farmer life,
With hardly a thing to do.

But in summer and fall, those busy days,
When Phil worked early and late,
His courage fell, and his joy as well,
For work he surely did hate.

"Hoeing potatoes in the sun!
Well, what do they think I am?
A boy that will work with never a shirk,
In heat that would roast a ham?

"Well, I guess not," said this farmer boy,
And then he began to plan
A machine that would go and carefully hoe
Potatoes, as well as a man.

Phil worked on it early; he worked on it late;
"Twill save me much labor and pain,
So I'll make it, you see, double-acting," said he,
"Like this, as I now will explain:

"As it goes down a row, pulled by a good horse,
In front these shovels will dig;
While this row of hooks, by means of their crooks,
Will lift out all stones that are big.
Then, this stone-crusher here will crack them up fine
And pour them back out on the land,
So saving the work, which I gladly would shirk,
Of picking them all out by hand.

"Then, next, you can see, is a line of hoes
Which all the potatoes will find.
These belts, and reels, and cams, and wheels
Are to drop them safely behind
In a big wooden box, which can easily be
Unfastened and emptied when full—
The bottom, you see, is lined carefully,
Lest they should be bruised, with wool."

Within a week the machine was made.
It was surely a wonderful thing!
But the old farmer said, as he started for bed,
"You never that crittur will bring
Through *my* fields of potatoes ripe,
And tomorrow you'll start to hoe,
In the good old way, for the whole long day,
The very longest row.

THE MAGNET

"I'll teach you to waste your time and mine
 Over things not worth one cent."
 Then he went up stairs. Soon sleep his cares
 Had buried in slumber content.
 But, as soon as the farmer was out of sight,
 Phil hastened out to the barn;
 He said on the way, "I'll have all next day
 For play, if he'll b'lieve my yarn.

"I'll make him think that I slept all night,
 And tomorrow I'll work while I'm seen.
 But really I'm going to do all the hoeing
 Tonight with my new machine,
 And tomorrow as soon as I'm out of sight
 No more potatoes for me—
 For instead of mere *wishing*, I'll *really* be fishing
 And taking things easy, you see.

"He'll never catch on, for, when I come home,
 Why, of course, the whole row will be done,
 And then he will say, 'My boy, today,
 You have really earned your mon.'"
 So Phil hurried on, and soon in the field
 Stood a horse, with a new apparatus.
 The night was quite chill, but what cared Phil?
 "There's nobody out here to hate us."

Next morning, Phil went to the field to work,
 Rememb'ring the previous night:
 "I'll carry the hoe, and use it for show
 Until I can get out of sight."
 Within a few moments, arrived at the field,
 He started to work his deception—
 When, there on the ground, the frightened boy found
 Disaster beyond all conception!

For there in the box, so carefully lined,
 Were stones, of all kinds and sizes,
 While over the field where Phil had wheeled
 There lay the greatest surprises!
 Pulverized neatly, or, rather, half-mashed,
 Were the potatoes he'd dug in the night;
 Far and wide they were spread, like a battlefield's dead—
 Poor Phil was amazed at the sight.

He now could see what the matter had been;
 The stone-crusher, placed before,
 Had carefully powdered, or rather, had "chowdered"
 Potatoes, forty bushels or more.
 While the wonderful digger, instead of potatoes,
 Had carefully extracted the rocks,
 And those "belts, and reels, and cams, and wheels"
 Had dropped *them* in the box!

The moral, I'm sure, of this story is clear.
 It may save you a good many groans.
 Whatever your work, don't endeavor to shirk,
 Or *potatoes* will turn out to be *stones*.

ARTHUR B. HUSSEY, '10.

Be Courteous

“YOU cannot judge of a man by the coat he wears.”
“Halloo, Limpy, the cars will start in a minute, hurry up, or we shall leave you behind!”

The cars were waiting at a station of one of our Western railroads. The engine was puffing and blowing. The baggage-master was busy with baggage and checks. The men were hurrying to and fro with chests and valises, packages and trunks. Men, women, and children were rushing for the cars, and hastily securing their seats, while the locomotive snorted, and puffed, and blew.

A man carelessly dressed was standing on the platform of the depot. He was looking around him, and seemingly paid little attention to what was passing. It was easy to see that he was lame. At a hasty glance one might have supposed that he was a man of neither wealth nor influence. The conductor of the train gave him contemptuous look, and slapping him familiarly on the shoulder, called out, “Halloo, Limpy, better get aboard, or the cars will leave you behind!”

“Time enough, I reckon,” replied the individual so roughly addressed, and he retained his seemingly listless position.

The last trunk was tumbled into the baggage car.

“All aboard!” cried the conductor. “Get on Limpy!” said he, as he passed the lame, carelessly dressed man.

The lame man made no reply.

Just as the train was moving slowly away, the lame man stepped on the platform of the last car, and walking in, quietly took his seat.

The train had moved on a few miles when the conductor appeared at the door of the car where our friend was sitting. Passing along, he soon discovered the stranger whom he had seen at the station.

“Hand out your money here!”

“I don’t pay,” replied the lame man very quietly.

“Don’t pay?”

“No, sir.”

“We’ll see about that. I shall put you out at the next station!” and he seized the valise which was on the rack over the head of our friend.

“Better not be so rough, young man,” replied the stranger.

The conductor released the carpet-bag for a moment, and seeing he could do no more then, he passed on to collect the fare from other passengers.

As he stopped at a seat a few paces off, a gentleman who had heard the conversation just mentioned, looked up at the conductor, and asked him: “Do you know to whom you were speaking just now?”

“No, sir.”

"That was Peter Waterburn, the president of the road."

"Are you sure of that, sir?" replied the conductor, trying to conceal his agitation.

"I know him."

The color rose a little in the young man's face, but with a strong effort he controlled himself, and went on collecting the fares as usual.

Meanwhile Mr. Waterburn sat quietly in his seat—none of those who were near him could unravel the expression of his face, nor tell what would be the next movement in the scene. And he—of what thought he? He had been rudely treated; he had been unkindly taunted with the infirmity which had come, probably, through no fault of his. He could revenge himself if he chose. He could tell the directors the simple truth, and the young man would be deprived of his place at once. Should he do it?

And yet, why should he care? He knew what he was worth. He knew how he had risen by his own exertions to the position he now held. When, a little orange peddler, he stood by the street-crossings, he had many a rebuff. He had outlived those days of hardship; he was respected now. Should he care for a stranger's roughness or taunt? Those who sat near him waited curiously to see the end.

Presently the conductor came back. With a steady energy he walked up to Mr. Waterburn's side. He took his books from his pocket, the bank bills, the tickets which he had collected, and laid them in Mr. Waterburn's hand.

"I resign my place, sir," he said.

The president looked over the accounts for a moment, then, motioning to the vacant seat at his side, said: "Sit down, sir; I would like to talk with you."

As the young man sat down, the president turned to him a face in which was no angry feeling, and spoke to him in an undertone.

"My young friend, I have no revengeful feelings to gratify in this matter; but you have been very imprudent. Your manner, had it been to a stranger, would have been very injurious to the interests of the company. I might tell them of this, but I will not. By doing so, I should throw you out of your situation, and you might find it difficult to find another. But in the future, remember to be polite to all whom you meet. 'You cannot judge of a man by the coat he wears;' and even the poorest should be treated with civility. Take up your books, sir. If you change your course, nothing which has happened to-day shall injure you. Your situation is still continued. Good morning, sir."

The train of cars swept on, as many a train had done before, but within it a lesson had been given and learned, and the purport of the lesson ran somewhat thus—Don't judge from appearances.

M. LOUISE BEELER, '10.

Jack and Jill

(CLASSICAL).

TWO diminutive specimens of the human race, the masculine specimen having been christened Jack and the feminine Jill, ascend a natural elevation of land above the common level to procure that fluid which descends from the clouds and which is exceedingly necessary to the human race, to fill the open receptacle which they carried.

That far-famed individual recognized as Jack suddenly assumed a recumbent posture in the direction of gravity, producing disastrous effects upon that part of his body which contains the collected perceptive organ of sense and which is uppermost in the creature's locomotion, and was followed in close proximity by that other specimen of humanity known as Jill, who immediately assumed the same recumbent position as the aforesaid Jack.

SHIRLEY WHITNEY, '13.

A Visit to the Moon

ONE evening just at dusk I sat huddled up by the fireplace, impatiently awaiting my mother's return. Just imagine my surprise when, on looking into the fire, I beheld the funniest looking old man, standing in an airship and doffing his cap politely.

"Would you like to visit the moon, my dear?" he asked in the squeakiest of squeaky voices.

I answered by stepping into the airship, and soon we had left the earth far behind us.

On the way upward my companion told me that he was a most devoted servant to the king of the planet, the man in the moon. He also told me that it was nothing more nor less than his airship which people had been calling a new invention, Venus, and numerous other things.

At last we came in sight of the moon, and try as I might I could not locate the earth.

My companion soon came to my assistance. "You see that large twinkling star, yonder, do you not?" he asked, pointing with his finger.

I replied in the affirmative and was told that this star was the earth. Although this seemed very strange, I consoled myself with the thought that probably I was moon-struck and that all would be right by and by.

By this time we had come close to the moon and I saw large gardens of beautiful yellow flowers, yellow trees with yellow fruit on them, and little yellow men picking the fruit. In fact everything about the place was yellow. At a short distance I beheld the man in the moon seated on a magnificent throne, and I must confess that he had more face than anything else.

As I was about to alight, my foot slipped and I fell down, down, to earth, to find myself by my overturned chair and my mother laughing at me from the doorway.

ETHEL M. PIERCE, '13.



THE Leominster girls played the Clinton girls at Clinton, Feb. 12. The second half ended 5 to 5, and they were obliged to play for two points. Clinton was fortunate, and the final score was 7 to 5 in their favor. Our team was greatly weakened by the absence of Miss Wilbur.

The same afternoon, at home, the Sophomore girls won from L. H. S. 2d, 5 to 2, in a very exciting game. The second half ended 2 to 2 and they had to play off the tie. Miss Killelea made a goal from the foul and the Sophomore team immediately left the floor, but were called back by Mr. Wriston, as they had to play for two points. Miss Paton caged the ball, thus winning the game for the Sophomores.

In the class league, the Seniors defeated the Junior girls, 5 to 3.

Feb. 19, the Leominster girls played all around the basket-ball team from Cushing Academy, defeating them 12 to 2. Misses Wilbur and Connaughton excelled for Leominster and Misses Wolfe and Clement for Cushing.

The line-up:

L. H. S. 12
Miss Wilbur, l f
Miss Woodbury, r f
Miss Nicholson, c
Miss Connaughton, l b
Miss Abbott, r b

2 C. A.
r b, Miss Gallagher
l b, Miss Clement
c, Miss Wolfe
r f, Miss Fielding
l f, Miss Sharkey

Baskets from the floor, Misses Wilbur 3, Nicholson. Baskets on free tries, Misses Wilbur 4, Wolfe, Sharkey.

The second teams of the same schools played, and Cushing was overwhelmingly defeated, 25 to 3. Miss Lothrop played an excellent game, making five baskets from the floor and one on a foul.

Feb. 22, our first team played the "All Star Has Beens", a picked team, and defeated them 26 to 2. Miss Birch, our physical instructor, made their only score.

Our second team played Becker's Business College of Worcester. Miss Butler, the Aleathea forward, played on their team, but in spite of this fact,

L. H. S. won, 11 to 1. Miss Reed played a wonderful game, not allowing Miss Butler to score.



Feb. 26, Leominster High girls defeated the Dean Academy girls, 17 to 6, in the high school gym. Miss Wilbur played up to her old standard, making five baskets from the floor. Miss Gibby excelled for Dean.

The line-up:

LEOMINSTER 16
Miss Wilbur, 1 f
Miss Woodbury, r f
Miss Nicholson, c
Miss Connaughton, 1 b

7 DEAN ACADEMY
r b, Misses Chapman
Russell, Newton
1 b, Miss Gibby
c, Misses Russell, Chapman
r f, Leary
1 f, Miss Borthwick

Baskets from the floor Misses Wilbur 5, Nicholson 2, Abbott, Gibby 3. Baskets on free tries, Miss Chapman.

The same afternoon L. H. S. 2d was defeated by L. H. S. Alumnæ, 14 to 6. Miss Lothrop tried hard for a victory, making all six points. The whole team played well, but the girls were outclassed by the Alumnæ.

The Sophomore girls won from the Junior girls, 14 to 3, and the Seniors and Ninth Graders were obliged to leave their game 3 to 2, to be played off later.



In the great game of the season, Fitchburg won from Leominster, on Feb. 5th, at Leominster. The game was scrappy throughout and very close, as can be seen by the fact that Fitchburg only had a margin of two points. 17 to 15 was the final count. Time was called a number of times for the purpose of settling disputes, which naturally happened on account of the great rivalry of the two schools. Before the end of the first half, Capt. Griffin was forced to retire from the game because of an injury to his ankle. This circumstance materially weakened the Leominster team. During the game there were thirty fouls called, eighteen on Fitchburg and twelve on Leominster.

The line-up:

F. H. S. 17
Amiott, 1 f
Bull, r f
Littlefield, c
Poland, 1 b
Phillips, r b

L. H. S. 15
r b, Duval
1 b, Crane
c, Griffin, Suhlke
r f, Merriman
1 f, Little

Baskets from floor, Amiott 2, Poland, Littlefield, Phillips, Griffin 2, Little, Duval. Baskets on free tries, Poland 7, Merriman 4, Griffin 3. Free tries missed, Poland 5, Merriman 7, Griffin 4. Referees, McCarley and Waters.

The L. H. S. 2d team played the Walkovers of Fitchburg and won, 12 to 9, in a close and exciting struggle.

Leominster and Clinton played their second game in the Wachusett Interscholastic series at Leominster, Feb. 21. In spite of the fact that Leominster was without the services of some of her strong players, she won the game, 19 to 15. It was an exceedingly close game, the result being in doubt until the end of the game. There was no time when one of the teams was more than four points ahead of the other. First Leominster would have the lead, and then Clinton would forge ahead. Crane and Suhlke played the best for Leominster, and Morse excelled for Clinton.

The line-up:

L. H. S. 19
Marquis, Young l f
Maston, r f
Suhlke, c
Duval, r b
Crane, l b

C. H. S. 15
r b, Schuster
l b, Grady
c, Call
l f, Harwood
r f, Morse

Baskets from floor, Suhlke 3, Duval 2, Marquis, Maston, Crane, Schuster 3, Morse 2, Harwood 2. Baskets on free tries, Duval 3, Morse.

During the halves of the regular game L. H. S. 2d and C. H. S. 2d played a game that was as interesting as the big game. The Clinton team finally won by a score of 15 to 14.

Feb. 25th, our high school team played a good fast game with the Mystics of Fitchburg. Although the score doesn't indicate it, the game was interesting throughout, and it is a deplorable fact that there were not more present to witness it. The final count was 23 to 1. Our second team was overwhelmingly defeated on the same night by the Crescents of Fitchburg. The Crescent fellows tallied 40 points, while the best our second team could do was to score 5.

This season there has been an Inter-class League, which is proving very interesting and also very beneficial to those who care for the game and are not able to make either the first or second team. At the present time the Sophomore class is in the lead, closely pressed by the Freshmen. The Seniors hold third place, and they are followed by the Ninth grade and the Juniors. The Sophomore boys have won from the Ninth grade, the Seniors, and the Juniors, and they were defeated by the Freshmen. The Freshmen boys have won all their games, defeated the Senior team in an exceedingly close game, which required three extra periods to decide the winner. The Senior boys' team has won two games and lost two, winning from the Juniors and Ninth grade, losing the games with the Freshmen and Sophomores. The Junior boys have lost all their games by default, while the only game the Ninth grade has won is the one from the Juniors by default.



The Leominster High School Circus

GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH

OPEN FROM 8.15 A. M. TO 1.15 P. M.

SPECIAL AFTERNOON SESSIONS

ADMISSION ON PHYSICIAN'S CERTIFICATE

General Manager,	Mr. Hull	The Unique Spectacular Fire-fighting scene
Ring-masters, Messrs. Dexter, Thomas,		given by Chief Wriston and his trained
and Watson.		fire-fighters
Head Carpenter	Mr. Leland	The Great Roman Chariot Race
The Information Bureau	The Faculty	Four seven horse chariots driven by
The Ticket-taker	Ladoo '10	members of the Senior Roman History
The Band Wagon	Jobes '11	Class.
The Lion tamer	Lieut. Savage	Gladiatorial Combat by the Football Teams.
The Snake charmer	Woodbury '10	The Clowns to be found in most any
The Strong man	Hussey '10	class at most any time.
The Siamese twins, Misses Kingman and		Menagerie
Atkins, '14		Supernumeraries "of no account," The
The Wild man from Borneo, Stannard '12		Freshmen.
The Leobigsch Troupe of Acrobats, Bur-		Peanut-sellers,
rage '11, McComiskey '13, Vaughn '13,		Pink lemonade men,
and Maston '13		Ushers,
		Ninth Grades
		The Sophomores
		The Juniors
		The Seniors

A moderately fond father discovered his young hopeful reading a dime novel.

"Unhand me, villian," the detected boy thundered, "or there will be bloodshed!"

"No," said the father grimly, tightening his hold on his son's collar. "Not bloodshed—woodshed." —*Everybody's*.

Little Charles aged four, was visiting his grandparents when one day, his grandpa told him that there was a baby sister down at his house, to which the youngster replied;

"Aw, why didn't papa get a horse?"

"Hail, gentle spring!" with pen in hand
The poet thus began his ode;
But spring obeyed not his command,
It didn't hail; it snowed.—*Ex*.

"How often does your road kill a man?" asked a facetious salesman of a railroad conductor, the other day,

"Just once," replied the conductor sourly.—*Independent*.

Stout party (who has dropped cigar): "Now which can I afford to lose—my cigar or my back buttons?"—*Selected*.

"Who gave the bride away?"

"Her little brother. He stood right up in the middle of the ceremony and yelled, 'Hurrah, Fanny, you've got him at last!'"—*Selected*.

"Don't you hate to find a worm when eating fruit?"

"Well, not so much as finding half a worm.—*Puck*.

Alarmed Motorist (after collision)
—"Are you hurt?"

Butcher's Boy—"Where's my kidneys?"—*Selected*.

Teacher: "I shall not keep you after school, Johnnie. You may go home now."

Johnnie: "I don't want ter go home. There's a baby just come to our house."

Teacher: "You ought to be glad, Johnnie. A dear little baby—"

Johnnie (vehemently): "I ain't glad. Pa'll blame me—he blames me for everything."—*Lippincott's*.

"I never saw a purple cow,
I never hope to see one,
But by the purple milk we get
I know that there must be one!"

—*New York Times*.

Cook: "I'll be lavin' yez, mum."

Mistress, "Very well, Bridget. Keep to the right. Incoming cooks keep to the left."—*Selected*.

Patient, "And if I have gas I shan't feel nothing?"

Dentist, "Nothing whatever."

Patient, "And I shan't know what you be doin'?"

Dentist, "You won't know anything."

Patient, "Well, just wait a minute till I've counted my money." *Selected*.

"How iss your boy Fritz getting along in der college?"

"Ach! He is half-back in der football team and all der way back in his studies.—*Literary Digest*.

"I'm going over to comfort Mrs. Brown," said Mrs. Jackson to her daughter Mary. "Mr. Brown hanged himself in their attic last night."

"Oh, mother, don't go! You know you always say the wrong thing."

"Yes, I'm going, Mary. I'll just talk about the weather. That's a safe enough subject."

Mrs. Jackson went over on her visit of condolence.

"We have had rainy weather lately, haven't we, Mrs. Brown?" she said.

"Yes," replied the widow, "I haven't been able to get the week's wash dried."

"Oh," said Mrs. Jackson, "I shouldn't think you would have any trouble. You have such a nice attic to hang things in."—*Selected*

Exchanges

X-Rays (Columbus Ohio), the "Christmas Will" and "A Christmas Blessing in Disguise" are both very good. Your idea of illustrating stories is new for a high school paper, and your cover design is very appropriate.

Greylock Echo—Your exchange column and alumni notes are worthy of mention. Where is your Athletic Department? Can it be that Adams High School participates in nothing along the athletic line.

We would suggest to the *Philomath* that it have two or three stories in preference to so many short themes.

Helios—Your cover design for February is attractive, your designs for the different departments are also good.

The Clinton Student is an interesting little paper. The Athletics, Class Notes, and School Happenings are very well written.

The *Breccia* gives too much time and space to its locals and deprives its more important departments, such as athletics.

Your Literary Department is very brief this month, *Courant*, is it not? It seems that the school should be represented by more than one story.

The exchange column of the *Red and Gray* is rather short for a paper of its size and material, why not enlarge it with more criticisms.

Crimson and Blue—You have not devoted enough space to your jokes and exchanges.

We are glad to find that the *Argus* has added an exchange column to its other well written departments.

MAY McCANN, '11.

Alumni Notes

We were pleased to find in the February number of the *Castle* paper a poem written by Ruth Putnam, a member of the class of '09.

During our last vacation Charles Wass and Ralph Joslin, '09, who are at Poughkeepsie Business College, enjoyed a visit from one of their Leominster friends, Robert Griffin, a member of the present Junior class.

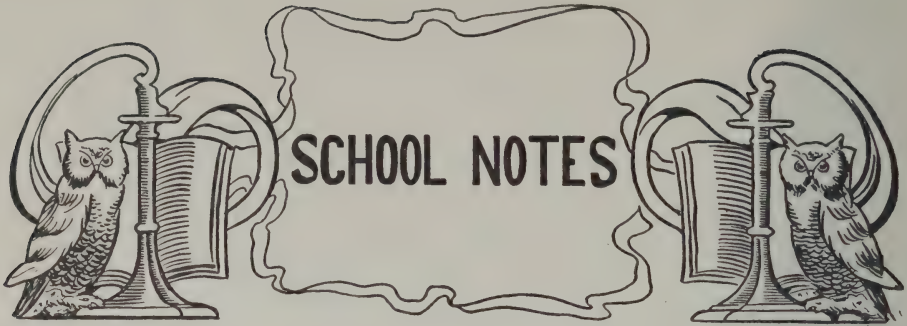
Mildred Shaw, '09, was home from Laselle Seminary with a friend for a few days.

Marjorie Metcalf, '07, read at the March supper at the Unitarian Church.

The Alumnae girls' basket-ball team has met with good luck this season, having defeated our first team once and our second team twice.

Anna Kloss, '08, visited school the last week in February, while home from college.

Charles Wass, '09, finished his course at Poughkeepsie Business College, March 2.



Sylvester A. Long appeared at the Assembly Hall, Feb. 19, in the high school course, and gave a very interesting and instructive lecture on "Lightning and Toothpicks."

Miss Richardson substituted for Miss Lockey on Feb. 25, and the pupils found her a very efficient Latin teacher.

Why does Charron have a "mal-an-tête" when he wants a "tête-à-tête" with a friend just outside the French class door?

The pupils enjoyed the annual vacation of a week the first of March.

The cadets of Leominster high school held their annual competitive drill, February 18, in the drill-hall of the high school. They have been under the instruction of Lieut. Charles T. Savage during the year, and the drill showed the excellent results of their hard labor. The judges were Lieut. Reed and Lieut. Joseph McDowell. Mr. Savage regretted that the third judge, Capt. William Dolan of Fitchburg, was unable to be present.

Company A, under the direction of Capt. Lee, drilled first, followed by Co. B., under Capt. Lothrop.

Then both companies came in and remained at ease until the decisions were given. They were as follows: Major Ernest O. Lothrop; Captain of Co. B., Bernard Garland; 1st Lieutenant of Co. A., Roy A. Charron; 2d Lieutenant of Co. B., Ralph Harris. The judges also decided that Co. A. was the better drilled of the two companies.

The Hinshaw Grand Opera Co., on Feb. 11, gave some excellent reproductions from "Lucia Di Lammermoor," "Il Travatore," "Faust," and many other well-known operas. There was a large attendance.

The famous Whitney Brothers gave an excellent concert March 4, in the Assembly Hall. All the seats were taken, and many people were obliged to stand in the passages. This is their fourth appearance in Leominster, and those who have heard them before agree that their entertainment is among the best of the course.

Mr. Hull is planning to conduct a party to Washington during the May vacation. All teachers, students, and friends, are invited to consult him further about it. The cost of the entire trip is twenty-five dollars.

HEARD IN THE LATIN CLASS: Miss Wilbur, '10, translating: "*Praecipites vigilate, viri, et considite transtris.*" Wake up, speedy men, and put yourselves on the benches.

Miss Munsie, '11, translating: "*Kalendas Maias, the thirty-first of April.*"

Hussey, '10, translating: "*Pro re pauca loquar. Neque coningis umquam praetendi taedas.*" I will say a few things in behalf of myself. I have never found my marriage tiresome.

Miss Wilbur, '10, translating: "*To- to praecepo se corpore ad undas misit, avi similis, quae circum litora, circum piscasos scopulos humilis volat aequora iuxta.*" He threw himself headlong into the waves, like his grandfather, who flew around these shores, these rocks and the water near by.

The Senior Class is preparing to present a play, "Out of Town" in May. The cast has been selected, and the rehearsals have begun.

Thursday evening, March 10, the teachers and their friends enjoyed an entertainment in the Assembly Hall. Mr. Ross, Dean of the Emerson College of Oratory, gave a very interesting talk on "Kipling," and Mr. Kenney aided greatly by singing. Friday morning, at the close of the morning exercise, Mr. Ross addressed the school at Mr. Hill's request. The pupils enjoyed the talk and appreciated Mr. Ross's kindness.

The pupils of Leominster High School are going to hold a fair, for which very extensive preparations are being made. This fair is to be held Friday evening, of April 8th,

and the afternoon and evening of Saturday, the 9th, in the different rooms of the High School building. The Athletic Association, for whose benefit the fair is to be held, is greatly in need of money, and it is our sincere hope and expectation to clear at least \$200. Mr. Wriston, the treasurer of the L. H. S. A. A., who has helped make a success of such affairs before, is managing the fair. The different classes have each elected ten of their members as the Fair Committee, the chairmen of which are as follows: Senior, Miss Kittredge; Junior, Miss Munsie; Sophomore, Miss Tisdale; Freshman, Mr. Maston; Ninth Grades, Miss Atkins.

These committees are working hard, and have solicited almost everyone in town, as well as many out. Every one is requested to feel it an honor and privilege, as well as a duty, to contribute toward this fair. Each class will have its own booth, as will probably the cadets, the Alumnæ, the teachers, and the Basket-ball teams. These booths will be distributed in the different rooms of the building on every floor, and fancy and useful articles, as well as all kinds of good things to eat, will be sold. There will probably be dancing in the drill-hall, and some kind of performances in the Assembly Hall both evenings. The attractions above mentioned are only a few of the many which will be offered. As this is the first thing of its kind that the High School has ever had, it is hoped that it may be a great success so that others may be attempted in the future. Teachers and pupils, come one and all with all your friends, relatives and neighbors. Admission fifteen cents.

Friday afternoon, March 18, a preliminary Prize Speaking Contest was held in Assembly Hall. The teachers presided as judges. The following pupils were chosen to take part in the contest in April: Miss Stratton, Miss Wheeler, Miss Woodbury, Miss Mountfort, Miss Lawrence, Mr. Ladoo, Mr. Lee, Mr. Record, Mr. Jobs, and Mr. Hill.

The Ninth Grade have had a class meeting and elected the following

officers: President, Mr. Lloyd; vice president, Miss Farrar; secretary, Miss Harvey; treasurer, Miss Hudson; class marshal, Mr. Bates.

Friday night, March 18, the Clark College Glee and Mandolin Clubs gave an entertainment in Assembly Hall under the auspices of the Senior Class. The evening was enjoyed greatly by the audience, and the class made a success of it.

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THE MAGNET

Vol. III. LEOMINSTER, MASS., APRIL, 1910. No. 7

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Subscription price, 50 cents; single copies, 10 cents.



WHAT *can* be said or done to arouse in this school a permanent and lasting supply of "school spirit"? Can anyone suggest? Almost every available method has been attempted, but the results do not seem to fully repay the trouble.

It has been said that one of the greatest advantages of a school paper is as a medium to inspire "school spirit" in everything pertaining to school life. We have based many hopes and expecta-

tions on that statement, and during the three years of the existence of the MAGNET the words "school spirit" have been constantly preached. What are the effects? We admit that there has been some increase, and that there are some few who have a good supply of the right kind of enthusiasm. However, it is indeed a discouraging and deplorable fact that there is not a larger per cent. of our members taking an active part in supporting school life.

Perhaps the trouble is because some of us do not perfectly understand what is meant by "school spirit." Well, it means this, enthusiasm and interest in all branches of school life. It should be manifest in the class-room, or the athletic field. The school entertainments, lectures, prize speaking contests, should all receive the support of the enthusiastic student body. It means to take an active part in making every undertaking of L. H. S. a success.

We take this one more opportunity to try to urge up from the soil the little seed of school loyalty among the members true to old L. H. S. We sincerely believe that, after all that has been done this year to foster enthusiasm, the seed must have started. However, it is plainly evident that this plant needs careful cultivation and incessant "watering" to keep it growing. We feel that now in the Spring of the year, after a Winter of exceptional encouragements and opportunities, as a result it should rapidly grow up, leaf out, bud, and lastly blossom into one grand big flower formed by the union of *many* single petals. We hope that our plant will take deep root and be closely related to the "everlasting" species.

It is for each one of us to remember that we are one of the petals of the whole, and just as each part of the blossom has some important position in harmony with the other parts, so each of us has some work to perform in school life in order to make perfect our blossom of "school spirit."

DOROTHY WHITTIER, '10.

Only an Ad.

“**W**ELL, it seems good to get home again. Been pretty busy at the office today.” Mr. Englethorpe walked into his little cottage in a Chicago suburb, surveying with pride his little wife and the sitting room made attractive by her good taste. Seating himself in his arm-chair, he asked, “Where’s the *Tribune*?” His wife gave him the desired paper, and soon he was deep in stocks and bonds. Mrs. Englethorpe busied herself about the room, glancing from time to time at her husband. Just as she was leaving the room, she saw him turn over a page and give a little start of interest. Then he took his knife from his pocket and carefully cut out a small piece of the paper. She wisely determined not to ask what he had cut out, but decided to wait.

The next morning, after bidding John good-bye, she hastily picked up the paper with curiosity. She was appalled at the discovery! John was not true to her, or why would he be cutting ads from the personal column of the *Tribune*?—for the slip John had taken had evidently been cut from that column.

Now she determined to find out secretly what the advertisement was; so, early in the afternoon, she took a trolley car to town. Chicago, at any time, is a busy place, but now, especially along Franklin and Dearborn streets, where she intended to try and buy a copy of the precious day’s *Tribune*, the sidewalks were filled with shoppers and deliverymen. She elbowed her way through the crowds to Hampburn’s, but there she found that they always returned any papers left over, during the night, so she was compelled to walk a block to Flagg’s; but there, again, she was disappointed. They had already sold every copy of the previous day’s *Tribune*. Next she tried Barret’s; then Storwell’s; then Clancy’s; but at every place the elusive TRIBUNE was either “all sold out” or, “returned this morning, ma’am,” or, “sorry, but we only deliver to regular customers.” At last she resolved to go to the TRIBUNE office. A walk of over half a mile down Adams street brought her to Wabash avenue, where she remembered the *Tribune* was published. Soon she found the office and entered. A moment later she emerged triumphant. The desired newspaper was carefully rolled up under her arm, and, congratulating herself on at last obtaining the paper, and entirely forgetting the really sinister character of her errand, she seated herself in a trolley car up Washington street to her home.

Once safely within her home, she unfolded the paper, comparing it with the mutilated copy. Yes, there it was in the “personals”:—

IF J. G. E. wishes to renew his acquaintance with Gladys S., let him come tomorrow night at nine to the Matteson Hotel Garden, Wabash and Jackson streets.

John Clifton Englethorpe—that was his name. Of course the G was a misprint for C. Could it be that John was untrue to her?

She determined to go secretly to the Garden, confront her husband and "Gladys S." and demand an explanation for his conduct. That evening, Mr. Englethorpe came home as usual. He did nothing strange and seemed quite at ease, but this only increased Mrs. Englethorpe's belief in her husband's guilt. At half past seven, she decided to start for the hotel, so, giving as an excuse that she was going to call on a neighbor, and leaving Mr. Englethorpe, she took the trolley and before eight was safely hidden in the shrubbery of the Matteson hotel garden.

The garden was a small park belonging to the hotel, and was a retreat, or series of retreats, among thick shrubbery. On account of its quiet and coolness, it was much frequented on summer evenings.

Mrs. Englethorpe had chosen one of the most secluded settees as the probable meeting place of John and "Gladys S." As she waited in silence a short distance behind the settee, she thought, "John will probably come down at eight or half past, so I'm here on time, surely. I wonder how Gladys S. looks. John always did have such poor taste—no, I don't mean that, but—oh, dear, why don't they hurry up? There the clock is striking— Nine o'clock, and not here yet! What is that? There they are!" But the two who had attracted her attention had entered the hotel and taken seats barely in sight at a table of the restaurant in the hotel basement. Instead of going into the garden Mrs. Englethorpe determined to watch them awhile, and so slowly approached the window. Now she could almost see the man's face.

Suddenly a fire-alarm bell rang. Out from a street near by rushed two fire engines, and to her surprise, they stopped at a hydrant in front of the hotel. Looking up, she saw that from a window were pouring smoke and flames. Almost immediately, the water from the hydrant and engine began to pour onto the building—but not all, for some fell in the garden! Mrs. Englethorpe consequently received a sudden shower bath. The garden was quickly deserted, but Mrs. Englethorpe unmindful of the falling torrents, on account of her anxiety, determined to wait and watch the couple. But as she made this decision, she saw that they had left the restaurant and were now out of sight.

The fire at the hotel was speedily extinguished, and Mrs. Englethorpe hastened away in the direction in which a hotel clerk said the suspected couple had gone. A policeman, whom she met, however, told her that bathing suits were allowed only at the lake front, and advised her not to walk the streets at night without some competent guide. Mrs. Englethorpe, after satisfying him that she was neither insane nor penniless, called a cab, and soon was being carried back home.

When she arrived there, what did she find but John C. Englethorpe, reading the stocks and bonds items in the *Tribune*! John looked up, and noticing her haggard face and her dripping clothes, exclaimed, "Where under the canopy have you been, and what's the matter?"

Mrs. Englethorpe burst into tears. "Why,—why, John, I—I—I thought

you'd run off with a strange woman, and so I went to find you out, and there was a fire, and the water from the hose just soaked me. Then I gave up and came back home."

John soothingly asked her, "Where'd you get such a strange idea?"

"Why, I found the ad. that you cut out, and I thought you'd go to meet "Gladys S."

"Well, well. I don't understand this at all. Let's see that ad." Mrs. Englethorpe gave him the advertisement. He glanced at it surprised, then, on a happy inspiration, turned it over and showed the back to her:—

Special Sale!

All next week, Rubenstein the
Clothier offers men's hose, re-
duced from 25c to 10c per pair.

"That clears things up a little, doesn't it, my dear?"

ARTHUR B. HUSSEY, '10.

A Day Trying to Keep Emerson's Ideals

JOHAN R. PLYMPTON was in his third year at high school and, by a strange coincidence, in his third quarter, when he was informed, as were the rest of the class, that he must read the *Essays of Emerson*.

After a preliminary look at the first oration, while the teacher was passing out the books to the other pupils, John concluded that it was too deep for him. By the time he was through the second one he realized that his first look was not going to deceive him.

One day the teacher suggested, in order to get a true idea of Emerson, that the scholars try to keep his ideals for a day. At the mention of this, a smile broke over John's face, as he had not understood fully the ideals of Emerson. The teacher then quickly outlined them, and John's face wore a much more dubious look than before.

The next morning, when John came down to breakfast, there was nothing he liked to eat, and he frankly told his mother so. She, having no idea of Emerson's ideals, promptly gave John's ears a good boxing.

Reaching the class-room, John remembered that he had not studied his Latin; but his "self-trust" was that he would not be called on, so he walked in serenely. However, John was deceived. He was called on, and expelled from the class for a week because he truthfully said he had not studied the lesson. So all through the day John tried to live up to *Emerson's Essays*, modified for his own use as in the case of "self trust," but it was of no use. People did not understand his motives. Thus, on that night of the same

ill-fated day when he had tried to follow Emerson's teachings, we might have seen him doing his geometry examples with a paper by his side, reading as follows:

Chester Randolph	GEOMETRY EXERCISES	DIV. I
Poor John had broken the greatest ideal of all, "Self-reliance."		
J. HAROLD CRAIN, '11.		

An Imaginary Conversation with Emerson

AS I entered Emerson's long, orderly study, which had every appearance of quiet and rest, a certain awe came over me for the great man who was seated at a desk in the left corner of the room, pen poised in mid air. He did not look up as I stood half waiting in the doorway, and for a short time he appeared totally unaware of my presence. As for myself, I did not speak, partly out of fright, partly for fear of dispelling some beautiful thought only half molded in his mind. Then, as if satisfied with the thought, he replaced the pen on a narrow black ebony tray, rose, and turned toward me. His face lighted up with a cordial smile as he extended his hand without a word. It is said that Emerson includes and excludes. From that moment I knew that I was numbered among those he includes, and it was a happy moment when I felt that I had been taken into the consideration of that excellent though seemingly eccentric man.

Then, for the first time, he spoke. "Take a chair, any one you choose. They are all comfortable, I assure you."

Soon, enveloped in a large, leather arm-chair, and judging it to be a sample of the rest, I heartily agreed with him. But my mind did not long dwell on chairs, but rather on this famous personage who, for some unknown reason, had requested to see me. I waited to learn the cause, but it was not forthcoming. Instead, that marvelous mind, supposed to be engaged in naught but thoughts of the soul and its cultivation, returned once more to the commonplace subject of chairs. Pointing to a blue, upholstered one by the door, he declared firmly:

"That is the only chair in my house which I cannot endure to sit in. It is reserved for interlopers and charity beggars only, and in all my experience, not one, however interested in his quest, has remained over fifteen minutes."

I was much surprised at the easy unbending of Emerson and began to lose some of my awe. So we chatted on for an hour or more, only occasionally touching upon the deep thoughts supposedly uppermost in Emerson's mind. It was only on starting to leave that I discovered why he had desired to see me.

As I rose to go, he said in part to me, in part to himself, "Yes, you are all that I believed you to be. You probably think it strange that I wished you to call. Perhaps it was, after all, a kind of whim which prompted me to send for you. I read your poem in the *Abbotsford News*, and was seized with a curious desire to see the author of such original lines. Yes," he repeated, "You have filled my highest expectations. Come again."

Thus, with a cordial hand-shake, we parted. Nor was I less pleased with the real character, which is hinted at all through Emerson's works, than he affirmed to be with mine, displayed in that brief poem that won for me the favor of so great a man.

MARGARET EARL, '11.

A Story about the Civil War

"**M**ASSA Eben, somebody want to see yar," said an old colored man to his master, Eben White.

"Who is it Tom," Eben asked of him. "If you are telling me a lie you will receive a flogging."

"No Massa, a man dressed in a Yank uniform comes around the corner of the barn and comes up to me and says, 'Go tell your master that Captain Bill wants to see him,' so I comes straight to yer."

"Well, why don't you hurry up and tell me who it was, but never mind about that now, go down and bring up some water for Mary."

Eben walked around the barn and found Captain Bill, his brother, a Confederate officer, acting as a scout.

Eben had him go into the barn where they could talk over affairs.

Tom got the water and walked over to the barn to milk the cows, when he heard low voices. He heard Captain Bill say to Eben that there was a Union scout around who would be valuable to the Confederate Government, and there was a large reward for him, and for Eben to try and catch him.

All went well for a day or two, then Eben took Tom and went out in the woods to get some lumber. At dinner time they sat down to eat some lunch, and while they were eating, they heard some one walking in the path, and turning, saw the scout that Captain Bill had identified.

"Hello there," he said upon coming up to them, "Could you give me something to eat?"

Eben thought it would be best to seem friendly with the scout, and then he might lead him into a trap.

"Why certainly! Come right along. We haven't got much, but I guess it would do you much better to have what is here, than to go without."

After they had eaten, Eben said he must go back to the house, and told the stranger he had better go too, so that he could lie down and have a rest.

The scout thought he had better go home with Eben and rest, so they started along. When they got home, Eben sent Mary over to a neighbor's house so that if there should be any firing, she should not be in it. Then he sent Tom to get a posse of men to surround the house so that the scout could not escape.

Tom believed in the Union and didn't want to get the scout in trouble, so when he went out, he threw pebbles at the window in the room where the scout was resting. The scout raised the window and learned of Tom the danger he was in, and climbed out the window and lowered himself to a low roof where he could easily jump the rest of the way. Tom told him what he heard Captain Bill say, and the scout partly drew one of his revolvers, it so angered him to think they thought that were going to catch him in such a trap. Tom told him to follow him, and led the way to a place of safety where he could easily reach the Union lines. When they started to part, the scout took Tom's hand and told him that he had saved his life, and if ever he came to the North, to try and find Andrew Williams, for that was the scout's name.

Tom then went and got the men which Eben had told him to, and brought them to the house which they quickly surrounded, and their leader went up to tell Andrew that he was wanted. But he found the door locked, and he yelled in, "open the door," but he heard no reply, so he broke the door open, to find the room empty.

Eben paced the kitchen floor up and down, angry because he had lost the reward so easily.

The war closed in a short while, and Tom went up North, where he found Andrew Williams, and lived with him all the rest of his life in happiness.

GEORGE SHIELDS, '14.

The Experiences of a Motor-cyclist

IN a country town in Pennsylvania there was a craze for motor-cycles, and every one who could afford it had one. John Smith was the son of a well-to-do farmer of Lyeburg. Hardly an hour went by during the day but what several motor-cycles whizzed by the farm.

John was, of course, seized with a desire to have one, and his father said he could on condition that he would learn to ride and repair it, and never sell or give it away. The youth readily agreed to these terms and was given the money to purchase one of the best kinds made.

The motor-cycle was ordered, and arrived about three weeks afterward. As soon as it came, it was unpacked and brought out for trial. The machinery was oiled and cleaned, the gasoline tank filled, and everything made ready for the start. John had had some experience on a bicycle, and so he

was able to keep his balance. He started off at a slow speed and gradually increased it. The first trial was very successful, and the motor-cycle was brought into the barn and leaned against the wall, there to stay until the next morning, when another trip would be taken, because it was now time for supper, and John, like every other farmer boy, had a very large appetite. The boy could hardly sleep that night, so excited was he over the new-comer, but he managed to get in a few hours of rest before breakfast.

The first meal of the day was cut short, and, putting some doughnuts into his pocket, he dashed for the barn. The motor-cycle, in being set beside the wall, had had the speed lever accidentally turned on to its full power, and when the machinery was started, the motor-cycle fairly flew over the ground, and went from one side of the street to the other, for John had lost control of it, until it came to a sudden standstill by colliding with a tree that stood by the roadside, and the owner was sent flying many feet through the air, finally landing with a bump. He was badly bruised, but he picked himself up and went over to see how much damage was done to his motor-cycle. He found that the front wheel was smashed into bits, and the tire was torn into many pieces. He took the motor-cycle home and, with a great deal of trouble, repaired it. After that, he was more careful, and became quite an expert at riding.

One day, while out riding, he tried a foolish trick that he had seen some one do the day before. This trick was to ride at top speed with hands free from the handle-bars. While doing the stunt, he went across a bridge on which was a two-by-four plank above the others, and the motor-cycle struck the plank, and John was sent flying into the river, where he was soaked to the skin. This time the motor-cycle's front tire was blown up.

In the fall of the year every country boy likes to go nutting. John, not being out of the ordinary, decided to go the first morning after a frost. About a week afterward he woke up to find the ground covered with frost; so he hurriedly donned his clothing, swallowed his breakfast, and was off on his motor-cycle. He left the machine at a farm near the woods. He was going to make sure that no one used the machine in his absence, and so he took the spark-plug with him. He remained in the woods all day, and when he returned a little before sundown, he found that no one had started the motor-cycle, and, to his own surprise, he, also, could not start it. And why? Because he had lost the spark-plug. Sadly he tramped homeward, alternately pushing and pulling the heavy machine.

About a week after the nutting incident, snow came, and put a stop to all motor-cycling. Strange as it may seem, John did not long for spring, for then he would probably meet with more trouble. At last, spring came, and the accidents of the year before were but dim memories of past events, and John was as enthusiastic as ever over motor-cycling. As soon as the snow began to melt, the motor-cycle was taken out and oiled and cleaned. After the roads had become fairly clear, John went off on a long trip to celebrate the coming of a new season. He went a distance of some twenty miles, when suddenly the machinery stopped. It took him a half-hour to find out the causes of the trouble, and it turned out to be the batteries which

make the spark. The batteries were the ones which had come with the machine, and they were now exhausted. Like a flash, all the troubles of the year before came back to him as if they had happened the day before, and John was heartily sick of motor-cycling. He hired a farmer to take him home in his hay wagon. Every one who saw him laughed and jeered at him, and he was very glad to get home.

After the above accident, he was trying hard to think of some way to get rid of the motor-cycle. About that time several motor-cycles had been stolen, and John decided that to have his machine stolen would be the best way to get rid of it, so he put it against the curbstone in the busiest street in town and left it there. Suddenly, the townspeople turned very honest, and all the stealing stopped, and no one touched the motor-cycle.

At last, the motor-cycle was stored in the barn loft. When his father wanted to know if John wanted another motor-cycle of up-to-date make, he answered sadly, "No."

R. F. TENNEY, '14.

Sehnsucht

Wenn im Herbst die Vogel wieder
Singen ihre Abschiedslieder
 Und uns dann verlassen,
Wenn das Laub zur Erde fällt,
Kalt und trube wird die Welt—
 Kann dann vor Sehnsucht kaum mich lassen.

Wenn Verzagung kommt ins Herz,
Falsche Freunde treulos fehlen,
 Unglück folgt mir Schritt für Schritt;
Wenn vergeblich ich den Schmerz
Mit heit 'rer Mien' such zu verhehlen—
 Sehnsucht folgt mir Tritt für Tritt.

Sehnsucht nach der Liebe Land,
Wo die Treu' allein nur waltet
 Und die Falschheit ist verbannt
Wo Licht und Wahrheit Hand in Hand
Vollkommnes ew'ges Glück gestaltet
 Und Gram und Schmerz ist unbekannt.

MARIE H. DRAHEIM.

When My Ship Comes In

AS this phrase is popularly construed to mean "When I get rich," I will here endeavor to portray what I should do in the case of any such happy event taking place.

I would first give largely to any charitable propositions which might come before my notice, to gain for myself a name among the prominent men in the country. This would probably take upwards of ten years.

After this was accomplished, I would turn my attention to suppressing certain flagrant abuses now running rife in our social system. I would overlook the crime against the criminal, the crime against the animal, and many other similar pernicious existing conditions, and turn my attention to the crime against the school-child, which is a great cancer gnawing at the heart of the present American school-system, and should be changed.

It is the custom of having drawing, singing, physical culture and manual-training a part of the compulsory education that is forced on every child from the time he goes to school up to the time he reaches the age of fourteen years. The first three of these nuisances are merely a fifth wheel, useless appendages like an elephant's tail. They consume much valuable time and money, and are absolutely useless, therefore they should go. Not so the fourth. It is worse than useless sin and shame, for it is SLAVE LABOR, nothing more nor less. The pupils are forced to the manual-training rooms by the truant officer, backed up by the police, the militia, the regular army, or any one else that he may call to his aid. There they are made to labor without pay, the products of which labor are sold for money, which they do not get. What is this but involuntary, unpaid labor? Therefore, the sooner this evil is stamped out, the better for the youth of America.

W. S. PLATT.

His Change of Mind

"NO, Jack. I don't think you can go. I would like to have you, my boy, but you are hardly old enough to undertake such a journey."

The speaker was a Major at a fort upon the western frontier of Colorado and as he spoke, he looked tenderly at his fifteen year old son.

The boy had asked his father's permission to go the next week on a

dangerous journey with a company of about seventy-five soldiers to a fort nearly two hundred miles distant.

Since the death of the lad's mother the Major had been more watchful than ever for his son's safety. While careful not to make his son less brave and manly, he hesitated to give him permission to run into what was apparently certain danger, when he was not near to help him.

That afternoon a small party of soldiers were going to visit some companions in a near-by town, and Jack, with his father, were of the party. Just before nightfall they started on the return journey, feeling secure, as no uprising of the Indians had been heard of for some time. The men with their Indian guide, were in high spirits, singing and telling many amusing stories of their experiences with the Indians. About four miles from the fort, in the midst of a song, a shot rang out, and instantly all were alert.

"Injun no like this," said the guide.

"Men," said the Major, "do your best, and if necessary, we'll sell our lives dearly."

Crack! Crack! The rifles of the soldiers and those of the hostile Indians rang out upon the stillness of the western plain. Although the soldiers fought hard and bravely, they were at last overpowered. The survivors were taken captive, and for two days, their enemies, who outnumbered them three to one, kept close watch over them. On the third day, Jack said to his father, "Dad, I'm small, and tonight after dark I'm going to escape and go to the fort for aid."

"Better not, my boy," said the Major, "you'll be—."

"Stop talk, Injun kill," interrupted a dusky warrior, raising his tomahawk threateningly.

At midnight, when all was still, a dark form stole from a wigwam and cautiously crept away. To him, upon whom so many lives depended, each sound seemed a pursuing redskin; each shadow a painted warrior. At last, after what seemed ages to Jack, he arrived at the edge of the small tract of trees—and reached the ponies. In a second, with trembling hands, Jack had untied one, and in less than a moment, was on its back and galloping toward help. Reaching the fort, he told his story, and immediately all was hurry, and a few minutes later they started post-haste for the Indian encampment, led by Jack. Stealing up quietly they easily overpowered the Indians who were not prepared for such a surprise. They now returned to the fort, in their turn, taking the Indian captives. Just before reaching the gate, Jack reeled, and would have fallen, if his father's outstretched arms had not caught him.

The next day, Jack's father was sitting by his bed when Jack regained consciousness. Seeing his father there, Jack said, "Are they all safe, Dad?"

"Yes, my boy," answered the Major, "all safe."

Then in a moment, in a voice which he vainly strived to control, "All safe." Then he added, "Get rested soon, my boy, for I want you to be strong enough to go with the other men on that expedition next week."

Exchanges

In the Easter edition of the *Student*, (Clinton High School) we find that they have received but two editions of the MAGNET. Does our MAGNET fail to reach you regularly? Kindly let us know. This number of your paper is very good indeed. It contains many interesting Essays, and also the story "The Reflections of a Mirror," which deserve mention.

Argus, (Gardner, Massachusetts), your February edition is very well written, and it is one of the best received for this month. "What Persverance Will Do" is an excellent story, and should teach us all a lesson.

The Literary department of the January number of the *Advance*, (Salem, Mass.), is very good. The Exchange department deserves especial mention.

X-Rays, (Columbus, Ohio). In the March edition of the MAGNET, by mistake the same criticism which you made upon our paper was returned to you. We sincerely hope that our error will be excused, and that you will accept our apology. The Travel number of your paper is extremely well written, as well as exceedingly interesting. Your new headings are worthy of mention.

We would suggest to the *Philomath*, (Framingham High School) that it try to improve upon the arrangement of the paper.

The Gazette, (Lynn Classical High School) is much improved, and now numbers among our best exchanges. it contains many good stories and poems. Our one suggestion would be to enlarge the Exchange column.

"Patrick, the Widow Malony tells me that you stole one of her finest pigs. Is it correct?"

"Yis, yer honor "

"What have you done with it?"

"Killed it and ate it, yer honor!"

"Oh, Patrick, Patrick! When you are brought face to face with the widow and her pig on the Judgment Day, what account will you be able to give of yourself when the widow accuses you of stealing?"

"Did you say the pig would be there, yer riverence?"

"To be sure, I did!"

"Well, then, yer riverence, I'll say, 'Mrs. Maloney, there's your pig!'"—*Selected.*



Leominster went to Gardner, March 5, to play the return game with that team. The result was just the reverse of the game played in Leominster earlier in the season. Gardner won 23 to 5. The Gardner boys shot from all positions in the hall and they were quicker on their feet than our boys. The L. H. S. team had not practiced together during the preceding week on account of its being vacation time. However, there are no excuses to be offered, for Gardner had the better team.

The line-up:

G. H. S. 23
 Flint, l f
 Weatherbee, r f
 Moran, c
 Eaton, l b
 Houde, r b

L. H. S. 5
 r b, Crain
 l b, Duval
 c, Suhlke
 r f, Maston, Little
 l f, Marquis, Merriman

Baskets from floor, Weatherbee 4, Flint 3, Moran 2, Duval. Baskets from free tries, Weatherbee 3, Flint 2, Duval 3.

Southbridge was scheduled to play in Leominster, March 12th, but on the night before, Manager Lee received word that the team had disbanded and would not appear. Every effort was made to secure another game, but it was not arranged. The second team played the Walkovers of Fitchburg, and a close interesting game was the result, Fitchburg winning 15 to 14. Little and Duval played a good game for Leominster, while Ducharme worked hard for the Walkovers.

On the same night the L. H. S. freshmen played the Shirley H. S. team. The score 45 to 0 indicates the severe drubbing that was applied to the Shirley team. Capt. Hastings made thirteen baskets from the floor for the 1913 team.

The last basketball game of the Wachusett league was played in the Y. M. C. A. of Fitchburg, March 19. The old rivals, Fitchburg and Leominster, were the contestants. A walkover for Fitchburg was looked for, because during the week some of Leominster's strongest players deserted the team and their places had to be filled with new men. With this handicap Leominster gave a good account of itself, holding the score down to

22 to 11. Especial praise is due Crain and Duval for the fine work they did in holding down the fast Fitchburg forwards. By winning this game Fitchburg secured the championship of the interscholastic league.

The line-up:

F. H. S. 22	L. H. S. 11
Amiott, l f	r b, Duval
George, Woods, r f	l b, Crain
Littlefield, c	c, Marquis, Garland
Poland, l b	r f, Hastings
Phillips, r b	l f, Maston

Baskets from floor, Amiott 3, Littlefield 2, Poland 2, Phillips 2, Duval 2, Garland. Baskets on free tries, Poland 4, Duval 5.

The final standing of the Wachusett interscholastic league is as follows:

	WON	LOST	POINTS
Fitchburg	5	1	83
Gardner	4	2	66
Leominster	2	4	33
Clinton	1	6	16

The sophomore class is the first to have its class numerals engraved on the beautiful basketball trophy, for 1912 defeated the freshmen in the final game of the inter-class league. At the end of the schedule the freshmen and sophomores were tied for the championship, and an extra game was necessary. This the sophomores won. However, it was only after a hard effort. Two overtime periods were required before the sophomore girls' team threw the winning basket.

March 19, L. H. S. girls won from the Alumnæ, in basketball, at the high school gym. Earlier in the season our girls were defeated by the Alumnæ 8 to 7. This time the tables were turned and L. H. S. won 9 to 8 in an exceedingly interesting game.

On account of an injury received in the Dean game Miss Wilbur could not play. Miss Woodbury played very well as did also Misses Nicholson and Connaughton. Miss Jobes excelled for the Alumnæ.

The same afternoon L. H. S. 2d won from Becker's Business College 6 to 1. Miss Killealea, who took Miss Lothrop's place, and Miss Reed played the best for Leominster, and Misses Butler and Lynch for Worcester.

The line-up:

L. H. S. 6	Worcester 1.
Miss Killealea, r f	l b, Miss Beauregard
Miss Cook, l f	r b, Miss Lynch
Miss Gruber, c	c, Misses Mill and Smith
Miss Reed, lb	r f, Miss Butler
Miss Kelty, r b	l f, Miss Wilder

Baskets from floor, Misses Killealea, Gruber. Baskets on free tries, Misses Killealea 2, Butler. Free tries missed, Miss Killealea 2. Referees, Watson and Mulcahy.

In the last game of the season L. H. S. was again defeated by the champion Aletheia team.

It was the fastest and roughest game of the season. Until the last five minutes Leominster was ahead, and it looked like a victory for L. H. S. However, Worcester did not see things that way and Misses Butler and Lynch each made a basket. The final count was 4 to 1.

The Leominster girls showed a marked improvement over their former games with Aletheia. Their team work was excellent. The girls had some hard luck, especially Miss Abbot, whose shots, time after time, rolled around the edge of the basket and then fell off. Toward the last Miss Wilbur was forced to retire on account of her arm, and Miss Lothrop took her place.

The second teams of the same schools played a very close game between the halves. This game was cleaner, thus more enjoyable to watch. Miss Lothrop made a basket in the first half which was the only score made by either side.

GIRLS' BASKET-BALL STATISTICS.

	NO. BASKETS	FREE TRIES	TOTAL POINTS
Miss Wilbur	19	13	51
Miss Lothrop	14	12	40
Miss Nicholson	12		24
Miss Cook	7		14
Miss Woodbury	6		12
Miss Connaughton	5		10
Miss Gruber	5		10
Miss Abbot	3	1	7
Miss Killealea	1	5	7
Miss Kelty	3		6
Miss Smith	2		4
Miss Reed	1		2
Totals,	78	31	187
		Opponents	115

Number of games played, 22

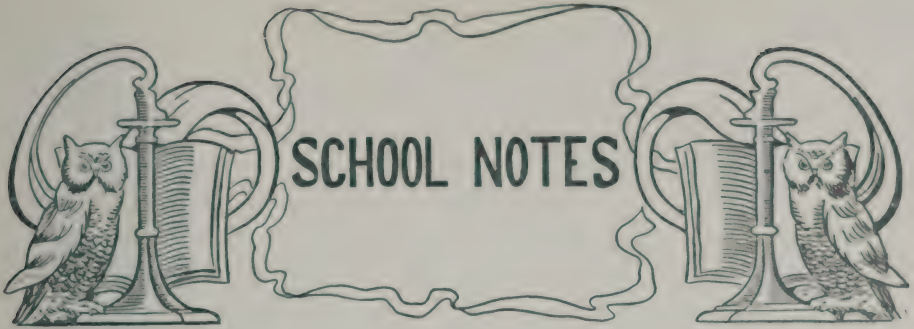
Number of games won, 13.

BOYS' BASKET-BALL STATISTICS.

The results of the basket-ball games for the season '09-'10 have been as follows:

L. H. S.	2	Worcester South H. S.	26
21		Becker's Business College	5
24		L. H. S. Alumni	21
35		Worcester Boys' Club	17
12		Clinton H. S.	22
7		Southbridge H. S.	26
37		Gardner H. S.	18
27		Worcester S. H. S.	17
15		Fitchburg H. S.	17
19		Clinton H. S.	15
23		Mystics	1
5		Gardner H. S.	23
11		Fitchburg H. S.	22

Games won, 7; games lost, 6. Total points scored by Leominster, 238; by opponents,



The sweaters have come which were purchased with the money cleared from the foot-ball play, "The Hero of the Gridiron." The boys of the first and second teams have them, and are very much pleased and entirely satisfied with them.

George F. Nixon has been promoted to the position of Adjutant in Military Drill.

At the close of a basket-ball season, not wholly successful financially, and in the matter of victories and our standing in the Wachusett Interscholastic League, the track and baseball season has commenced. At first, but few responded, but after Coach Watson's stirring appeal for more volunteers, our old stars, as well as some of the under-class men, who it is hoped will soon turn out to be such, have come out for practice. It now remains with us all, girls, boys and faculty, to clear up the old records and show that L. H. S. is still something to be proud of.

The Fourth Annual Prize-speaking Contest was held in the Assembly Hall, April 2. A very successful program was carried out which consisted

of readings by five boys and five girls, a piano selection by Miss Monroe, '10, a cornet selection by Mr. Powers, '13, and a violin solo by Miss Beeler. The prizes, five dollar gold pieces, were awarded by Superintendent Thomas E. Thompson to Edwina Lawrence and Lloyd Jobes. Honorable mention was given to Helen Woodbury, Nellie Stratton and Raymond Ladoo, and the others did very well. The judges were the school committee and Superintendent of Schools, Thomas E. Thompson.

Mr. Hull gave a very interesting lecture on "Washington, Our National Capital," accompanied by stereopticon views of Washington from the Horace K. Turner Art Co.

Friday, April 1, during the recitations of the second period, teachers and pupils were suddenly aroused by the sound of the fire gong. In a very short time the building was left vacant, and the second gong announced that it was merely a drill, and it was time to resume lessons.

After the fire-drill a short time ago, Mr. Richardson, '11, was called upon to recite a quotation from

Goldsmith's "Deserted Village."
His recitation began thus:

"Sweet was the sound,—when oft at even's
close"—



The Leominster High School Fair turned out to be a great success in every way. Many thanks are due to teachers, scholars, and contributors, in fact, every one who helped in any way. The amount cleared for the L. H. S. A. A. treasury was \$476.86.

Full accounts have been in the daily papers from day to day, so it is necessary to add but little in these columns. Each of the classes of the High School had a booth, appropriately trimmed with the class colors. The Ninth Grade also had a table, and the candy table, to which all the classes contributed, was a well patronized booth. With the unique idea of a German restaurant, the "Rathskellar," on the stage, the Assembly Hall was indeed a pretty sight on the evening of April eighth, and afternoon and evening of April ninth.

Down stairs, ice-cream was sold at the luncheon counter by the cadets, and dancing was going on most of the time in the drill hall. Another attractive feature of the Fair was the grab-bag in the form of a baby-carriage wheeled about by Mr. Jobes, '11. This was well patronized by old, as well as young. On the top floor many people were interested in hearing wireless messages, although they could not understand them. Fortunes were told in the principal's office for a short time Saturday evening. In this way, the different parts of the building were used, showing off our beautiful High School very advantageously.

This Fair has had many fine re-

sults. First, it has put a good sum of much-needed money in the L. H. S. A. A. treasury. Second, it has shown us what ready, willing, friends we have, both in and out of town. And third, it has shown the pupils what excellent results may be obtained by a little hard work. If this sort of thing becomes an annual affair, as is quite probable, an even greater success is anticipated in the future, and we may be assured that the first one has made a good start. Especially are thanks due to Mr. Wriston, who so painstakingly and systematically managed the affair.



HEARD IN JUNIOR ENGLISH: The class was studying the "Sir Roger De Coverly Papers" and the conversation centred about the essay on the "Hunt." As you all know, Sir Roger and his companions were pursuing a hare.

Teacher: Miss B., can you tell me who came first in the hunt?

Miss B., '11: The hare.



Miss Abbott, '10. Sie wissen anch, wie sehr ich mein weib liebe, ich habe sie heute nach langer Trennung wieder gesehen. You know also, how very much I love my wife, I have seen here again today after a long vacation.



The school-room was very noisy, and one of the teachers on the second floor, becoming excited, exclaimed, "I want this stalking topped."



Miss Brooks tells us that Milton wrote "Lycidas" to celebrate the death of Edward King.



When Miss Beeler, '10, spells
"rustle" R-U-S-S-E-L, what Russell
do you suppose she is thinking of?

If a man from Poland is a Pole,
Is a man from Holland a Hole?

Mark Twain once asked a neighbor if he might borrow a set of his books. The neighbor replied ungraciously that he was welcome to read them in his library, but he had a rule never to let his books leave his house. Some weeks later, the same neighbor sent over to ask for the loan of Mark Twain's lawnmower.

"Certainly," said Mark, "but since I make it a rule never to let it leave my lawn, you will be obliged to use it there.—*Selected.*

(Heard at a recent dance). "Sydney, dear, Mrs. Dryer and I are very thirsty. Won't you take us over and give us a punch?"

Waiter (to departing customer in fashionable restaurant): How did you find the steak tonight, Mr. Jenks?

Sarcastic Customer: Oh, easy enough; I brought a spy-glass with me.—*N. Y. Times.*

Teacher: What are the parts of speech?

Harold: The mouth, teeth, tongue, voice, palate, and bronchial tubes.

A MISPELLED TAIL.

A little buoy said "Mother deer,
May I go out to play?
The son is bright; the heir is clear;
Owe, mother, don't say neigh."

"Go forth, my sun," the mother said;
His ant said, "Take ewer slay,
Ewer gneiss new sled awl painted red;
But do not lose your weigh."

"O, know!" he cried, and sot the street
With hart sew full of glee.
The weather changed, and snow and sleet
And reign fell fierce and free.

Threw snowdrifts grate, threw waterpool,
He flue with might and mane.
Said he, "Though eye wood walk bye rule,
Eye may not ride, 'tis plane."

"I'de like to meat some kindly sole,
For here gnu dangers weight,
And yonder stairs a treacherous whole;
Two sloe has been my gate.

"A peace of bred, a gneiss hot stake,
Eye'd chew if eye were home;
This crewel fair my hart will brake;
I love not thus to Rome.

"I'm week and pail; I've mist my rode,"
But here a cart came passed.
He and his sled were safely toad
Back to his home at last.

—*Selected.*

"Is there any soup on the bill of fare?"

"No, sir; there was, but I wiped it off."—*Ex.*

Casey: Ye're a har-rd worruker, Dooley; how many hods o' morthur have yez carried up that ladder th' day?

Dooley: Whist, man! I'm foolin' th' boss. I've carried the same hod-ful up an' down all day, an' he thinks I'm worrukin'!—*The Independent.*

The teacher had given the class one-half an hour to learn the first stanza of *Thanatopsis*.

Every one accomplished the task easily, and recited it glibly when called upon, except the boy at the foot of the class.

He couldn't even remember the first line, and the teacher, wearied and out of patience, burst out with: "What is your head for, anyway?"

The boy was astonished at this new question, but after deliberating a moment, his face lit up and he answered: "To keep my collar on, sir."
—*American Boy.*

Sophomore: (reading a theme on "The Progress of Becoming a Criminal"). A child begins by taking the small things—

English Teacher: Taking what small things? Smallpox and measles?

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ALTHOUGH we have a great variety of subjects to choose from in our High School course, there is one important subject which is not included, and which it seems ought to be. That is physiology. We confess that most of us now have plenty of lessons to keep us busy, but we feel that a course in physiology would be very valuable to many in our school. Especially for those girls who are preparing for Normal School, this science is a great help. Therefore, since the introduction of

the study of physiology in our course of elective studies would serve to further benefit our pupils, we hope next year that this science will be offered.



We find that there are some members of the Alumni who are still interested in our paper, and we take the opportunity this month to thank Miss Chapin, of the class of '09, for the story which she contributed, and which we print in this issue.

DOROTHY WHITTIER, '10.

The Rose and the Pansies

A beautiful rose in the garden grew,
A belle indeed, and haughty, too,
She smoothed her gown with airy grace
And in glistening raindrops bathed her face.
Her dew mirror well befitted a queen
As also did her robe's bright sheen.
But near the rose some pansies grew
Of modest nature and sober hue
Whom the rose considered of little worth
And sneered as she spoke of their lowly birth.
She told how the mistress admired her bud
When a storm had spattered the pansies with mud,
But the rose's triumph ended that day,
For the mistress brought a friend that way
And when she came to the pansy bed
She stopped a moment and then she said,
"I'll give you pansies, the emblem of thoughts,
Which hide no thorns 'neath their open hearts."

RACHEL W. MORSE, '10.



The Professor Plays Football

PROFESSOR AIKEN was sitting at his desk in his private office looking over some of the records of the past years when he was interrupted by one of his assistants, Mr. Thurston, who rushed into the office.

"Now Mr. Aiken, this brutal game football, must stop. It's a disgrace to the school. It must be stopped. Brown's wrist was broken yesterday, and just about a half an hour ago, Lester broke two ribs. Now if this keeps up, it will spoil the reputation of the school. I say it *must* stop."

"Mr. Thurston, I know that Brown's wrist was broken, but I hope your reports of Lester's misfortune are not true."

"What do you mean! Didn't I see the players all pile on Lester, and didn't I hear him groan and see him carried off the field?"

"Yes? but yet I hope his injuries are not as severe as you think."

"They are, and he is in the hospital now, and the doctors were working over him when I left and came to you about it."

"Mr. Thurston, you are too easily excited. Football did a good thing for our school, because if it were not for our success in football and some of the other sports, our school would not be so well known."

"But, Mr. Aiken, the parents of the scholars send their sons here for us to teach them in a course of study, and not how to be brutal."

"Football is not brutal, and there is not a better game known to harden and develop a boy's muscles, and it is good for us all. Tomorrow afternoon at three o'clock I'm going out in a suit to play against the first team."

"Mr. Aiken, don't do this, for you will meet with misfortune."

"Oh, no, I shan't."

In some way it was discovered that Professor Aiken was going to play on the second team against the first, and at three o'clock the field was crowded with students.

About five minutes past three, Mr. Aiken arrived on the field. He had a pillow tied about his waist, and a baseball mask over his face. Immediately the captain of the second team put Mr. Aiken in at right half back and explained the signals to him. At the kick off the ball came to Mr. Aiken who, eagerly catching it, started to run. However, he had not gone five yards when he was tackled and thrown to the ground. When he was helped to his feet, his false teeth were missing, and a long search for them proved of no avail. In the next down his wind was knocked out, but he soon recovered. In the following play, his number was called to run with the ball, but when he saw the players coming for him, he turned about and ran towards his own goal. Hardly had he crossed the line when he fell to the ground exhausted, and was soon carried off the field.

Two days later Professor Aiken was sitting up for the first time, when Mr. Thurston called on him.

"Mr. Aiken, now don't you think it time to stop football?"

"No, indeed! Didn't you see me make that touchdown? I guess I can show those fellows how to play football yet."

HOWARD D. CORKUM, '12.

Esther and Her Talking Doll

ESTHER had evidently gotten out of the wrong side of the bed for she had been fretting continuously all the morning. Her mother, Mrs. Merrie, was hurrying a belated ironing out of the way for she soon had to begin preparations for dinner, and as it happened, her husband was to bring home a guest, a very influential man from Tennessee. She had become quite disgusted with Esther and had sent her out to play. Mrs. Merrie finished her ironing, and soon dinner was under way. When everything was started, she dropped into a rocking chair.

"Yes, I guess I am nearly tuckered out," she sighed. "I don't see why Henry had to telephone up and say he was going to bring some one home for dinner. It always happens when I've loads of work to do, but I don't suppose he cares as long as I make a good appearance before his company." And thus her thoughts ran on.

The Merries lived in a comfortable little house of five rooms. It was situated in a suburban town on an avenue both sides of which were lined with large, stately, old elms. One of the rooms of this comfortable house was finished off as a den in which Mr. Merrie, who was an architect, kept all of his valuable papers which were not left at his office. And here also he was accustomed to discuss affairs with his business associates.

In the meanwhile, Esther having sauntered out into the yard, was rapidly turning over the events of the morning in her small mind. The first thing that troubled her was that her mother had scolded her for sticking her fingers into the bread-dough after it was in the tin ready for baking. Then she had attempted to assist her mother in the ironing, and had burned her finger. Yes, truly, she was not much use in the world.

Suddenly, she heard the familiar tune of "Harrigan" being ground out on a hand-organ in a near-by street. Esther's mother had forbidden her to follow a hand-organ, but Esther remembered that it was only the other day when her mother was telling her about a little boy who went out searching for the pots of gold used to hold down the ends of the rainbow. The story was still fresh in her mind, and why couldn't she be just like the little boy in the story, only instead of hunting for a pot of gold, she would hunt for a hand-organ? She slipped quickly out of the gate and soon was speeding away down the avenue in search of the hand-organ. She went from one street to another, following the sound of the music, but the farther away she walked, the farther away the music seemed to be. Her little feet got weary, everything was all strange to her, even the children around her. Her tired eyes spied a park ahead of her, and here, thought she to herself, she would wait for the coming of a fairy who would lead her home the way they did in the book. She entered the park and sat down on a bench which was under pine trees. It was shady and cool, and to her the near-by fountain played the music of the Sandman. Her little head dropped lower and lower, and she was soon fast asleep.

She was not long alone in the park, however, for a flashily-dressed woman accompanied by a man entered.

"Are you sure you saw her come here?" anxiously inquired the man.

"Well, I don't think it's likely I would make a mistake after I've been watching the house for two days waiting for a chance to follow her. Gee! Chip, I nearly froze stiff one day, you remember the day the wind blew a regular northeaster, and there I was out there doing your dirty work while you were in some saloon probably keeping warm. Well, I can tell you this much, and you can take it for just its proper meaning, that this is the last job I'm going in with you. I'll see you through this one, but it's the last."

"Oh! found some better partner?" sneered the man.

"Don't be gitting sassy, or I drops yer right here." The woman evidently had the upper hand of the man, for he soon quieted down and was as peaceful as a pensive pup. They looked searchingly on every bench, even on the grass and under trees—in fact, any place where a little girl might conceal herself. Suddenly they both stopped short and gazed at the sleeping form on the bench near the fountain. They were by this time quite near the sleeping girl, so accordingly they lowered their voices.

"Shall you do the talking or shall I," inquired the man, who was gazing left and right, before, behind, guarding his companion and himself from all approach of passersby who might in any way frustrate their little scheme. "I tell you, Maggie, the best thing to do is to go and try to get her into your lap. Probably she will wake up and begin to bawl the way they all do. But I guess this squeaking doll I brought along will make her quit that."

Accordingly, they approached the bench, and Maggie tried to follow Chip's advice by taking her on her lap. But Esther had as stubborn a will as most people, and firmly resolved to herself that she would not go near that ugly looking man and that homely fat lady. But she soon changed her mind, as most of us will do, when some unforeseen event comes up. In this particular case, the unforeseen event was some candy and a doll that would say "Papa" and "Mamma" when one pressed a little spring. Esther had plenty of dolls at home, but none of them talked, and naturally—yes, quite so—her curiosity was aroused. The flag of truce was put up and soon Esther was talking quite freely with Maggie and Chip, who trusted each other only so far as their range of vision permitted them to see.

They very carefully got Esther to tell them about her house, comparing it with an imaginary one of their own to encourage her on. Chip told Esther that he had to have a private room so that he could receive men and talk over business relations, and that sometimes he had to keep very valuable papers in a safe which stood in a corner of the room.

"Oh! my papa has all that, too," Esther cried out, unable to contain herself any longer. "Why just last night, my papa brought home some awfully valuable papers. Would you like to know what was in them?" innocently inquired Esther.

Maggie and Chip looked at each other, and then nodded to Esther. This was the moment that they had both worked for—the moment that would enable them to know what was in those papers.

"Well, isn't that funny," remarked Chip. "I brought home some pretty good papers last Tuesday night, but in all probability mine are worth more than your father's," trying to arouse a spirit of rivalry in Esther, so that she would tell him the superiority of her father's papers.

"Oh, I don't believe yours could be more valuable than my papa's are. Why! His are about the plans of the new Opera House," exclaimed Esther.

"By George! I wonder if they're anything like mine," said Chip, trying to see an imaginary safe with some imaginary papers in it.

"I guess I could get them for you. Pa was showing ma one day how to open the safe and I was peeking over mamma's shoulder. I remember, you only turn the pointer once to the left, and then to the right, and then pull awfully hard, and the door flies open. I can remember once when I was pulling on it—it suddenly came back, and before I knew it, mamma was picking me up off the floor."

"Well, for the fun of it, I would like to compare papers. Do you suppose you could get them, Esther, and give them to me this afternoon?" asked Chip.

Esther thought to herself that a man who could amuse little girls, and who carried talking dolls, was certainly all right. Anyway, her mother had been awfully mean to her that morning, and she had sent her out of doors when she most wanted to help. Then suddenly she recollected that she must hurry home, for her mother would be worrying.

"Well, what have you decided, little one?" gently inquired Chip.

"I don't see how I can, 'cause ma won't let me go out again this afternoon, and probably I shall have to put ten pennies in my bank to pay for chasing the hand-organ. Mamma always makes me pay for my being naughty. Did your mamma ever make you?" inquired Esther of Chip.

Chip strove to dimly recollect his putting pennies in a bank, but he could not take his mind from the papers. "Ah! I have it," exclaimed Chip. "You can put them in the hole in the large elm right by your front gate any time before tomorrow night. If you leave them there you can have the squeaking doll and some more candy. D'ye think you can do all that?" eagerly inquired Chip of Esther, at the same time displaying the powers of the wonderful doll.

In Esther's mind floated a vision of herself displaying the wonderful doll to hosts of admiring friends. So she readily assented.

"Now you must show me the way home," said Esther, and accordingly Maggie and Chip lead her out of the park, placed her on a familiar street, and directed her to the home which Maggie had so faithfully watched.

She found her mother just putting on her things to go and search for her. Needless to say, Esther was made to put the ten pennies in the bank, and Esther's mother thought she ought to put in about a dollar's worth, if faults are measured by money.

The next morning while Mrs. Merrie was having the *usual* neighborly chat over the *usual* fence, Esther slipped into the den, and with almost superhuman effort, opened the ponderous safe door, and took the papers out of the box. As Esther had said, the papers contained plans for the build-

ing of an Opera House. Mr. Morris, a wealthy man of the town, had offered a prize to the best plan submitted by the leading architects. The firm of Merrie & Chase had long been conceded the best for miles around. So, quite naturally, people surmised, especially the other architects, whom the prize would go to. A rival firm, whose standards were not always amongst the highest, had procured the services of Maggie and Chip to obtain the plans of the Opera House as drawn by Merrie & Chase, and success for the dishonest firm now seemed probable.

As previously planned, Esther put the papers into the tree, and thus secured her long coveted doll. Meanwhile, Chip and Maggie were making their way home, gloating over the apparent easy victory, and planning to take the papers to the office of Merrie & Chase's rival in the morning.

At supper, Mr. Merrie announced that he would once more look over the plans down at his office and see that there was no error, for on the following day they would have to be sent to the competition. So saying, he went to the safe after his papers. After a moment's search he called to his wife: "Oh! I say, Madge, have you seen my papers? I thought I put them in here."

"Maybe you left them down at the office," replied his wife on coming into the room.

"That's so, I might have, but still I believe I put them here. Any way, they were good only as a first copy with which I might compare the later improved plan that I left at the office. You know the law requires so many exits in case of fire, and my first plans were lacking one exit, so I had to make the second ones." So saying, he went out.

The plans had to be submitted at the private office of Mr. Morris before nine o'clock the next morning, and even at eight o'clock Maggie and Chip felt no cause for hurrying as they slowly made their way to the office of the rival firm. After the changing of Merrie & Chase's name to that of this rival's firm, the plans were once more journeying, this time on their way to Mr. Morris' office, and they were the last ones to enter the competition.

A week later the prize was awarded to Merrie & Chase. After Esther had told her story, and the plans that were taken by Maggie and Chip had been identified as his own by Mr. Merrie, the rival firm, with Maggie and Chip, had their just punishment. But though Maggie and Chip lost in their dishonest little game, Esther still takes great pride in showing off the wonders of the talking doll.

MILDRED H. CHAPIN, '09.

Teacher: "What separates the Englishman from the Frenchman?"

Freshman: "Irregular verbs."

An Adventure with a Grizzly

BACK in the year 1849, my partner and myself were prospecting in the northern part of California. We carried beside our mining tools, only a light outfit of a couple of blankets and rifles, and enough flour and bacon to last us two months.

One day we started out, meaning to locate a very rich claim we had heard the Indians talking about. As we were crossing a crack formed by two huge boulders, my foot slipped, and I fell in. It would have been possible for my friend to have gone and cut a sapling with which it would have been easy for me to climb out of the hole. Nevertheless, he went off saying that he would send a party of Indians to fish me out if he didn't forget. It is a way friends have, that of deserting you in a time of need, and leaving you in the lurch.

After I had been in this unpleasant predicament for about two hours, I heard a low growl, and looking overhead, beheld a sight that froze my blood with horror. There, reaching down at me with paws fringed with claws like meat-hooks, was a huge grizzly. He was evidently very hungry by the way he worked at the unyielding rock. When he reached down at me he grinned such a grin that I nearly fainted with horror. He could not quite reach me, else I would have had something to faint for, as the grizzly is the most formidable beast on the American continent, and he could have torn me to shreds in a moment. When I found out that he could not reach me, I waxed bolder and picked up a fragment of rock which I threw at him. It struck him full in the face and made him draw back with an angry snort of pain. After he had kept up his pawing and clawing, and I my rock-throwing, for quite a while, I began to get very tired. I wondered if I could hold out any longer, when a guttural shout was heard, and looking up, I saw the band of Indians that my friend had sent for me. They shot the bear, and pulled me out of the hole, to my intense joy and relief. Thus ended one of my narrowest escapes from death.

SHERMAN PLATT, '14.

How the Novice Earned His Letters

THE track-meet between Robinson Academy and Melville High School was nearly over. All the events had been run off, excepting the mile run, which was the last event on the program. The winner of the meet depended on this one event, as the score was at a tie, 38 to 38. The little town of Melville where the meet was held was thronged with visitors who had come from miles around. Thousands of people swarmed into the little town, and it was estimated that six thousand paid admission.

The Robinson Academy men were already shouting victory, for who was there in Melville High who could defeat their champion miler, Dick Lang? They therefore, felt certain of first place, and that was all that they needed to win the meet. Their section of the field was one mass of blue and gold, which were their school colors. The Academy scholars under the cheer leader were enthusiastically cheering, for if they were confident of winning any event in the track-meet, it was the mile run.

In the opposite corner of the field stood Harry Marshall, a freshman, who was about to run his first championship race for Melville. He was looked upon by the coach as a young fellow with possibilities of developing into a good runner, but a few weeks before he was not even heard of. He and another young freshman were all the entries in the mile run for the Melville High. They were pitted against Dick Lang who was looked upon as invincible. The Robinson men were giving odds of 10 to 1 on their man, and at that they did not find many who were willing to bet on Melville.

The pistol cracked. It was the last call for the mile run, and the three boys ran out to the starting mark. Lang sprang to his position, smiling confidently, while Marshall was nervously picking up stones and throwing them off the track. Captain Morse of Melville was beseeching Marshall to go in and win, but he knew that there was only a bare possibility of doing so.

"Get on your marks," sang out the starter. "Get set," and then the pistol cracked. The race was on. Lang let Marshall assume the lead for over four laps, which was half the race. It was now that Lang began to show his running powers, and he began rapidly to close the gap between himself and his rival. At the end of the sixth lap they were running on even terms, and they kept making the pace faster. Marshall was loudly cheered for his plucky performance thus far, because even his most ardent supporters did not expect to see him perform so well.

The two rivals were now beginning the last lap, and they were still running side by side. They continued thus for over half the lap, and then Marshall, thinking it was now or never, spurted and gained ten yards before his rival really knew what he was about. Lang, however, was not to be outdone, and he started up, gaining back eight of the ten yards. The people on the field were wild with excitement, and there was loud cheering. There were now thirty more yards to go. Marshall's legs almost gave way beneath him, so terrific was the pace, and Lang was now within two feet of him. The Melville boy saw his friends excitedly beseeching him to go faster, and with clenched teeth he put every ounce of his waning strength into one last effort, and he fell across the line barely six inches ahead of his rival, breaking the school record by six seconds.

It would be useless to try to describe the scene that took place after that race. Harry Marshall was the hero of the country far around for a long time, as, of course, he was of his schoolmates. The next day Harry was awarded his letters for his good work, and he was presented a gold medal from the principal, who said that he was never more pleased to award any person a well earned prize.

FRANK GAFFNEY, '11.

Lorna

THE sun was rising over the tree tops of a wooded part of England, about twenty miles from London. The towers of many old, mediæval castles rose above the trees, but one in particular stood out more prominently than the rest. The spires, glistening in the sunlight, shot into the sky and seemed to vie with each other in an effort to reach it. The Duke of Merlin was the owner of the castle. He was surrounded by all the pomp and splendor of a king's court. Besides his wife, Lady Aldwyth, and two daughters, Edith and Althea, was Lorna, a sad and beautiful maiden, living at the castle. Lorna had been with her uncle for so many years that she had but a dim recollection of her mother and father. One day when Lord Merlin was sitting in his private gardens with Lorna at his feet, she looked up with large, questioning eyes and said, "Uncle, can you tell me anything of my life before I lived here?"

The Duke hesitated a moment and, after settling himself comfortably answered, "Yes, very little, but I will tell you all I do know. One dark night an old trusted servant of your father's came here on horseback with you. He told an excited story of an attack upon your father's castle by hostile neighbors, how one tower, which your father and mother occupied, had been set on fire, how he had escaped with you through an underground passage and brought you here as quickly as possible. Nothing of your father and mother has since been heard, whether they be alive or dead, which is most probable, I know not. This is as much as the servant told me of your life."

Thus Lorna had come under the guardianship of her kind and generous uncle. But her life was not happy. The two cousins were jealous of her beauty and were continually insulting her. Lorna suffered in silence, never complaining to her sympathetic uncle. In consequence she became more sad and weary of the world. Lady Aldwyth was even more unkind than her daughters, for she avoided Lorna as often as possible, and, when in her presence, maintained such a haughty dignity that Lorna shrunk from her. The Duke was the only one to whom Lorna might go for comfort and it was for him only that she was able to endure it at the castle. Thus she lived, wasting away her beauty and charm.

One night a great feast was held at the castle to which affair many distinguished guests were invited, including Sir Ralph of Ascolon, renowned not only for his skill on horseback, but for his manly figure and handsome face.

Most of the guests had assembled in the large banquetting hall, which was twice as long as it was wide or high. The ceiling was of rough hewn rafters which were partly hidden by skins stretched from one rafter to another. On the walls were also dried skins and rich draperies, besides several shields, helmets, swords, and other implements of war. The floor was composed of earth, worn smooth by use. At one end of the hall, upon

a raised platform, or dais, under a richly embroidered canopy, sat the Duke of Merlin. His stout body was attired in costly silks adorned with jewels. Here and there were groups of ladies and nobles chatting gaily but the largest group was that around Edith and Althea. While all the merriment was going on, Lorna withdrew to a secluded corner, half hidden by a drapery, near one of the entrances to the hall. Sir Ralph of Ascolon, being late and not wishing to attract attention, entered by this door and came upon Lorna. Both were taken unawares, but Sir Ralph, quickly composing himself, greeted her and passed on to pay his respects to the Duke of Merlin. Sir Ralph was immediately surrounded by fair ladies, who were hoping to please him. Edith and Althea seemed particularly desirous of attracting his attention. But, although he enjoyed himself, he could not forget Lorna's pale, oval face and large, sad, brown eyes.

During the evening the Duke announced his intention of holding a tournament two days from that time, to which Sir Ralph was invited. This announcement caused great excitement among the ladies as well as the nobles for each was wagering who would be chosen Queen of Love and Beauty. When the banquet was over and Edith and Althea were preparing to go to their apartments, Edith said proudly, "I see no reason why I should not be chosen queen."

"Yes, but I heard that Sir Ralph prefers brown eyes to blue," replied Althea.

Edith was prevented from saying more by the appearance of a maid and the sisters parted for the night, each feeling in her heart that she would be chosen.

CHAPTER II

During the interval of two days previous to the tournament, great preparations were going on. The servants were kept busy erecting pavilions and tents on the green behind the castle. When the day came for the event, the lords and ladies journeyed with their retinues to the tournament ground. The whole was of an oval form. Arranged at intervals around the lists were the tents of the combating knights, adorned with banners. The squires of the knights were also clothed in festive attire. About half way from each entrance were two large platforms, over which canopies were raised. These were placed opposite each other, and under the one, sitting in state, was the Duke of Merlin, while under the other were many blushing beauties.

It was already known who would take part in the combat. Sir Ralph, clad in glistening armor, was the leader of one party, while Sir Torre was the leader of the opposing party. When the signal was given, the two parties rushed together. After the dust had cleared away it could be seen that the lines were thin. The attack was repeated. This time Sir Ralph and Sir Torre were the only ones who remained on their horses. A short conflict ensued and Sir Torre was overthrown. Sir Ralph was then given the honor of choosing the Queen of Love and Beauty. Without hesitating a moment, he rode up to Lorna and placed the crown at her feet. Edith and Althea then burst into exclamations of anger.

"There are others as beautiful as she, if not more so!" exclaimed Edith. Then, approaching Lorna, she said, "Did you not know of this before? Had you not planned it? Did you?"—

"Yes, certainly this was planned," put in Althea.

"You are both wrong," interrupted Lorna, quietly. "I knew nothing of this. It was as unexpected to me as to you."

"Well, that may be true," replied Edith, with a toss of her head, "but I cannot say. Come, Althea." And the sisters joined a group of young people who were returning to the castle.

The hatred of Edith and Althea for Lorna increased daily. She was much surprised one afternoon, when the sun had already sunk below the horizon, to receive a summons from her uncle to appear in the banquet hall. She left her apartment with a vague feeling of fear and arrived at the hall where her uncle and cousins were seated upon the dais.

As soon as Edith perceived Lorna she said, "Lorna, you must!"—

"Wait one moment," said the Duke,

"Yes, father has decided,"—

"Silence!" he commanded, with a frown. At this command both daughters meekly withdrew to the back of the dais. All this time Lorna was gazing at her uncle, bewildered.

"Lorna," began the Duke, and she shuddered, because she knew there was danger ahead, "Edith and Althea have told me that ever since the feast you have had communication with Sir Ralph of Ascolon, and that you have spoken ill of me. You know that I despise such actions and ingratitude. You have lived here for many years and I did not think you would be so ungrateful. If all these accusations are true, I can do nothing but send you away, for my daughters may not associate with you. You must go tomorrow morning. Two servants and three horses will be at the drawbridge at sunrise. Have all your possessions ready to be placed on horseback. I will now say good-by."

Lorna was too dumbfounded to speak. Without replying she fled from the room to her chamber, where, throwing herself upon a cot, she sobbed herself to sleep.

CHAPTER III

The next morning Lorna was aroused by a movement in the room, and saw a servant carrying out a bundle of clothing. Then she remembered her banishment. She wondered if her uncle would not reconsider; but no, Edith and Althea had told exaggerated stories before, and they would not hesitate to tell more. But Lorna had no time to ponder, for the servant re-entered and said, "Everything is ready and Baldos bids you make haste."

She lost no time in preparing for the journey and started out just as the sun was crossing the horizon. Lorna rode in the middle with Baldos on one side and another servant on the other. The party journeyed through the woods, following a winding road which seemed to have no end. Baldos informed Lorna that they would have to travel all night to reach the castle of the Duke's friend, who was to receive her. Very little was said during the first half of the journey, and at midday Lorna ordered a halt, so that

they might have something to eat. The meal finished, Lorna wandered about, and found an unfrequented path, hardly wide enough for a horse. Following it, she came to a spot where it was almost cut off by bushes and overhanging trees. Hearing a rustle, she glanced hastily around and saw three rough looking men coming toward her. Screaming she attempted to run, but too late. They seized her and bound her hands. The servants had heard her cry and started to her aid. A knight coming in the opposite direction also heard, and pressing on, reached them just in time to scatter the outlaws. Then he removed his helmet, and Lorna perceived that Sir Ralph was her rescuer. Thanking him, she explained that she was to visit a friend of the Duke, and the servants having come up, the party journeyed on, Sir Ralph leading. Lorna was anxious about a wound Sir Ralph had received while rescuing her, and begged him to hurry to the nearest castle, which Sir Ralph said was that of Lord Ronald of Coventry. "He is always entertaining guests, and I know we shall be welcome," he said. He then related how Lord Ronald's wife had been instantly killed in an attack upon his castle and that it was rumored that his child had been stolen at that time.

By this time they had reached the end of the path, which emerged in front of Lord Ronald's castle. Sir Ralph wound his horn, a guard appeared, and the drawbridge was lowered, admitting the party to the court-yard. Lord Ronald welcomed them hospitably, and when Sir Ralph's wound had been dressed and the evening meal served, they drew up to the large fireplace to discuss Sir Ralph's adventures. Lord Ronald closely watched Lorna's face during the conversation, and presently said to her, "Tell me something of your life."

Lorna told the story as she had heard it from her uncle, Lord Ronald becoming greatly excited as she proceeded.

"And who did you say your uncle is?" he exclaimed.

"The Duke of Merlin."

"And do you not know me? Have you not seen me before? I am your father."

With a cry of joy Lorna threw herself into his arms, while Sir Ralph quietly withdrew, leaving father and daughter alone together.

The Duke of Merlin soon learned the falsity of his jealous daughters' statements, and humbly begged forgiveness. He had not known that any had survived the attack on the old castle.

It is needless to add that Sir Ralph married Lorna, and on their wedding day there was never a happier father than Lord Ronald of Coventry.

EMMA RAHM, '11.

Exchanges

The April edition of the *Greylock Echo* (Adams High School) is very good. It is well arranged and its departments are well developed.

Your editorials in the April number are very brief, are they not, *Philomath*? But your Athletic Department deserves the highest praise.

The MAGNET extends a hearty welcome to *The Enterprise* (Roxbury High School). We find it is composed of fine material. The Exchange Department deserves special mention.

The April edition of the *Carlisle Arrow* is a great improvement over its other issues. It contains many very interesting articles.

In looking over the *Recorder* (Winchester High School) we find that it is a very good paper. The only department which is neglected is the Editorial. The editorials are, indeed, far too brief.

Come often, *Student* (Swanton High School). We find in your paper a very interesting Literary Department. Your Exchange Department is also very good.

The March edition of the *Helios* (Central High School) is, as usual, our best exchange. Your Literary Department is excellent. We think your idea of a "Principal's page" is good.

Review (Newton High School), your Athletic Department is fine. Where are your jokes, and criticisms in the Exchange Column?

The Cushing Academy *Breeze* contains very good material, but the singular manner in which the paper is arranged might be greatly improved upon.

The Argus (Gardner High School) keeps up its standard of excellence. Its Literary Department is certainly worthy of comment.

The X-Rays (East High School). Your Literary Department is very good. Why not have some poetry and more original jokes?

The MAGNET greatly appreciates the exchanges since the last issue, although we have not a printed list in.

We would like to receive the *Arrow* (Stillwater High School) regularly, as we enjoy reading that interesting little paper.

Little Charles was looking for the first time through a pair of opera glasses. Looking through the small end he said: "Everything seems so far away. Why, mamma, you look like a distant relative,"



ATHLETICS

The baseball season for the local high school team opened April 16, when the Marlboro team was the opponent. The game was not very interesting because of its one-sidedness, the Marlboro team winning by the score of 8 to 3.

Although outbatted, Marlboro won through its expert game in the field and the ability of Hutch, the pitcher, to be steady in tight places. During the entire game, only one error was contributed by the Marlboro fellows, while Leominster swelled their error column to nine.

Hutch had a fine variety of curves that kept the Leominster fellows guessing, and during the game he struck out fifteen players. While he was successful in his strikeouts, he gave ten free passes to first base. Barry, who pitched for Leominster, struck out nine and only allowed three bases on balls.

The teams lined up as follows:

LEOMINSTER

Merrick, 2b
Barry, p
Richardson, c
Little, 1b
Anglim, s s
Duval, 3b
Roukes, l f
Young, c f
Killelea, c
Hastings, r f
Suhlke, c f
Garland, l f

MARLBORO

c, Drummond
1b, E. Lynch
s s, Slattery,
2b, Bigelow
3b, Spinney
r f, Hurley
c f, Turner
l f, S. Lynch
p, Hutch

Worcester English high defeated our high school team, April 23, in a close game. The score was 9 to 8. Although the Worcester team was ahead all of the time, Leominster pushed them hard.

Barry was in the box for the local team. He pitched a good game, only nine hits being made off of him. He struck out nine players and gave four free passes. Worcester used three pitchers during the progress of the game. All three were unsteady at times but managed to have good control at the places when runs were most needed.

The line-up :

WORCESTER ENGLISH
 Roberts, c f
 Ojerholm, s s
 Holm, l f, p
 Forsberg, r f
 Lamotte, p
 Inman, 1b
 Lundberg, c
 Downey, 3b
 Johnson, 2b
 Dierkesp, l f
 Morrissey, 2b

LEOMINSTER
 2b, Merrick
 p, Barry
 c, Roukes
 1b, Richardson
 3b, Young
 c f, Crain
 s s, Anglim
 r f, Suhlke
 l f, Hastings
 r f, Fleming

The Leominster high ball team met its third defeat of the season at the hands of the Worcester Classical high aggregation. The result was 5 to 3, and the game was a good one, many good plays being executed. On the whole our team showed marked improvement over their last game.

There were only three errors made throughout the game and all were made by Leominster players. Carroll, the catcher for the Worcester team, played an excellent game, not a man stealing a base on him. Merrick of Leominster, also played a fine game, accepting nine chances without a mis-play.

Both pitchers twirled a good game. McManus struck out ten, passed five, and nine hits were secured by Leominster, while Barry was touched for eight hits, struck out seven players, and issued three free walks to first base.

The line up was as follows :

WORCESTER CLASSICAL
 Rice, s s
 Coyne, c f
 Messenger, r f
 Carroll, c
 Keegan, 2b
 O'Connor, 1b
 Carey, l f
 Garr, 2b
 McManus, p

LEOMINSTER
 2b, Merrick
 p, Barry
 1b, Little
 c f, Richardson
 c, Roukes
 3b, Young
 r f, Crain
 s s, Anglim
 l f, Hastings

The fourth consecutive defeat was administered to Leominster by the Hudson high team. It was simply a walkover for Hudson. The final count was 14 to 2.

Clancy, the Hudson pitcher, was the feature of the game. He fanned nineteen of the Leominster batsmen, allowed only four hits, and gave but four bases on balls. Barry also did a good job, striking out eleven men, but when he was hit he was hit very hard.

The line-ups of the teams were as follows :

HUDSON

Murphy, s s
Morgan, 2b
Tarbell, l f
Kroll, l f
Richardson, c f
Manson, c f
Patterson, 3b
Eddy, r f
Bingham, r f
Wall, 1b
Hitchings, c
Clancy, p

LEOMINSTER

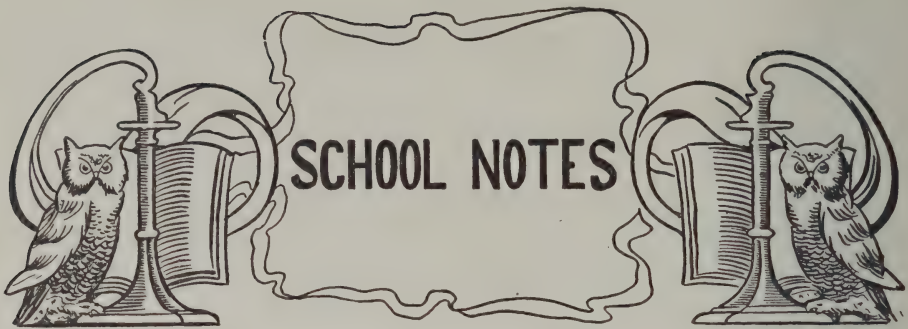
2b, Merrick
c, Roukes
1b, Little
3b, Young
p, Barry
c f, Crain
s s, Anglim
l f, Hastings
r f, Fleming

The following schedule has been arranged by Manager Bernard Garland. The games marked with † are league games.

- April 16. Marlboro at Leominster.
April 23. Worcester English at Leominster.
April 27. Worcester Classical at Leominster.
May 1. Hudson at Hudson.
†May 7. Gardner at Leominster.
May 11. Marlboro at Marlboro.
†May 14. Fitchburg at Fitchburg.
May 18. Worcester Tech. Soph. at Leominster.
†May 21. Clinton at Leominster.
May 25. Open.
†May 28. Gardner at Gardner.
June 1. Worcester South at Leominster.
June 8. Cushing Academy 2d at Leominster.
†June 11. Fitchburg at Leominster.
†June 18. Clinton at Clinton.

High School Music Classes

- "Home, sweet home. There's no place like home." *Washington Party.*
"Oh, you kid!" "Billy" *Green.*
"Please go 'way and let me sleep." *Record, '11.*
"I'd like to be your honey, 'B.'" *Howe, '12.*
"Whisper softly, gently as of old." *Room 16.*
"Did he run, run, run?" etc. *Anglim, '10.*
"Make a noise like a hoop." *War-dance Indians.*
"Won't you be my Teddy P?" *Safford, '12.*
"Oh, say, can you see?" *Garland's pompadour hair-cut.*
"Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching." *L. H. S. Cadets.*
"Oh, don't you remember, sweet Alice?" *Garland, '10.*
"Nellie was a lady." *Pierson, '11.*
"How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood." *Freshmen*



We deeply regret the necessity of the departure of Miss Geraldine Brooks from her active part in our school life on account of poor health. Mr. John Coburn is taking her place in the English classes.



Mr. Kirkpatrick of the Fitchburg Normal School gave an interesting address, brief and to the point, in the Assembly Hall, May 9.



The Freshmen have received their long-awaited class-pins. They are a little larger than those of the other classes, but are very pretty.



The high school and ninth grades held their annual Physical Training Exhibition on the stage of the Assembly Hall on the evening of April 22, 1910, where a large audience witnessed and applauded the particularly fine drills. The exhibition was carried on in a different way from that of past years. It consisted of fancy dancing and some interesting sports besides the ordinary drills. As each class appeared, as well as upon leaving the stage, their rivals and class mates showed good feeling in the affair. The drills were as follows: dumb-bell, Indian-club,

wand, and bar-bell. The dances were the Highland Fling, "Pop Goes the Weasel," Aesthetic dance, minuet, Indian war-dance and a Dutch dance. A very exciting boxing match was held between Messrs. Roger and Jennison, and Jobs and Maston. These were watched with great interest by the audience. Messrs. Burrage, Maston, Vaughan, and McComiskey did some very neat stunts on the parallel bars and horse.

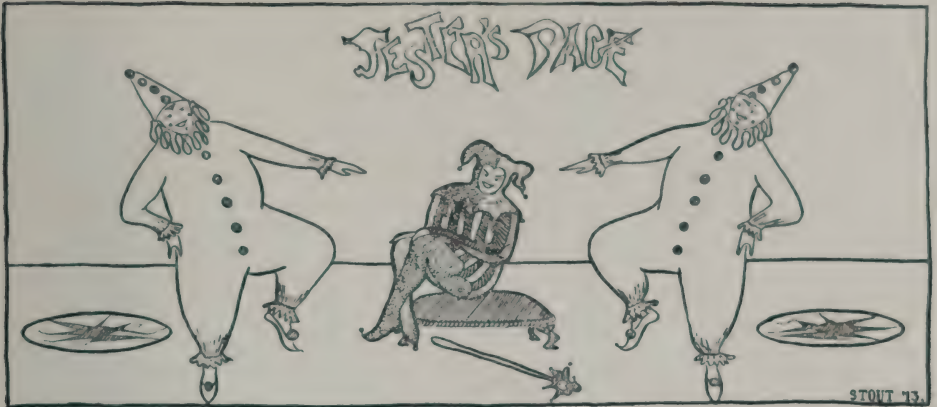
The judges were Edith B. Wilcox of Fitchburg Normal School, T. W. Waters of the Fitchburg Y. M. C. A. and J. A. Goodhue of Leominster. Amidst great applause Miss Mayo, '12, received the cup for the sophomore girls' excellent work, and Mr. Tenney, '11, for that of the combined class of junior and senior boys.



Miss Smith, '11, translating in French class, "I profess before God that I am ignorant."



Miss Skinner, '11, having come to school in a new and quite elaborate head-dress, translating, "How many cares this charming head has cost me!"



"I hear, Doctor, that my friend Brown, whom you have been treating so long for liver trouble, has died of stomach trouble," said one of the physician's patients.

"Don't you believe all you hear," replied the doctor. "When I treat a man for liver trouble, he dies of liver trouble."—*Everybody's*.

English Teacher: Give me a definition of a lady.

Sophomore: A lady is a woman of the feminine gender.

A HEART-RENDING SCENE

She laid the still white form beside those which had gone before: no sob, no sigh, forced its way from her heart, throbbing as tho' it would burst. Suddenly a cry broke the stillness of the place—one single heart-breaking shriek; then silence; another cry; more silence. Then all silent but for a guttural murmur, which seemed to well up from her very soul. She left the place. She would lay another egg tomorrow.—*Ex.*

Mistress (to new girl): Can you make mayonnaise dressing?

Servant: No, Ma'am; but I can do plain sewing.—*Selected.*

Charron (in Physics): The other day I heard a man whistle like a chicken.

Tom: I ate some of the cake she made just to make myself solid.

Dick: Did you succeed?

Tom: I couldn't feel any more solid if I had eaten concrete or building-stone.—*Selected.*

Cook: The gas stove has gone out, madam.

Lady: Well, get a match and light it.

Cook: But it has gone out through the roof!—*Fudge.*

Pat enjoyed leaning on his hod and making shrewd observations much more than he did stirring about, and the cry for "Mortar, mortar!" fell on dull ears.

"Why don't you attend to your hod and keep that man going?" demanded the foreman severely when Patrick was enjoying one of his frequent periods of rest.

Patrick raised his hod with a leisurely movement, and turned a pair of twinkling eyes on his accuser.

"Sure, now," he said easily, "If I was to keep him going all the time, sorra a thing he'd say at all, at all;

an' if he didn't say anything, I'd be thinking he wasn't there. An' if he wasn't there, sorr, what would he be wanting of morthar anyway?"—*Youth's Companion*.

Hegan: I think Miss DeBlank is very rude.

Zones: What makes you think that? I never thought her so.

Hegan: I met her out for a walk this afternoon, and asked if I might see her home. She said yes, I could see it from the top of the high school building, and that it wasn't necessary to go any farther.—*Literary Digest*.

Nurse: Now, Sammy, you must stop talking and go to sleep.

Sammy: Well, I just can't help it. My mouth is so full of words.—*Selected*.

"Give me a spoon of oleo, ma,
And the sodium alkali,
For I'm going to make a pie, mamma,
I'm going to make a pie;
For John will be hungry and tired, ma,
And his tissues will decompose;
So give me a gram of phosphate
And the carbon and cellulose,
And give me a chunk of caseine, ma,
To shorten the thermic fat,
And give me the oxygen bottle ma,
And look at the thermostat.
And if the electric oven is cold,
Just turn it on half an ohm,
For I want to have the supper ready
As soon as John comes home."

—*Ex*.

"But fwat poozles me, Tirince, is fwat the mischief kapes thim airy-planes up."

"Shure thin, 'tis little ye know,
Pat Healy, uv the tirrific force o' gravitashun."

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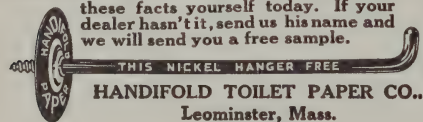


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GRADUATING CLASS

THE MAGNET

Vol. III.

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DEPARTING from the usual custom of graduating classes, we, the class of 1910, decided to give up the different essays delivered by class members and to have an address by an experienced speaker. As the plan is a new one, we can hardly expect that it will meet with the immediate approbation of all. However, we sincerely hope our program will prove enjoyable to all our friends and schoolmates.

Since we are to have no class parts at Commencement, we have arranged to have this copy of the MAGNET devoted to our class. Here are the Class History, Advice to Undergraduates, and the Class Prophecy, which we hope will partially satisfy those who desire the usual addresses.

We have attempted reforms in graduation, and have, indeed, accomplished some. Our only regret is that we failed to carry them further. It is not always easy to give up old customs, although we know we ought. We feel that we have made only a very small beginning on the work of lessening expenses.

Invitations were this year denied us on account of the limited supply of tickets, but we feel that the time has come when this custom of sending out invitations, which has been carried to excess, should be entirely stopped or at least reduced to moderation. To the Class of 1911, as Seniors, we would say: Continue to lessen graduation expenses, and perhaps you may be able to introduce reforms which we have left unaccomplished.

To our Principal and our teachers we, the Class of 1910, wish to express our gratitude for the patience and perseverance with which they have so carefully trained us in our school course. To our schoolmates and friends we extend our thanks for the loyalty and good fellowship which they have displayed. Lastly, we are grateful to the town, which has offered us such splendid opportunities and advantages for our mental, moral, and physical training.

DOROTHY J. WHITTIER, '10.



Class History

IT was the last day before we sailed for America after a glorious summer in touring Europe. My traveling companion turned to me and said, "Only one more day, and how shall we spend it?"

I thought a minute, and then proposed a visit to the Hall of America's Histories, as I could think of no other place of importance which we had not already visited. Within an hour we walked up the marble steps and were soon marvelling at all the wonders and records of the past. Having seen everything, as we thought, we were about to leave the building when we noticed a small door on the left with this inscription:

"WONDERS WORTH RECORDING."

We entered, and found a section including High School anecdotes. Immediately our curiosity was aroused, as we thought surely something ought to be found of the class of 1910, L. H. S. Sure enough! There it was—a whole book of the history and anecdotes of this most illustrious class.

The first chapters dealt entirely with our first day at the old High School building under the new principal, Mr. Hull. The freshmen came in with an unusual air of importance, (like all Freshies) and when all were seated Mr. Sibley broke forth with his usual morning greeting, "Good morning, scholars," to the wondering surprise of the freshies, who meekly returned, "Good morning, Mr. Sibley." Such was the beginning of the High School career of the class of 1910. Our course at the old High School building was short, as the new building was soon finished. A few things of importance happened, however. For many hours we debated on class colors, voting on all possible combinations, until, at last, red and black was settled upon, to the great satisfaction of all. Perhaps the most daring thing we did as freshies happened one day early in the year. With a feeling of adventure, one recess, we carefully slipped a petition concerning algebra on Mr. Sibley's desk. With bated breath and thumping hearts we waited until the end of school to receive our punishment, but, alas—nothing was ever said. What became of our paper?

As we did not have time to read the history through, though nothing would have pleased us more, we turned to the account of 1910 as Sophomores. This, indeed, seemed to be our shining year, for here we found the account of several prizes won by our class. The silver cup given to the girls in physical drill was first engraved with our numerals, and the boys won the cup at track-meet. Glancing over the next page, I spied a headline reading, "How to apologize," by Charron. I laughed outright. Well did I recall the mistake poor Roy made, and also his well made apology to Miss Wilkins after several rehearsals.

Next we came to the no-account class (Juniors). What do I see here, a withered rose of crimson hue, a record of our chemistry class. "My love is like a red, red rose, Nellie."

A debate was held between the Juniors and Seniors, "Resolved: That the world owes more to railroads than to navigation." In spite of the eloquence of our three Junior boys, they received not the honor of winning the debate, but a toy train of cars, which was divided between them.

Next came the record of the class as dignified Seniors, a year full of gladness and sorrow, drudgery and play and—class meetings. How glorious we felt to be looked up to by underclassmen, and to have them say while passing us by, "There is a Senior." The first thing to be done in starting off the year, was the election of class officers. Ernest Lothrop received the greatest honor, by being elected president. The preparations for the publication of the MAGNET followed, under the supervision of Dorothy Whittier.

The next page of this famous history recalled that we soon fell into the routine of the year's program. The first period found us in French class. Here, oftentimes, our studious inclinations were interrupted by incessant giggling in the further corner of the room. This the class never quite understood. Never fear, Vernon, Eilene has kept the secret well.

Turning over a few pages, we noticed a picture of the pious Æneas, accompanied by his aged father and little Iulus, hastily escaping from Troy. How well that recalled the peals of laughter when first we saw this strangely proportioned picture. There followed many jokes and strange translations, with frequent references to Ruth's futile attempts to recall forgotten geography. "Why, don't you know where Italy is, Miss Hyatt?"

There followed accounts of the Senior Algebra class in which "The Man from Missouri" was often mentioned. I wonder why.

As I was glancing over an account of the College Glee Club concert under the auspices of the Senior class, my friend suddenly exclaimed, "Well, what have we here, a huge volume of the rules of Room 16, which we remembered only too well. How often had we broken those laws which were considered as important as those of the universe. Severe punishment resulted from the violation of any one of these. Every one learns by experience, "Conni."

We then turned to the chapter of entertainments, and the first which drew our attention was an account of the class sleighride which stated that about fifty people, consisting of seniors and their friends, departed for Sterling. In spite of the rain, the party were in their usual good spirits, and fully enjoyed the evening. The second note contained a few remarks of the Class play, "Out of Town." This was a financial success, as was everything else the class attempted. Later in the year, those who were able enjoyed their Spring vacation in Washington.

During the year we had many visitors to inspect our work. Special notice is made of the visit which some of the girls from the Fitchburg High made us. We found this quoted from the MAGNET. "They found many attractive features in our school life." What does this mean, Senior boys?

Although as seniors we did not succeed in encouraging debating, any one who might have been present at a class meeting would readily have seen that Lee and Edson would have been stars in this line.

At the end of the Spring term we were grieved at the departure of our English instructress, Miss Geraldine Brooks, who had been always willing and ready to assist us in our school work. Mr. John Coburn presided in Room 16 during the last quarter.

Our greatest sorrow during our High School life was the death of two of our classmates, Bertha Lenwood and Ruth Kendall, whose loyalty and friendship will always be remembered.

The last chapter was devoted to graduation, and our departure from the High School, in which we obtained a foundation for our future life work. By the perseverance and help of our patient teachers we have learned the truth of our motto, "Non scholae, sed vitae discimus." (We learn not for school, but for life).

BERNICE M. WILBUR, '10.

Advice to Undergraduates

IT has always been the custom of the graduating class when it leaves the school to enter upon broader fields of work to give some parting advice to the undergraduates. Having completed our course of four years, we, the class of 1910, think we might be able to lighten your burden and thus make your school life more profitable to you through our experience. Although you may not benefit from it, at any rate we consider it a pleasure and our duty, just as "our fathers" have done before us.

In school life the student is very apt to misunderstand the true purpose of a high school education. But I think it is easily found in our motto, "Non scholae, sed vitae discimus"—we learn not for school but for life. One thought is too prevalent among students. That is the idea that they simply must get their lessons, because the teachers have assigned them. Let us look for a moment at the future. Is not everyone striving to get as high in the world as he can? Then, why not begin in the high school? Here we begin our first struggle of life. What better opportunities could we desire? We have willing teachers who are working constantly for our advantage.

Our Leominster high school is one to feel proud of and it is put here as *your* property and for *your* own benefit.

The spirit of a school is determined largely by the spirit of individuals. Therefore, the "individual spirit" should be of the right kind. For example, take the hero of the football field or of the baseball field. He is generally looked up to by a number of the younger students. So who has a better opportunity to exert influence? Therefore we would say to these popular people: be careful of your actions, for, "Thou knowest not what argument thy life to thy neighbor's creed hath lent." Above all, do not disdain any

one, for you do not know but that in latter years these people (the objects of your scorn) may become the influential citizens of the commonwealth.

CLASS OF 1911.

Upon you, the incoming seniors, will devolve the leadership of our school. Just how much loyalty has each one of you? Just what are you personally willing to do and sacrifice for your high school? Only so much as your neighbor does? Or all that which you know you ought to do? Do you admire more the student who makes it hard for his associates than the law-abiding person? Your attitude and actions will determine largely the accomplishments of the next year.

"Examples lead us, and we likely see ;
Such as the prince is, so will his people be."

Do not assume the position of being above all other persons. Consider yourselves on a level with the underclassmen, and try to make their school year a most enjoyable one. Discourage unmanly and unwomanly acts, and thus bring honor to yourselves and the school.

CLASS OF 1912.

You, as juniors, are in the right position to help the seniors in controlling the destinies of the school. You have advanced into the realms of upperclassmen, and therefore may help the lower classes out of their difficulties. One-half of your school course is over, and the time draws near when you should make some plans for the immediate future. Keep up your athletic prowess ; do not allow the basket-ball trophy, on which your class numerals are the first to be engraved, to be taken out of your possession as long as you remain a member of the high school. Still, do not give all your attention to basket-ball, because your presence will be needed on the other teams. I do not mean to insinuate that your superiority should lie only on the athletic field. Show it in your studying. Realize at once your position and settle down to your task. Remember that you will meet many difficulties, for life is not composed of pleasures only.

CLASS OF 1913.

During the past year, you have become acquainted with the life of the high school, and now you will be able to settle down to the duties of sophomores. Remember your experiences of the past year, and, instead of making the way difficult for the incoming freshmen, try to make the road easier for them to travel over. Your progress will be eagerly watched, both by the faculty and the student body. In athletics make records that no one would be ashamed of. In the schoolroom make the most of the short time which you are obliged to spend there. Do not shirk the duties

which are most apt to be forced upon you. Finally, dismiss the silly and worthless actions which have so characterized your first year in the high school. Remember that there are only three more years of your existence as a class of the Leominster high school.

THE SCHOOL.

To the entire student body is left the care of the many features which tend to make school life interesting. Athletic relations with rival schools, military drill, THE MAGNET, all these should receive your constant attention. Make an effort to elevate them to a height of perfection which they have never reached.

Leominster High has always been well represented on the field of sports. Instead of just equaling former records, this coming year you should not be satisfied until you have attained the very summit of excellence. As far as athletics are concerned, the class of 1910 did not produce many stars, and therefore you will have the same men for the different teams as were here the past year.

Military drill should also receive your most devoted attention. It is the duty of every young L. H. S. soldier to keep this department of the school work up to the standard to which it has been brought by former battalions. Although it is optional, and has to be taken outside of school hours, it can easily be seen in how great esteem it is held by the fellows of the school, from the fact that there were only a small number in school who did not participate in the work.

Also, keep up the publication of THE MAGNET, for besides deriving much benefit from the paper, you will also find it a great pleasure.

There is one phase of school life which has been most severely neglected the last few years, especially the past year. I refer to the art of debating. There used to be a debating club in the Leominster high school, a club of which any school should be proud. Why can it not exist now? Is it because the students of former years were more brilliant than those of the present day? Nay, let us not attribute it to this, but rather to the fact that the fellows simply do not take an interest in such work. They do not care to spend their time on it. Surely there must be some people in the upper classes who can devote their time to the work. It is true that the class of 1910 tried to resurrect the old Paton Debating Club. But, alas! a trial was as far as we got. However, if you cannot build up the old club, is there any law prohibiting you from starting a new one? Or if the fellows do not take an interest in debating, why not the girls? There is no law which forbids that, either. But, come, make one more attempt and see if you cannot arouse some interest in debates.


Another thing: do not abuse the privileges which are extended to you. Especially get the idea out of your head that the library has been made for a playroom. Use it for research work, and nothing else. Also be careful about "rough housing" or "fooling" in the building. By doing this, you

will save many of the marks and scratches which can be seen on the walls and floors of our beautiful building.

But, above all, remember that you are working for the welfare of the school. Be men and women, honorable, noble, and upright in all your undertakings. Be loyal, honest and faithful to the school which looks to you to uphold its honor.

KARL D. LEE, '10.

Our Class in 1920

 ONE day, about ten years after graduation, I decided to take a long horseback ride through the United States, and incidentally to hunt up my old schoolmates and see in what mischief they might be.

Before starting, I found a few of them in Leominster and the neighboring towns. While going along Main Street, Lillian, *nee* Pollock, was seen leading a young hopeful by the hand, having profited by the training which she received in her younger days. In Lancaster, I saw Eilene Powers attending to a beautiful flower-bed and smiling as usual. Further on, Florence Adams was driving from a distant town, where she taught school, to visit Eilene for a week.

After passing through Lancaster I turned my horse toward the Lancaster-Clinton Driving Park, to refresh my memory about some of the good times had there. Near the gate a familiar, "O you Nome," greeted me, and on turning around I saw my old friend "Conny," with a poor mortal she had captured.

During a few hours' stay in Worcester I heard that Ralph Harris was teaching in Worcester Tech. To see my old friend and have a talk with him was natural. Among other things he told me where I would probably find his cousin and some of the other classmates now living in the West.

In a school in Bridgewater, Conn., Ruth Hyatt was teaching the high school pupils how to make brass work and, probably, also, how to keep a sober countenance, when they make any witty remark. She was always good at both.

Louise Beeler was found in New York City, studying music, and a very pleasant talk followed. While walking along a street I met "Bunny" Wilbur and Miss Birch face to face. They were visiting a few days in the city and told me how nicely the world was using them and where Ruth Monroe and Gladys White could be found. Ruth was industriously studying music, sometimes giving recitals, and spending her spare time in painting, while Gladys was acting as head nurse in "The Scanlon Hospital for the Feeble Minded." Poor Arthur was a professor in Columbia, digging away at the

reason why the universe moves and claiming to have really defined electricity. Lothrop was also there, making good as dean while teaching trigonometry and some of the higher mathematics.

Having found all my friends in New York, I continued westward. Near Buffalo, an auto was seen coming at a terrific rate of speed. They stopped on being hailed. And who do you suppose was behind those goggles? Well! It was Vernon Woodbury, and he was hustling to New York to meet "Bunny." She, the wise one, had never mentioned a word, on being questioned about him. In Buffalo, Pauline was managing a handsome residence and everything was in apple-pie order. It certainly did me good to talk with her. Then Theresa Lynch came down the street. She was busy as the companion of a wealthy lady.

Out in Ohio Sophia Phelps had much better luck in her business of dressmaking than she had in doing chemistry experiments. Rachel Morse, in Cleveland, was plugging over some foreign language to be translated before a certain day and had no spare time to talk.

Riding down the main street in Duluth, a familiar name was noticed over a millinery store. On getting off my horse and entering, the proprietor was asked for. Who should come out of the office but Christina Laird? During our conversation she told me that Mildred Wheaton was her assistant and that they used their maiden names for business but had entirely different ones for private life.

While riding through the great sheep region in Wyoming with only a house here and there, my horse needed shoeing, so a blacksmith was hunted up. In the small shop a reclining figure in an armchair appeared somewhat familiar. After looking at him awhile and remembering German class, I yelled: "Wake up, Harris, Miss Darby just called on you."

While passing through Salt Lake City, I saw, in a garden, a pretty young woman surrounded by a number of young sprouts, who were all talking at one time. I was told that she had come from the East and had reversed the general order of the Mormons. She was presiding over a household of six husbands, instead of being one of six. It was Anna, with many husbands, *nee* Kittridge, and they, poor mortals, were very busy with cooking, sewing and other household duties.

Over a back yard hedge fence, in Los Angeles, Dorothy Whittier and Mildred Merrill were exchanging words about bringing up children. Their discussion was becoming a little heated when I appeared. They seemed glad to see me and had to tell all about their children and their life since graduation.

A number of days later, thinking that it was time to attend service, a stop was made at a little church in New Mexico, and who should be in the pulpit but Roy Charron. He had fulfilled the confession that he had made a number of years ago.

In the wilderness of Texas, a long gaunt figure with a tall silk hat appeared. It was a perfect likeness of the comic picture-actors of Hamlet. Hitting the ties for "God's country," was poor Raymond Ladoo out of a job, as usual, and longing for home and Nellie. In a shack, further on,

Olive Cook was living. She thought she could rope a cow-puncher for a husband, as she would tie a steer. Poor Olive had grown very thin and small over her failure, and with cats for her only companions, she was pining the rest of her life away. Not far from here, a great noise was heard. A crowd of whooping cowboys on ponies were chasing a "tenderfoot" strapped upon a broncho. I watched to see what would happen. They headed their animals towards me, and the poor tenderfoot was George Nixon out for an airing. They had "Let George do it" all right, for he had tried some of his witty remarks on them; but it didn't work, and he was taking his medicine.

While passing through Arkansas, I heard that Helen Symonds was going to give a lecture on "Woman's Suffrage," so I hurried over to hear it, and it surely gave her credit because her audience, mostly women, was very quiet so they could hear her. During the lecture a familiar giggle was heard. As soon as the lecture was over I looked for the owner and found Iola Gruber. She was enjoying herself as usual, taking care of the children when she thought she had the time to spend on them.

One nice warm day in the Tennessee Mountains I rode by a house which was literally covered with crimson ramblers. Four or five small beds of handsome big red roses were set out in the lawns. I wondered who could have such a craving for that one color of roses. When nearly by, on turning around I saw Nellie Stratton packing some handsome roses in a box to be sent to the "Beaver Brook Farm," near Lowell. She had never forgotten her friend on whose desk she had secretly left some roses one fine morning. Poor Nellie was an old maid, teaching the mountaineers, but when I called her "Red Roses" she blushed as usual.

Clara Gray was in West Virginia taking care of a large family, and translating French for some magazine, whose editor thought it was very good. She had not forgotten the silly smile that made one feel weak all over when you saw it; but she was not so fond of the word "fool" as of old.

While stopping at a ladies' hotel in Washington, I heard that, the Congressmen being so busy, they could not escort their wives to functions. So this vacancy had been filled by an establishment of lurid escorts, headed by our dear friend, Bernard Garland, who could thus smile upon the ladies at his heart's content. He introduced me to a Senator from Massachusetts, who, I found out, was the husband of Adelaide Lavin. Since Alice Roosevelt was too old to supply the yellow journals with startling head-lines, sweet Adelaide was trying to take her place in shocking the public with her good-natured fun.

Reaching Philadelphia, I decided to finish my journey by train. Being in sore need of a hat, I visited a large millinery store. Going towards the office, I heard excited talking and found Florence Edson giving it to poor Karl as she used to in class meetings. She had married a wealthy young Philadelphian and was blessed with a happy home, While poor Karl had not as yet found the right one, and was keeping this store helping to make the latest styles in millinery.

Boarding the train for home, I found Hazel Reed, and we arranged so

that we could travel together. Hazel had been doing charity work in the North Carolina Mountains. Having put heart and soul into it, she was all fagged out, and was going home to rest.

After an absence of nearly two years, I arrived in Leominster, tired, but very happy over what I had found out about my classmates.

NAOMI W. ABBOT, '10.

To the Class of 1910

DEAR SCHOOLMATES :—

You are now nearing your graduation. Allow me to congratulate you, and wish you all success in your future life.

You will probably receive much good advice from people of more experience than I. Nevertheless I should like to impress upon you the love we owe to our Fatherland.

Never did I realize the importance and greatness of our United States until I went abroad to another country.

Just let me tell you a little coincidence which happened on board the "Kroonland."

It was the last Sunday on board and in the evening we all gathered around to listen to the orchestra. The music had been solemn and church-like, as it should be on Sunday, when all of a sudden they played a medley ending with the "Star Spangled Banner."

The few Americans on board, of course, stood up. Imagine our surprise to see a young Belgian, who was just returning to his own country after a two years visit in ours, stand up, wave a small American flag, and scream at the top of his voice, "Hey there! you Germans, Russians, and Hungarians, haven't you got enough courage to stand up for the country that made you what you are? Just a few years ago you folk landed in the United States without a cent, and now, just because you have shoes on your feet, a coat on your back and a few dollars in your pocket, are you too proud to honor the country that gave them to you?"

The orchestra repeated that strain, and every one of the fifty-seven passengers, only five of whom were American born, stood up.

This same young man again manifested his love for our country-land a few hours after I landed in this strange country.

I was walking slowly down the street almost wishing I was at home instead of here, when suddenly I heard somebody say, "Good afternoon, Miss Prince." I turned with surprise in the direction of the speaker to find that it was our brave Belgian. He lifted his hat with one hand and waved his little flag with the other. At the sight of those stars and stripes I took courage again. When I arrived at my destination I was welcomed by

teachers who have spent a few years in Massachusetts. This was a pleasure I had not expected.

Since I have been here I have found many things to admire in this nation, especially their patriotism and respect for other countries. America seems to have a charm for them.

I hope, dear schoolmates, if ever you come abroad that you will meet with the same pleasures that I have, and will return home repeating the words of one of our great men: "I go back to America more American than ever I have been, pledged, America, with all the intensity of my soul to love and admire thee, my country,—to battle for thy noble institutions, to labor until death for thy welfare and thy honor."

All hail, "Old Glory," hearts leap to see
How from the nations, the world looks to thee.

VICTORINE A. PRINCE,

Villa des Roses, Chimay, Belgium, June 8, 1910.

Presentation of Class Gift

We, the graduating class of 1910, desire to leave some token to show our appreciation of this school which we are about to depart from. We look back with pleasure at the four years spent here and trust that they may have been of profit not only to ourselves but to others.

We have considered it appropriate to present to this school a part of the frieze of the Parthenon, a portion of which has already been presented to the school by a former class, who had in mind that the work would be carried on by the following classes.

It gives me great pleasure to present to Mr. Hull, representing the school, this portion of the frieze of the Parthenon.

ERNEST O. LOTHROP,

SCHOOL BOY DEFINITIONS.—Perspiration is breatheen. You must never breathe in the school-room, where there is dust and chawk. Wait till you go out of doors, where there is air.

Brains is on the inside of your head. Brains is soft as mush and kind of pink. You study and think with them, but I don't see how. There are many resolutions in the brain and they get awful deep down into your head if you study lots. If you play in school and don't get your lessons, nor think, nor read none, your brain gets smooth and you are a idiot.

Lungs is inside your breast. They have nearly all the bad sicknesses. We nearly all die of lungs. You must open your windows at night and breathe through your noses or you'll die of lungs.

The vertebral column was built by Nero in Rome, and he dragged his captive slaves under it.—*Woman's Home Companion*



Class Song

The time has come when we must part
And we are sad to go.
The bright and happy school-days here
Cling in our memory so.
But higher duties beckon us,
And life has just begun.
We'll strive to do our very best
Until a goal is won.

As classmates dear we've worked and played
For four short sunny years,
And as the moments fleeting went
We've mingled smiles with tears ;
We've watched three classes in their turn
And now that we must go
To teachers kind and schoolmates, too,
We feel how much we owe.

For L. H. S. we've done our best,
We've struggled with a will :
But others now must do the rest
To make it better still.
And as our ways now lie apart
We'll wish you all success ;
And far or near we'll always cheer
For you, dear L. H. S.

PAULINE P. PATON, '10.



Graduates

NAOMI WHITING ABBOT
 FLORENCE MARY ADAMS
 MARY LOUISE BEELER
 ROY CHESTER CHARRON
 ANNA VERONICA CONNAUGHTON
 OLIVE COOK
 FLORENCE MAY EDSON
 BERNARD RUGG GARLAND
 CLARA EVELYN GRAY
 IOLA JOHNSON GRUBER
 *ARTHUR BURTON HUSSEY
 HORACE CLINTON HARRIS
 RALPH RODNEY HARRIS
 RUTH TILTON HYATT
 ANNA ELIZA KITTREDGE
 CHRISTINA LAIRD
 SARAH ADELAIDE LAVIN
 *RAYMOND BARDEEN LADOO
 *KARL DAYTON LEE
 *ERNEST ORVILLE LOTHROP
 THERESA MARY LYNCH
 *MILDRED SARAH MERRILL
 RUTH BELLE MONROE
 *RACHEL WILDER MORSE
 *GEORGE FREDERIC NIXON
 *PAULINE PARMELEE PATON
 SOPHIA LEAPHA PHELPS
 LILLIAN MAY POLLOCK
 MARY EILENE POWERS
 *HAZEL CATHERINE REED
 NELLIE CATHERINE STRATTON
 HELEN MAUD SYMONDS
 MILDRED FLORENCE WHEATON
 *DOROTHY JANE WHITTIER
 BERNICE MAY WILBUR
 GLADYS ELIZABETH WHITE
 VERNON PIERCE WOODBURY

*Class Honors: First Honor, Arthur Burton Hussey; Second Honor, Dorothy Jane Whittier.

Class Officers

PRESIDENT, ERNEST ORVILLE LOTHROP. VICE PRESIDENT, NAOMI WHITING ABBOT, SECRETARY, RACHEL WILDER MORSE. TREASURER, BERNICE MAY WILBUR. MARSHAL, ROY CHESTER CHARRON.

MOTTO: *Non Scholae, sed vitae, discimus.*

COLORS, Red and Black.

Class of 1910

Graduating Exercises

June 28, 1910

Eight o'clock

Program

ORCHESTRA

CHORUS—Larghetto (arranged from Beethoven's Second Symphony by Edgar Stillman Kelly).

PRESENTATION OF CLASS GIFT

ERNEST ORVILLE LOTHROP

ACCEPTANCE

Principal JOHN C. HULL

ADDRESS

DR. CAPELLE

CHORUS, "Who is Sylvia?"

Schubert

AWARD OF PRIZES

Superintendent THOMAS E. THOMPSON

PRESENTATION OF DIPLOMAS

DR. A. H. PIERCE

CLASS SONG

PRAYER

ORCHESTRA



The past season has been a successful one for the track team. More interest has been taken in this branch of outdoor sports than ever before. We have more candidates out for practice and they have put forth their best efforts to make the season a good one. The only deplorable fact is that there was not a still larger number of fellows trying for the team. Think what might be accomplished with a track team of fifty men. There is no reason why we couldn't have had that number, if not a larger one, for surely there is a great sufficiency of fellows in school.

During the year a dual meet with Fitchburg has been held. The meet took place at Fitchburg and the Leominster fellows came home victorious. They won both meets—the one for fellows in the 115 pound class, and also the one for the big class.

At the interscholastic meet of the Wachusett league Leominster captured second place in the senior class, and in the 115 pound class our fellows took first place. This meet was an interesting affair. It was largely attended. A few people from Leominster were present to cheer the team but the cheering was faint. Previous to this meet, Mr. Hull offered medals to the three boys scoring the greatest number of points for Leominster. These medals were awarded to Roy Maston, Robert Griffin and Russell Merriman.

Leominster was also represented at both the Brown and Amherst interscholastic meets. Russell Merriman and Robert Griffin were the representatives of our school at these meets. At Amherst both fellows won silver medals. Griffin took second in the hammer throw and Merriman second in the pole vault. Merriman was second also in the pole vault at the Brown meet. He went over the bar when it was at the height of ten feet eight inches.

At baseball our record is not as good. The team has not as yet won a game, although there is yet time because there are two games with Clinton to be played after this is written. The most interesting game of the season was the game with Fitchburg at Leominster. Fitchburg won, 1 to 0. Throughout the game Leominster had the better of the argument, but unfortunately one bad throw by Barry cost the Leominster fellows the game. Barry struck out ten men and allowed only two hits but his wild pitch



1910 TRACK TEAM



1910 BASE BALL TEAM

spoilt his good record. Leominster had been very weak at the bat during the season, but in the Fitchburg game they found their batting eye and pounded Richardson for ten hits.



The scores for the year have been as follows :

Leominster High School	3	Marlboro High School	8
" "	8	Worcester English High School	9
" "	3	Worcester Classical High School	5
" "	2	Hudson High School	14
" "	2	Gardner High School	6
" "	0	Marlboro High School	12
" "	2	Fitchburg High School	14
" "	7	Gardner High School	16
" "	0	Fitchburg High School	1

Exchanges

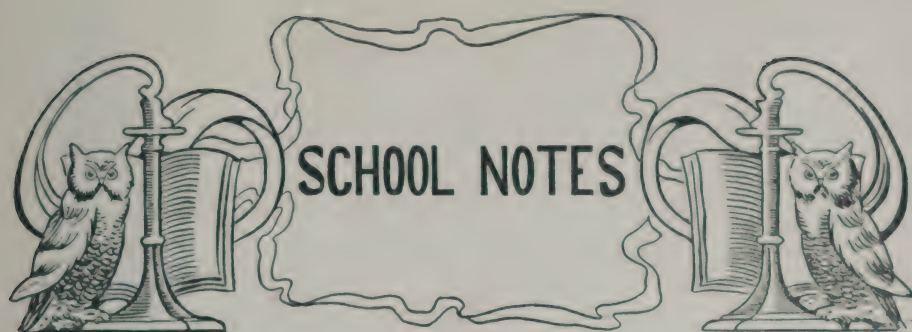
This number being the Commencement number, we print our last Exchanges for the year. We wish to thank our exchanges, each and all, for their helpful criticisms. Although we did not make use of them this year, we intend to profit by them in the future, and make a better impression upon our exchanges at our next appearance. With best wishes for another successful year, we bid our exchanges adieu.

The Commencement number of the *Lowell High School Review* is excellent. Although we have received but the last few issues of the *Review*, it has made a very great impression upon us, and we are in hopes of meeting again next year.

Advance, (Salem High School). Your paper has been a very good success, and we hope that when we meet again it will be even a greater pride to its S. H. S.

Your June issue is very good, *Greylock Echo*. Your exchange column deserves special mention for its size and quality. May we meet again *Echo*.

"Me gotta da good job," said Pietre, as he gave his monkey a little more line after grinding out on his organ a selection from "Santa Lucia." "Getta forty dollars da month and eata myself; thirty da month if da boss eata me."



The high school memorial exercises were held in the assembly hall on the evening of May 27. Hon. A. S. Roe of Worcester, appropriately presented by Mr. Dexter as a veteran of the Civil War, and well known to many of the townspeople, was the speaker of the evening. The subject of his address was, "A Massachusetts Hero." The hall was well filled and the following program was carried out :

"Star Spangled Banner "	Chorus
Lincoln's Gettysburg Address	Raymond B. Ladoo
"To America "	Chorus
Music on the Rappahannock	Helen Woodbury
"The Flag "	Chorus
Address	Hon. A. S. Roe
"America "	Chorus



The senior class presented "Out of Town " under the direction of Mr. Dexter, in the assembly hall, May 13. The play was a success, and the parts were well taken. The cast of characters was as follows :

Robert Thorndike	Karl Lee
John Ellington	Raymond Ladoo
Sam, the butler	Arthur Hussey
Elizabeth Thorndike	Ruth Monroe
Mrs. Thorndike	Iola Gruber
Esther Monroe	Pauline Paton
Mrs. J. Ludington Monroe	Mildred Merrill
Marie, the maid	Olive Cook



The officers of the L. H. S. battalion held their annual ball Friday evening, May 20, in the Assembly Hall. The guest of the evening, Capt. Gilson, Lieut. Coburn and Lieut. Savage, were in full-dress uniform, and greatly heightened the splendor of the occasion.

The grand march was formed at 8.15, led by Major Lothrop and Miss Bernice Wilbur, who carried a beautiful bouquet of delicate pink roses. Dancing followed, and refreshments were served downstairs. Mr. E. Percival Coleman furnished the music. The dancing continued until 11.30, and the affair was considered a grand success.

Miss Morrill attended the Smith College Commencement exercises, and Mr. Hull and Mr. Wriston conducted her recitations during her absence.

Miss Birch (addressing girls' gymnasium class): "Each take his or her position."

The annual prize drill of the L. H. S. battalion was held at the grounds in the rear of the High School building, instead of in a hall, as it has been in past years. After the company drills in charge of Capt. Garland, Major Lothrop drilled the entire battalion in some excellent manoeuvres. This was followed by the individual competitive drill. A large crowd witnessed the drilling, which was very good, showing that great praise is due to Lieut. Savage, the instructor. The prizes were awarded as follows: First prize, Carleton Caswell; second prize, William Jenna; third prize, Howard Corkum. Company B was awarded the decision as the better drilled company.

NELLIE L. LOTHROP.

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